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FRANZ LISZT,

ARTIST AND MAN.

1811—1840.

BY

L. RAMANN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

BY

MISS E. COWDERY.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

I HEREWITH send into the world the first volume of my book on Franz Liszt, and desire at the same time to express my thanks to all those private persons in Germany, England, France, Italy, and Switzerland, as well as to the publishers who have kindly assisted me by sending me notices and materials for the work.

I offer, in particular, my warmest thanks to the firms: Bote and Bock, Berlin; Brandus, Dufour, and Co., Paris; Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipsic; A. Cranz, Hamburg; A. Diabelli, Vienna; G. H. Dunkl, Pesth; T. Haslinger, Vienna; G. Heinze, Dresden; J. Hoffmann's Widow, Prague; Fr. Hoffmeister, Leipsic; L. Holle's Niece, Wolfenbüttel; C. F. Kahnt, Leipsic; Fr. Kistner, Leipsic; G. W. Körner, Erfurt; H. Litolff, Brunswick; Pietro Mechetti,

Vienna; C. F. Peters, Leipsic; Rieter-Biedermann, Leipsic and Winterthur; P. Th. Müller, Mayence; M. Schlesinger, Berlin; B. Schott's Sons, Mayence; J. Schuberth and Co., Leipsic (Mr. Julius Schuberth, since dead, is here meant, at whose instigation this work was begun); C. F. W. Siegel, Leipsic; C. A. Spina, Vienna; Taborszky and Parsch, Pesth. To all these I am indebted either for imparting the necessary dates, or for sending copies of Liszt's publications, whereby I have been enabled to gain an insight into the works of the great master, and to complete the difficult task of preparing a chronological index of his compositions. For this friendly assistance I again express my acknowledgments.

L. RAMANN.

NÜRNBERG,
August, 1880.

PREFACE

TO

THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE history of art, and more particularly the history of music, presents but few apparitions equally remarkable, rare, but at the same time difficult to grasp, as has been the career and life-work of the master who forms the subject of the present book. He filled the world with astonishment, like some wondrous phenomenon; just as a comet heralded in his birth, so his coming was hailed by poets and critics. Scarcely any individual in the history of art gathered so much brilliancy, or such a poetical charm, round itself, was adorned with so many honours from all parts of Europe, or was surrounded by such love and veneration, verging almost to worship, as Franz Liszt. On the other hand, there is scarcely an artist's life which provoked,

as did his, such an utter perplexity—nay, confusion—of judgment and criticism as to the entirety of his work. Nearly every one of his productions met with boundless admiration as well as boundless condemnation, and few were the critics who knew how to preserve, with regard to him, that discreet calmness which alone conduces to a sound and true verdict. The very crowd of his admirers were divided in opinion, as far as his works are concerned, between unlimited approval and equally forcible condemnation. In fact, never had the history of music to register stronger contrasts than in his case, the fierce contest between Gluckites and Piccinites not even excepted.

And yet we possess until now no book which has undertaken the task of reviewing the works of Liszt with thoroughness and impartiality; no work which seeks, in his personal character, in the bent of his mind, in his life, the key to the comprehension of his conceptions, and which, while removing the artificial prejudices and contradictions that oppose the appreciation of the same, affords an insight into the working of his genius taken as a whole, into his position with regard to the Classical and Romantic, into his influence on the art of the present day.

Those amongst his contemporaries who might have been capable of such an undertaking were

perhaps checked by the thought that, in an artist's lifetime, it would be neither possible to write such a book, nor in fair justice admissible to describe his career both as man and artist, and they consequently seem to have postponed a work of this kind to some later time.

In both directions, however, something might be said in justification of an opposite view.

What concerns, in the first place, the artistic work of Liszt lies before us in its totality as a finished whole. Let us hope and trust that many another gem, many an additional seed of his genius, fertilizing the soil of the future, may yet enrich the world. Moreover, we have attained, by the results of previous times, to that height of artistic perception from which it is not only possible to take a general survey of the master's works, but also to sift them critically, and to assign to them that place which, in close connection with former epochs of art, they are entitled to take in the history of our age and of universal culture.

There are limits, it must be acknowledged, to our judgment, as far as it is possible at the present time, and its final conclusion must be reserved for days to come. With these restrictions, however, the historical and artistic value of Liszt's productions may well be gauged as concerns their general effects.

A book which takes upon itself this task is opportune at the present moment. One glance at the great amphitheatre of Europe teaches us sufficiently that, with regard to Liszt's works, a powerful reaction is setting in. Neither in Germany, England, France, nor any other country, are they any longer so deliberately avoided and ignored as used to be the case but ten years ago. Wherever works of importance struggle into prominence those of Liszt are no longer buried in oblivion; the musical programmes bring more and more his name into repute, and even in those towns where, in this respect, exclusiveness has been the rule, exceptions are granted in his favour, if not to everybody's satisfaction, still never without leaving a marked and lasting impression.

These are signs of the times. There is no denying it; the mood and disposition of our age have made more than one step in approach to Liszt's works, whatever prejudices—the evil seed of adverse criticism which prevailed some twenty or thirty years ago—may in a measure still interfere with their just appreciation on the part of the public.

Such are the facts which made it appear opportune to the authoress no longer to hold back the result of her inquiries in regard to the subject of those works. That she has not been

mistaken in her surmise is proved by the favourable reception which the first volume, published at Leipsic (Breitkopf and Härtel, 1880), has met on the part of the German reading public, and by the benevolent attention which the leading organs of the press of different countries, "The Times," "Athenæum," &c., have on various occasions bestowed on it.

What has been said with regard to a general judgment on Liszt's productions holds equally good with regard to the description of his life. There is no reason for reticence because we are fortunate enough still to possess the master in our midst. Nor can we always admit the validity of the plea put forward by some, that a biography written in the person's lifetime must of necessity, out of consideration for him, leave to a degree untouched his human weaknesses. *What* a man's life is belongs to his time; *how* he has lived has been witnessed by his contemporaries; and from the stigma *homo sum* no mortal is exempt. Why should not a life, which for several decades has not concealed itself, either as regards its frailties or its great qualities, be worked into a picture and handed over to the age and to posterity under its own eyes? He who stands boldly out in the light is not afraid of his shadow. It forms part of the manliness of a character courageously to

bear the consequences of error. And nothing seems to be a surer touchstone of greatness than this courage of truth, by which really great minds have distinguished themselves at all times. As we have just said, these errors of genius, both human and artistic, are shadows thrown by greatness, for which it is impossible to escape judgment, whether in a man's lifetime or afterwards.

In discussing the living a certain discretion is naturally to be exercised; but this coincides with the higher task of all biographical history, which does not borrow its principles from vivisection, photography, or public curiosity, as little as it places the human frailties and errors of genius under the microscope of common civic virtue, or weighs them with the balance of daily order and routine. In his case—in the case of an artistic genius who pursues high and pure aims—error springs less from material grounds than from mental reasons, which must be sought for in the organization of the mind and in the bias of the epoch in which the individual lived. So we must derive light and shadow for our portraiture, and only when throwing both combined on the *man* shall we fully understand the innermost nature of the *artist*. This we have tried to do in the accompanying book.

This indicates the limits which this biography has traced out for itself with regard to the master's human and personal relations.

But a biography, thus written and published in a man's lifetime, has advantages of its own which are not to be underrated, as will be evidenced by this English edition in comparison with the German original. For not only is the biographer enabled to draw his likeness from nature, and thus to produce the lines and features of his original more faithfully than it would be possible for any one who works only from combination, he is also allowed to draw from sources which no longer flow for later biographers. These sources are the master's contemporaries and the master himself. On the other hand, he can be set right also by persons who have witnessed this or that particular occurrence, or by the artist's own recollection, which insures the greatest possible accuracy in the statement of facts, and puts the veracity of the book to the severest test. All corrections benefit posterity. It receives a material which, while it comprises everything essential, will save to later comers the toil of much and frequently unsuccessful investigations. While nothing is withheld from the propensity for narrative, from the taste for research, or from the maturer criticism of future times, they will

be presented with a picture as a ground-work for their further labours, the colours of which are taken, in a great measure, from immediate perception. Our biography of Franz Liszt was fortunate enough to draw its facts, as far as his personal life is concerned, from the most authentic sources, and at the same time to have stood the test of which mention has been made above. Some slight errors which, from competent quarters, were brought under my notice since the publication of the first volume, have been rectified in this English adaptation. Several additions have moreover found their way into it, and I may now reasonably hope to offer to the public a thoroughly correct and trustworthy edition.

After these preliminary remarks of a more general purport, I beg leave, in the face of the bewildering magnitude and variety of the matter in hand, to add a few words as to the way in which the material has been sifted and treated. For volume after volume could have been filled by the materials in my possession, regarding both the artistic and personal life of Liszt. The latter especially bears so much more than any other artist's a romance-like, poetical colouring, abounding in so many romantic episodes, striking particulars, and anecdotes of every description, that it might well

allure a writer's pen into yielding to its seductive and fascinating spell. Without listening, however, to the siren's song, any by-matter has only been admitted in so far as it serves the purpose of throwing additional light on the principal subject, and thereby bringing it out more clearly and in sharper outlines. In like manner the artist's love episodes have been touched upon merely as they influenced his career, his view of life, and his habits, while they shaped themselves for him, in some romantic and tragic way, into fatal powers.

On the other hand, we have striven carefully to trace the development of Liszt's character and intellect as a man and an artist, and clearly to point out the influences exercised on him by kindred minds, and by the epoch which nurtured him. For every fruit can only be explained by the conditions of its growth. To follow up the subtle process by which an artistic individuality becomes what it is to be, to lay bare the delicate threads which form the warp and woof of a person's character or of a work of art, must be counted amongst the most essential tasks of a biographer. And many and various, indeed, were the elements which influenced Liszt's individuality, rushing upon him, as it were, from all sides with almost overwhelming force: not persons alone, nay, a whole violently and deeply

stirring age ; and not the epoch only, but even powerful national impressions, which found place and sympathetic echo in his vast mind.

This necessitated a broader and more exhaustive treatment of the subject, moving on the background of historical events, both in the annals of politics and of art, than usually an artist's life would require. Aiming at transparency in the arrangement of details, and at artistical terseness in the general structure of our work, we have been anxious to avoid the dryness of school terminology, even in the explanation of technical matters, and to make throughout use of a language at once suited to the subject and to the taste of an educated reader. For this book is written as well for such as for professional musicians. The poet, whether he reveals his inspirations in words or tones, belongs to the world ; he has written and composed for all, not only for his fellow-workers in poetry and music ; and in this particular case it has been one of our chief desires to become his faithful interpreter with the public at large.

The subject-matter appears in two parts connected together, but which forms a whole by itself. The first, which was published eighteen months ago in Germany, and is now going to enjoy the proud privilege of an English edition, comprises the period from 1811 to 1840,

and, following up the master's development as a man, a virtuoso, a musical translator, an author, and a composer, endeavours to establish, authenticate, and set forth his individuality in its artistic, ethical, and religious bearings. The second volume, stretching over the years 1840 to 1881—Liszt's seventieth anniversary—will treat of his wanderings through Europe in the character of a virtuoso, and the epoch of his activity as a composer, first at Weimar, then at Rome, Pesth, and lastly at Weimar again.

May this book in England also find its way into the circles of the educated, and win sympathies for, and gather friends round, the master's muse. This is the heartfelt wish of

THE AUTHORESS.

NÜRNBERG,
April, 1882.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

BOOK I.

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD.

1811—1827.

I.—*HIS PARENTS.*

The Liszt family. Adam Liszt's origin and vocation. His love for music. Life in Eisenstadt. His official appointment. Marriage with Anna Lager. Characteristics of both *p.* 1

II.—*HIS BIRTH AND THE AWAKENING OF HIS MIND.*

The comet of the 22nd of October, 1811. First impressions Country life. Religious feelings. The gipsies. The impression made by Beethoven's music. He wishes to play the piano 16

III.—*AT THE PIANO.*

Rapid progress. Passionate love for music. Proofs of his genius. Becomes ill—is thought to be dead. Recovery. Renewal of music lessons. Improvisation. Foundation of his character and manners. Shall he become an artist? 26

IV.—*THE DECISION.*

Franz gives concerts in Oedenburg. Plays before Prince Esterhazy in Eisenstadt. Concert in Presburg. The stipend of Hungarian noblemen. He is to study music. Adam Liszt gives up his situation. Hummel's generosity ... 38

V.—*THE LITTLE MUSICAL STUDENT.*

(*Vienna*, 1821–23.)

Instruction from Ch. Czerny and A. Salieri. Ill-humour with Czerny. Difference between teacher and scholar. The scholar's peculiarities. The positive advantage of Czerny's instruction. Instruction from Salieri. Phenomenal progress in reading the score, in composing, and playing at first sight. Franz's favour with the aristocracy. First concert in Vienna 53

VI.—*THE MUSICAL CONSECRATION.*

(*Vienna*, 13*th April*, 1823.)

Beethoven. Conversation with Schindler. Franz's second concert. Beethoven's presence at the same 71

VII.—*PARIS.*

(*December*, 1823—*May*, 1824.)

Consequences of his last Vienna concerts. On his way to Paris. Concerts in Munich, Stuttgard, Strasburg. Paris. Is received into the Conservatoire, but not as a pupil. Cherubini. Instruction in composition by Paër. Performance in the *salons*. The aristocracy. First appearance in public. Prominent peculiarities of his execution and manners. His improvisations. His success. The humour of the time 76

VIII.—*CONCERT TOURS.*

(*Spring*, 1824; *Autumn*, 1825.)

Franz begins to set an operetta to music. Clouds. Cabals. Travelling projects. Madame Liszt returns to Austria. England. *Début* in London. In the drawing-rooms; in

the concert-hall. Completion of the operetta. Return to Paris. Joy. Tour in the French departments. In England a second time. Awakening self-consciousness. His maturity. Repugnance to the artist's vocation. Pierre Rode. His father's health is shaken 102

IX.—"*LE PETIT LITZ*" *AS A COMPOSER.*

Again in Paris. Representation of "Don Sancho." Adverse criticism. Impromptu (Opus 3). Allegro di bravura (Opus 1). Worth of the youthful productions of our masters. General comparison of Liszt's youthful works with Beethoven's 124

X.—*DARK AND CLEAR.*

Second journey through the French departments. Mademoiselle Lydia Garella in Marseilles. To Paris. Counterpoint studies with Reicha. Third journey to England. Moscheles about Liszt. Religious feelings. Wishes to become a priest. Ideal and ethical reaction on his manner and views of life. Sea-bathing at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Adam Liszt's illness; and death 144

BOOK II.

THE YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT. AS A YOUTH. 1827–1840.

I.—*AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH.*

(*Journeys in Switzerland and Italy.*)

Franz Liszt's agitation of mind. Plans for the future. Sends for his mother to Paris. Begins to earn his living by teaching. A prospective and retrospective glance. Influence on his mother 159

II.—*PASSION FLOWERS.*

(*Paris*, 1828–30.)

First love. Renunciation. Second exclusive surrender to his religious feelings. Christian Urhan. W. von Lenz. K. M. von Weber's music. Liszt falls ill. Reported dead. Obituary notice in the "Étoile." Recovery. Description of his external appearance after W. von Lenz ... 179

III.—*PERIOD OF CONVALESCENCE.*

(*Paris*, 1828, *till July Revolution.*)

I. FERMENTATION: Chateaubriand's "Réné." World-sorrow. Religious doubts. Awakening thirst for knowledge. Worldly dispositions. Play and opera. Italian music. 206

II. ARTISTIC OCCUPATIONS. Repugnance to giving concerts. The virtuoso a dog Munito. Beethoven's music in Paris. General artistic taste. Plays Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major 216

IV.—*THE REVOLUTION.*

(*Paris*, 1830.)

Outbreak of the Revolution. Liszt's enthusiasm. Awakening energy. Plan of a *Symphonie revolutionnaire*. The spirit of the times 224

V.—*THE DOCTRINES OF ST. SIMON.*

(*Paris*, 1830–31.)

Liszt's defective knowledge: his labours. The influence of the St. Simonians on his artistic and human development. Return of the thought of becoming a priest. Artistic change of direction 238

VI.—*PAGANINI.*

(*Paris*, 1831.)

His public appearance in Paris. Artistic influence on Liszt. Liszt's Paganini Essay. Paganini Literature ... 255

VII.—*THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF ART OF OUR CENTURY.*

(*Paris*, 1831–35. *An Historical Retrospect.*)

An historical retrospect. The French literary-romantic opposition to the Classical school. Their ideals. The musical Romanticists of France—Meyerbeer, Berlioz. Those of Germany—Beethoven, Weber, Schumann. Sketch of a characteristic of Beethoven and of Berlioz. The musical ideals of modern times 277

VIII.—*HECTOR BERLIOZ'S INFLUENCE ON LISZT.*

(*Paris*, 1832–35.)

Individual relationship between Beethoven and Liszt. Difference of individuality between Berlioz and Liszt. Influence of the former on the side of harmony. Fétis. Liszt's "Pensée des Morts" and religious mood 321

IX.—*THE DIOSCURI.*

(*Paris*, 1832–35.)

Chopin. His first appearance in Paris. Liszt's enthusiasm and love for him. External characteristics of both. The affinities, completion, and contrasts of their natures. Their mutual influences. Liszt as an interpreter of Chopin's music. The musical ornamentation of both. Liszt's book on Chopin 339

X.—*ABBÉ DE LAMENNAIS.*

(*Paris*, 1834–35.)

His influence on Liszt as regards religion and the philosophy of art. A literary fragment. Glimpses of future Church music. Ideals. Education of the people. Priest-hatred. Ballanche 368

XI.—*FRANZ LISZT AS DEMOCRAT AND ARISTOCRAT.*

(*Paris*, 1834–35.)

Republican influences. Disinclination to the *bourgeoisie* and to Louis Philippe. Aristocracy of mind. Position with regard to the aristocracy of rank. Wit and irony. Ideal sorrow. Political opinions 393

CHRONOLOGICAL INDEX

OF

THE COMPOSITIONS OF FRANZ LISZT

UP TO THE YEAR 1840.

SIGNS AND ABBREVIATIONS.

(*) Compositions which the composer afterwards re-arranged.
(?) Compositions of uncertain date.
(*G*) Appended to the date of the compositions of the Swiss and French periods, denotes the German edition, the French one not having been obtained.

Ch. Choral song.
MS. Manuscript.
Orch. Orchestre.
P. Piano.
M. P. Morceau de Piano.
P. Sc. Piano Score.
P. Tr. Piano Transfer.
V. Violin.

A.—YOUTHFUL WORKS. 1822–30.

Composed in year		Edit.
1822.	Tantum Ergo. (Ch.)	MS. lost.
1824.	Impromptu. (P.)	... 1824
„	"Don Sancho." Operetta	MS. burnt.
1825.	Allegro di Bravura. (P.)	... 1825
(?)	Grande Ouverture. (Orch.)	MS. lost (?)
(?)	Sonata. (P.)	MS. lost (?)
1826.	Études en douze Exercices. (P.)	... 1827
1827 (?)	Concerto A flat. (P. and Orch.)	MS. lost?
1829.	Fantaisie sur la Tirolienne de l'Opéra "La Fiancée." (P.)	... 1829

B.—COMPOSITIONS OF THE PARIS PERIOD. 1830–35.

1830.	Symphonie révolutionnaire. Sketch.	
1832–33.*	Attempt at Transfer of Paganini's Études. (See 1838.)	
1833.	* Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique. (P. Sc.)	1833 (?)
„	Un bal. (P. Tr.)	... 1833
„	* Marche au Supplice	... 1833

Composed in year		Edit.
1833.	* L'Idée Fixe	1833
„	* Ouverture to Franc-Juges. (P. Sc.)	1845
1834.	Fantaisie Symphonique. (P. and Orch. on Themes by Berlioz)	MS. lost
„	Grande Fantaisie sur la "Clochette" de Paganini. (P.)	1834
„	Apparitions. (Three M. P.)	1835 (*G*)
„	Lyon.[1]	1842 (*G*)
„	* Pensée des Morts.[2] (M. P.)	1835 (*G*)
(?)	Duet for Two Pianos. Theme by Mendelssohn	MS. lost
1834–35.	Schubert, "Die Rose." (P. Tr.) ...	1835 (*G*)

C.—COMPOSITIONS OF GENEVA PERIOD. MIDDLE 1836 TILL END 1836.

1835–36.	Au Lac de Wallenstadt.[3] (M. P.) ...	1842 (*G*)
„	* Au Bord d'une Source.[4]	
„	* Les Cloches de G.[5]	
„	* Vallée d'Obermann[6]	
„	* La Chapelle de G. Tell[7]	
„	Psaume	
„	Fleurs mélodiques des Alpes. (M.P.)	1842 (*G*)
„	No. 1. Allegro	
„	* No. 2. Lento.[8] Le Mal Du Pays	
„	„ 3. Pastorale[9]	
„	„ 4. Andante con sentimento ...	
„	„ 5. Andante molto espressivo	
„	„ 6. Allegro moderato	
„	„ 7. Allegretto	
„	„ 8. Allegretto (d'après Hubert)	
„	„ 9. Andantino	
1835–36.	Trois Airs Suisses. (Paraphrases. M. P.)	1836
	* Improvisato. (Ranz des Vaches)...	
	* Nocturne. (Chant du Montagnard)	
	* Allegro Finale. (Ranz des Chèvres.) "Eclogue"...	
„	Gr. Fantaisie. Opus 5, No. 1. "Niobe." Theme by Paccini. (P.)	1837 (*G*)
„	Fantaisie Romant. Opus 5, No. 2, on two Swiss melodies. (P.)	1839 (*G*)

[1] No. 1 of Collection "Impressions et Poésies."
[2] No. 4 of Collection "Harmonies Poétiques et Réligieuses."
[3] No. 2 of Collection "Années de Pélérinage Suisse."
[4] No. 4 ibid. [5] No. 9 ibid. [6] No. 6 ibid.
[7] No. 1 ibid. [8] No. 8 ibid. [9] No. 3 ibid.

Composed in year.		Edit.
1835–36.	Gr. Fant. Opus 8, No. 1, on "La Ser. et l'Orgia" de Rossini. (P.)	1837 (*G*)
,,	2nd Fant. Opus 8, No. 2, on "La Past. dell' Alpi e li Marinari" de Rossini. (P.)	... 1837
,,	Gr. Fant. Opus 7. Themes from Bellini's Il Puritani. (P.)	1837 (*G*)
,,	Fantaisie Dram. Opus 13. Theme from Bellini's "Lucia." (P.)...	1840 (*G*)
,,	Grande Valse di Bravura. Opus 6. (P.)	1836 (?)
1835.	Gr. duo Conc. Lafont's "Le Marin." (P. and V.)	,,
1836.	Gr. Fantaisie Brill. Opus 9. Theme from the "Juive." Halévy. (P.)	1836 (*G*)
,,	Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony. (P. Sc.)	1840
,,	Berlioz's Symphonie, "Harold in Italy" ...	MS. lost.
,,	,, Overture to "King Lear"... ...	MS. lost.

D.—COMPOSITIONS OF THE FRENCH EPISODE AND ITALIAN PERIOD. 1837–40.

I.—*French Episode: Beginning of* 1837 *till autumn* 1837.

1837.	I.—Variation and Finale of the "Hexameron." (P.)		1837
1837.	Beethoven: Symphonie, No. 1	(P. Sc.)	... 1865
	,, No. 2		... 1865
	,, No. 3		... 1840
1837.	Schubert: Erlkönig. (P. Tr.)		... 1839
	Das Ständchen		
	Die Post		 1838
	Lob der Thränen		

II.—*Italian Period. Late Autumn.* 1837–1840.

1837.	Fantaisie quasi Sonata après une lecture de Dante.[1] (P.)	
1837–38.	Grandes Études (Études d'éxecution transcend.) (P.)	1839

Edit. 1839.	Edit. 1852.
No. *1.	No. 1. Preludio (C sharp).
,, *2.	,, 2. ,, (A flat).

[1] No. 7 of Collection, "Années de Pel., Italie."

Composed in year	Edit. 1839.	Edit. 1852.	Edit.
	No. *3.	No. 3. Paysage (F sharp).	
	„ *4.	„ 4. Mazeppa (D flat).	
	„ *5.	„ 5. Feux follets (B sharp).	
	No. *6.	No. 6. Vision (G flat).	
	„ *7.	„ 7. Eroica (C flat major).	
	„ *8.	„ 8. Wilde Jagd (C flat).	
	„ *9.	„ 9. Ricordanza (A flat major).	
	„ *10.	„ 10. „ (F flat).	
	„ *11.	„ 11. Harmonies du soir (D flat major).	
	„ *12.	„ 12. Chasse-neige (B flat).	
1837–38.	Grand galop Chromatique (Opus 12). (P). ...		1838
„	Réminiscences des Hugenots, Gr. Fant. Dram. (Opus 11)		1839
1838.	*Bravura Studies, after Paganini's Capricci. (P. Tr.) (Grandes Études de Paganini) ...		1839
„	Rossini: "Les Soirées musicales." (P. Tr.) ...		1838
	No. 1. La Promessa.		
	„ 2. La Regata Veneziana.		
	„ 3. L'Invito.		
	„ 4. La Gita in Gondola.		
	„ 5. Il Rimprovero.		
	„ 6. La Pastorella dell' Alpi.		
	„ 7. La Partenza.		
	„ 8. La Pesca.		
	„ 9. La Danza.		
	„ 10. La Serenata.		
	„ 11. L'Orgia.		
	„ 12. Li Marinari.		
1838.	Rossini: Overture to "Wilhelm Tell." (P. Tr.) ...		1846
	Schubert: Twelve Songs		1839 (?)
	"Sei mir gegrüsst."		
	"Du bist die Ruh."		
	Meerestille.		
	Frühlingsglaube.		
	Ständchen.		
	Der Wanderer.		
	Auf dem Wasser.		
	Die junge Nonne.		
	Gretchen am Spinnrad.		
	Rastlose Liebe.		
	Ave Maria.		
„	Schubert: Hungarian Melodies.		1840, 2 vols.
„	„ Marches		1846 „

Composed in year		Edit
1838.	Mercadante: Soirées Italiennes. Six amusements. (P. Tr.)	1838, 1 vol.
	No. 1. La Primavera.	
1838.	„ 2. Il Galop.	
	„ 3. Il Pastore svizzero.	
	„ 4. La Serenata del Marinaro.	
	„ 5. Il Brindisi.	
	„ 6. La Zingarella Spagnola.	
„	Donizetti: Nuits d'Été au Pausilippe. Trois amusements. (P. Tr.)	1839
	No. 1. Barcarola.	
	„ 2. Notturno.	
	„ Canzone Napolitana.	
1838–39.	Venezia e Napoli. (P.)	1861
	Gondoliera.	
	Canzone.	
	Tarantelle.	
„	Sposalizio.[1] (P.)	1858
„	Il Penseroso.[2] (P.)	1858
„	Canzonetta del Salvator Rosa.[3] (P.)	1858
„	Tre Sonetti di Petrarca:	
	No. 47 } Sketches of songs for voice and piano. }	1847
	„ 104	
	„ 123	
„	Tre Sonetti di Petrarca:[4]	
	No. *47 } (P. Tr.)	1846
	„ *104	
	„ *123	
„	Angiolin del biondo crin. Tenor Song ...	1842
„	Beethoven: Symphonies.	
	No. 3 } (P. Sc.)	1865
	„ 4	
	„ 5	
	„ 6	
	„ 7	
	„ 8	
	„ 9	

[1] No. 1 of Collection, "Années de Pélérinage, Italie."
[2] No. 2 of Collection, ibid.
[3] No. 3 of Collection, ibid.
[4] No. 4, 5, 6 of Collection, ibid.

BOOK THE FIRST.

(1811—1827.)

YEARS OF CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD.

FRANZ LISZT.

I.

HIS PARENTS.

The Liszt family. Adam Liszt's origin and vocation. His love for music. Life in Eisenstadt. His official appointment. Marriage with Anna Lager. Characteristics of both.

One thousand eight hundred and eleven was a comet-year; one thousand eight hundred and eleven was the cradle-year of many great men of Europe; it re-echoed with the sounds of lyre and sword and announced pioneering spirits to the future. This year appears in the history of European spirit-life rich with promised splendour.

One thousand eight hundred and eleven was also the natal year of Franz Liszt.

Genius, though it wears a crown, is not born on a throne, it rises from the hearts of nations. It seldom solemnizes its entrance into the world where wealth and power have built their palaces. Where labour reigns and creative working is a condition of life, *there* it loves to

live through its childish dreams. Franz Liszt's cradle was thus surrounded. His father earned the necessaries of life as an accountant to Prince Esterhazy, his mother's hands performed the household duties ;—rural simplicity, rural peace, meadow and forest-green and the song of birds all around ; in the far distance lofty mountain chains enclosing the plain, yet awakening an undefined yearning in the heart : such were the scenes of his childhood. His father was a Hungarian, his mother Austrian—the Magyar and the German tongues, Magyar and German feelings—nothing uniform stood by his cradle in spite of the simplicity which surrounded it.

Observant wisdom in Plato's mouth has named the children a "continuation of their parents." The experience of a thousand years has stamped these words a thousand-fold to a rule of nature, and even where the all-powerful creation of the latter appears to have infringed this rule, and a genius springs from her mysterious embraces with the time, even there it survives in the essential qualities which are recognized in the father and mother, and which become for us an earthly trace in our search for the beginning and explanation of its peculiarity. Genius, an exception to all laws, does not subvert the rule. As, however, the strength and greatness of a tree cannot be ascertained by

its first germ, neither, on the other hand, can the faculties which the qualities of the parents impart be a measure or predetermination either for the strength, the loftiness, or the beauty to which a man may attain, or the direction he may take. His parents are the primitive thought. Franz Liszt has much both of father and mother. From both truthfulness ; from his father the hot Hungarian blood, from his mother the fervid German spirit; from his father the talent for music, and from his mother the soul which gave tone to his harp ; from his father the sense for order and faithfulness to duty, and from his mother the holy love which presses God and all humanity to its heart—he had much of both.

The name and traditions of the Liszt family belong to the Hungarian nobility. As, however, the aristocracy of Hungary and of the Sclavonic nations generally, as not originating in feudality, do not recognize the " von " before their names, they did not use this sign, so familiar to the other nations of Europe. They can be traced back for several centuries. There are, however, no documents concerning the family itself, their origin, or their development from generation to generation. Herein they share the same fate with many other noble Hungarian families, and from the same cause. The wars and feuds, namely, in which the Hungarians were

engaged for whole centuries within their own land, the ravages and devastation consequent on them, the scorching and burning which stalked with the Turkish wars through the land, destroyed the works of civilization of the short periods of rest and peace, and rendered the discovery of countless family documents impossible. The only papers remaining of the Liszt family are those concerning Johann Liszt (Johannes Listzius), who lived in the sixteenth century, and rose to be regal chancellor and Bishop of Raab. He was secretary to Isabella, the widow of Zapolyá, and when she ceded Transylvania to the Emperor Ferdinand I. in 1551, he entered the service of the new ruler in that capacity. By his marriage with Lucretia, the niece of the celebrated Archbishop of Grau, Nikolaus Olahus, he had two sons and a daughter, named respectively, Johann, Stephan, and Agnetha; but his wife was soon torn from him by death, and this loss appears to have driven him into the clerical profession. Soon afterwards he received, as vice-chancellor of the court, the bishopric of Veszprim (1568), became later real chancellor, and finally in 1573 was raised to the bishopric of Raab.

He died in Prague in 1577. But whether at all, or how far, this bishop, with his relations and posterity, is connected with the family from

which Franz Liszt descends, in spite of the many researches respecting them, has never as yet been proved, and therefore cannot be confidently affirmed: traces can be followed up as far as the second half of the seventeenth century, and then they die out entirely. All later researches are cut off by the war with the Turks, which was at that time inflicted on Hungary, and then, at a more modern date, by a conflagration in Raab, which destroyed church books, protocols, and documents of every kind. All that we know is that the brothers and posterity of Bishop Liszt were wealthy, and that their possessions lay in the territories of Presburg, Raab, and Wieselburg. The younger generations, on the contrary, the father, grandfather, and great grandfather of Franz Liszt, were poor.

The information concerning our artist's forefathers does not reach farther back than this; that is to say, no farther back than his great grandfather, and of him we only know that he was a subaltern officer in the imperial regiment of hussars (now of Francis Joseph I.), and died at Ragendorf, near Oedenburg. His son Adam, Franz Liszt's grandfather, born 1755, occupied the place of steward to Prince Esterhazy. He was married three times, and from these three marriages was blesed with

twenty-six children, for whose future, therefore, he was unable to provide by means of a brilliant education. In the choice of a vocation for his sons, his circumstances obliged him to think only of how they could the most speedily support themselves. Most of them took to some handicraft, and were scattered in widely separated lands, where they gradually lost all traces of each other. We can follow the career of only three: Adam, his father's namesake by the first marriage, followed his footsteps; Anton, born of the second marriage, became a watchmaker in Vienna, where he died in 1876, leaving behind him several children and the name of a respected citizen; Eduard, lastly, like his half-brother Adam, devoted himself to the duties of a steward. Highly gifted, he rose to the position of imperial Austrian procurator-general, esteemed, honoured, and admired by all who knew him, and deeply lamented at his death, which took place at the beginning of the year 1879. He also left several children. Of these three brothers, Adam was Franz Liszt's father. The means of procuring a livelihood was also the motive in his choice of a profession. Of trustworthy character, endowed with energy and strong comprehensive powers, he already in early youth sat in the office of one of Prince Esterhazy's officials, preparing himself in this

practical way for the duties of administration, and at the same time relieving his father from all care concerning him.

If Adam Liszt had been able to follow the bent of his inclination and talents he would have become a musician, but the means of artistic cultivation were wanting, and he was of too highly gifted a nature to be satisfied with anything else. Nevertheless, his love for music was too great for him to renounce it entirely; he tried it with every instrument that came into his hands, but the few ideas he received now and then from itinerant musicians or more practised artists were all the instruction he received. In this way he gradually became acquainted with the various keyed instruments, as well as the guitar and flute. On all these he was so sure and, for that time, so perfect, that musicians by profession were glad to play with him, and begged his assistance whenever a place was vacant in an *ensemble*.

This was especially the case in Eisenstadt, whither, while still a young man, a happy chance had led him at a time when Prince Esterhazy's musical corps was still at that height of splendour which has given it an historical fame. In this little town Adam Liszt was appointed assistant in the administration of the Esterhazy estates. Here in Eisenstadt, the residence of

the Hungarian magnates and of Prince Esterhazy, whose dignities, honours, and wealth had become proverbial in Hungary and Austria, in the town where Joseph Haydn, as bandmaster to this prince, had produced his immortal works, and had given him an imperishable renown, here in Eisenstadt began for Adam Liszt a life which gave a higher direction to his talents, a loftier flight to his thoughts, and artistic ideals to his music-loving heart. Eisenstadt was the elementary school of Franz Liszt's father and instructor.

Adam Liszt had soon become acquainted with the members of the prince's band, who, under the instruction of Joseph Haydn, enjoyed splendour and renown, and soon also his usefulness as a musician and his love for music had led his steps to the Klostergasse situated near the prince's park, and had opened to him the house which the art-loving Prince Nikolaus had built for his bandmaster, who inhabited it in summer and autumn. He won for himself the happiness of being gladly welcomed by the hoary master and composer of the "Creation" and the "Seasons," the "father of the Quartett and the Symphony," as musical history thankfully calls Joseph Haydn. All this brought him into closer connection with the band. He was often occupied with them either as a supernumerary or as an additional strength.

In consequence of this he went frequently to the palace, newly built in 1683 by the Palatine Paul, with princely taste and expense, which looked like a proud watch-tower over the plain ; here, in a vast hall, richly adorned with valuable frescoes, the greater orchestral productions were given, while chamber music and less important performances took place in a smaller but not less costly room. He here became acquainted with many musicians, composers, and virtuosos of renown, who were invited from Vienna to the prince's musical board. In Eisenstadt Adam Liszt made acquaintance with Cherubini, and became the friend of Nepomuk Hummel, whose style of music and playing then began to form a school.

The acquaintance with the latter was of especial significance for him. Hummel, Mozart's pupil, was at that time a star of the first magnitude in the sky of virtuosos. He had travelled through Germany, Russia, England, Belgium, and Holland, and had come back covered with laurels. A call from the prince had then brought him to Eisenstadt, where he was pianist and composer of church music. Adam Liszt, who associated much with him on intimate terms, was one of his enthusiastic worshippers. The impression which Hummel's pianoforte playing made on him was so decisive

that from that moment he gave the preference to the piano above all other instruments, and practised it with such a passionate love that it put him out of heart with, and created a dislike for, his calling. He now became conscious that his talents pointed towards music, while his parents' circumstances had led him to an occupation which did not coincide with his tastes, and which, when compared with the charms of music, appeared too prosaic and external to satisfy him. But it was too late to mount a new charger. With bitterness he called his life a failure. And yet Adam Liszt was no idle dreamer. In spite of the discord between his inclinations and his occupation, he performed his duties with conscientiousness and fidelity, and his official labours were so efficient that they gained him the prince's favour. No one had an idea of the severe restraint under which he suffered; the discord gnawed inwardly.

He passed all his free time in musical exercises, or in the circle of the court musicians, to whom, besides music, the life and doings at the castle were the sun round which their existence moved. In this circle "music and the castle" were inseparable. They became so, too, in the head and heart of Adam Liszt, and wove themselves into an ideal of musical life quite inconsistent with his occupation. Not only did he

here become acquainted with good—nay, with the best music in the world, his taste being purified and directed as seldom that of dilettanti can be; not only did he himself gain considerably in his practice of music, but here also he saw music surrounded by princely favour, standing on the pedestal of splendour and honour, and the beams reflected on the lives of the artists who stood within the favoured precincts.

He remained several years as assistant in Eisenstadt—fair and formative years for him, in spite of his vexation at his "abortive existence"—and when, in 1810, in consequence of his administrative efficiency, he received from Prince Esterhazy the situation of steward in the small but wealth-bringing Raiding, which, like Eisenstadt, lay in the *Comitat* of Oedenburg, yet at some hours' distance from it, although this official position was no inconsiderable advancement, and enabled him to set up a home of his own, he quitted with a heavy heart the scenes of his former activity. But it was not till he had removed to the small village, cut off from all communication, and only to be reached by cross-roads, with low houses and miserable huts, amongst which the large and irregular building destined for the steward alone wore an air of higher civilization,

it was only then that he felt fully what a happiness Eisenstadt had been for him, what he had possessed, and of what he was to be deprived. From that time his fancy surrounded Eisenstadt, its music and its castle, with a halo which increased in brightness all the more that he had to renounce here in Raiding all that in the former place had raised his whole being to a higher level than that on which his parents and his own first youth had stood.

He was already above thirty years old, and in the full development of his powers, when he entered upon his office, and at the same time looked about for a companion to make his hearth snug and comfortable. His choice fell on a young Austrian of pleasing exterior and gentle manners.

Anna Lager was the daughter of an artisan of German origin, who had settled in the little town of Krems, near Vienna. Here Anna was born and brought up in unswerving obedience to her parents. The position in which she moved was, of necessity, in her father's circumstances, small and narrow. This had taught her early to put her hand to all kinds of household work, and accustomed her to turn her attention to the duty that came to hand. When, in the autumn of 1810, she entered Adam Liszt's house, she brought him, as her chief

dowry, a pure mind, a true heart, and that treasure of domestic virtues which every age has known how to estimate in woman.

Her external appearance corresponded with her virtues. Somewhat tall and slender, her movements expressed that unassuming grace which springs unconsciously and immediately from a simple mind and warm feelings. Her features were regular, calm, and peaceful. Her eyes particularly, which were dark, and ever looked forth warmly, but without passion, gave a lively expression to her whole face. Her black hair, which, according to the custom of that time, she wore braided over her temples, added still more to this picture of simple but winning womanliness.

That was Franz Liszt's mother. She had nothing of that famous poet-mother, with her powerful mind, world-loving heart, and love for "fabling;" she resembled rather the female mimosa, whose inner life closes at external contact. But she was all soul: that spiritual *something* from which a musical genius might bloom for the world. As, indeed, the mothers of all those spirits whose flight is turned towards beauty and the ideal are blessed with some prominent quality, and by it, as it were, announce their lofty mission, thus did this simple woman of the people announce hers by

a quality which raised her above thousands: a great and unselfish love for mankind at large was enthroned in her heart. This love lasted pure and unchanged through a long life. When she cradled a child on her arm; when she saw that child ripen to youth, to manhood, tossed by the storms of life, or surrounded by its splendours, her whole soul melted into trustful motherly affection, which penetrated, as it were, to her inmost being. And this raises her to the same height with the famous poet-mother; only while Goethe's mother represents maternal pride, Franz Liszt's expresses motherly felicity.

The exterior of Franz Liszt's father also harmonized with his character, though in a different way than was the case with his wife.

His most striking qualities were uprightness, firmness, and steadfastness of will. Tall, gaunt, muscular in figure, with upright bearing, the head, with the sharply cut features of the race, setting stiffly—in reference to his noble origin, one might say proudly—on his shoulders; the face, surrounded by light brown hair, an earnest expression which, owing to melancholy lines about the mouth, sometimes appeared gloomy, features so regular and lines so clear that the impression of a well-ordered interior remained ineffaceably; a pair of eyes which received the

glance that met him cautiously and discreetly, yet without falseness or deceit—such was the general exterior of Adam Liszt.

Both parents were Catholic, and adhered to the ceremonies of their Church; both were God-fearing, but without bigotry. A firm belief in Providence and in the divine dispensations of human destiny indwelt in both minds, and, with the essential features of their being, was inherited by their son.

The mother's manner of viewing life particularly rested on religious foundations. Adam Liszt held religion and life more apart, with her the two were mingled into one. Her belief was simple as that of a child, but without any great devotion for the clergy—a point that deserves especial mention, as it is entirely opposed to the picture which some romantic pens have sketched of her, perhaps in order to give a pretty colouring to her son's character.

But it is characteristic of the direction of her religious feelings that Zchokke's "Stunden der Andacht" was amongst her favourite books of devotion.

II.

HIS BIRTH AND THE AWAKENING OF HIS MIND.

The comet of the 22nd of October, 1811. First impressions. Country life. Religious feelings. The gipsies. The impression made by Beethoven's music. He wishes to play the piano.

THE first year of their marriage had nearly passed. The summer had yielded its last fruits, and was descending in golden glory to its end. It was the autumn of the year 1811. In the tranquil corner of the earth where Adam Liszt now passed his life, they felt little or nothing of the commotions and disturbances which kept the great world out of breath.

Here peace lived, and only the comet which shone nightly in fullest splendour in the heavens excited the curiosity and conjectures of the rural population. The nights of October were wonderful. The sky was clear, a light blue star-sown background to the liquid gold which the comet shed, as it were, on the earth. Nature

herself seemed to hold her breath to listen to the wondrous things which it announced.

In one of these nights it was that the kingly star seemed to send its rays straight down to Adam Liszt's dwelling. In the house itself, however, reigned uneasiness and joy: a delicate but healthy boy lay in the arms of his trembling mother, who had just given him birth. That was the night of the 21st—22nd of October, 1811. The boy was Franz Liszt.

The musical world had no idea that in the little Hungarian village a genius was born which was to relate to them, in the language of tone, the wonders of life and light; nay, more, to fill them with holy devotion. But his parents lived under the impression of a wonderful poetical coincidence, which lay in the position of the comet over their house at the time of their son's birth. He remained their only child.

And the child throve. His body was delicate, yet all the organs were healthy, and his constitution so tough and elastic that it bore up against a wonderfully excited and agitated life, and, with the exception of some illnesses during his physical development, and in later moments of strongly menacing tension, he remained in an uninterrupted state of good health.

His figure was slender and well proportioned,

his movements full of life and grace, and, in spite of the delicacy of his limbs, their strength was remarkable. His features soon grew to an attractively expressive beauty which had a great influence on his future life; for it not only enchained, it won him much goodwill and insured him tender affection. His face was charming, surrounded by fair thick hair, growing to a point on the forehead, and seeming to breathe only pleasure, love, and cheerfulness. The eyes of this childish face were remarkable, lying deep and blue in their sockets, and oft-times, notwithstanding their childishly resolute expression, sending forth a something which spoke of an enigmatical soul-life.

And as his exterior made the impression of a harmonious, healthy, and highly gifted nature, such also appeared his inner being. His mother often related with pride that he had none of the usual naughtiness of children, that he had always been lively, cheerful, loving, and obedient —*very* obedient.

With all this it would be indeed surprising, and a contradiction to nature, if, in opposition to these advantages of body and soul, his general mental life had stood in secondary relationship as a mere intellectual addition. As if nature wished, in this her creation, from the very beginning, to smooth down and remove every

inequality, the latter showed themselves in harmony with the former. Very soon an exceedingly quick sensibility and excitable feelings appropriated everything which approached or came in contact with his childish existence.

The latter, however, was not varied. The quiet, retired country life which formed the frame-work of his childhood, and at the same time provided nourishment for his soul, was unacquainted with the changes which the ever-varying strength-consuming life of populous cities and of civilization entails. It brought him little change, but also held that Something afar that early lessens the susceptibility of youth, which, giving itself up to many things, withdraws its strength from the *one thing*, and contents itself with superficiality. Contradictions and disturbing influences did not approach him, and nothing interrupted the repose or equilibrium of his mental and physical development, which, neither hemmed in, nor driven on from without, only bloomed as inner necessity required.

Yet, however still and retired life might have been in the little village, and though days, weeks, and months passed unvaryingly as a stroke of a pendulum, they were not without expression for his childish mind and fancy. When the spring came, when the summer stood in full bloom, when the winter approached,

there were always joys of different kinds, always something that made his young heart beat, and filled it early with the foreboding of the supernatural, of the incomprehensible.

A musician's heart is other than a poet's heart, however near they may lie together. Though they both live in dreams, it is not, in the former, those of thought which weave their web around him. His *feelings* are the centre and the dream of his inner soul. And however young a musical heart may be, and however little it may have expressed itself as such, it breathes and lives only through them. They are its food, and that something which makes it strong. This life of feeling first made its way in Franz Liszt's young heart: it melted, as it were, into the sunny pastoral of his childhood.

But it did not remain only the general guiding-star of his being, it sought expression in two directions, and elevated and interpreted through them those mental powers which were to be of the greatest importance for his future life, and to become the fundamental elements of his existence. Religion and music: *they* gave expression to his childish heart—expression of feeling more poetical and stronger than a less secluded life could have afforded.

The religious sentiments first wrought in his

soul. When the sun departed and the Ave Maria floated through the air from the one little bell of the small village church, the playthings fell from his little hands, he folded them devoutly and his childish lips lisped a prayer. And when on Sundays and festival days he accompanied his parents to church, when the hymn sounded forth from the sacred building and the priest stood in embroidered robes before the incense-clouded altar, celebrating the mass and directing the holy ceremonies, a strange, mystic awe crept over his youthful soul, and the music, miserable as it was, made him tremble.

After such impressions he was generally still, but his eyes glowed with a feverish brightness. When Christmas-time came the matins were his principal thought, and when at last the holy evening arrived, and his father, a lantern in his hand, accompanied him and his mother to the church through the gloom of night, the wonders of that night which announced salvation to men filled his imagination, and his eye hung on the skies in full anticipation of the light and of the angels.

We afterwards trace these impressions in his sacred compositions, and especially in that part of his great work, "The Oratorio of Christ," entitled "The Christmas Oratorio," with its

delicious pastoral passages and announcement of salvation. But at that time the religious feelings which were unfolding within him expressed themselves through love of prayer and joy in the sacred solemnities.

But it is not only the first emotions of his fervid love to God which are associated with the little Hungarian village, his first poetically fanciful feelings in a worldly direction are also interwoven with it. And as the former, united with religion, ran through his whole life as a man and as an artist, and gradually swelled to a power which kindled his productions to a holy fire, so also were the latter enduring, as the living breath of that peculiar poetry which penetrated his music with its charm and its rhythmical swing, and remained a lasting tie between him and his fatherland.

The impressions which were to be so influential in this direction came to him from the swarthy sons of Pusta, who, with light foot, wandered over the plains and plateaus of Hungary—now in hordes, pitching their tents to-day here, to-morrow there; now in smaller bands, with the violin and the cymbals under their arms. No district of Hungary remained unvisited by the gipsies of the land. The neighbourhood of Raiding had often to receive these guests, with their copper-coloured, passionate,

and weather-beaten faces, and eyes that expressed defiance, melancholy, and inconstancy, rather than a cheerful pleasure in wandering.

Their appearance in Raiding was always an event for the little Franz Liszt. If he knew them to be in the neighbourhood, his eye, towards evening, was fixed searchingly on the horizon, to catch a glimpse of the clouds of fiery smoke which rose from their encampment, and happy was the day which brought them near. Their music, their defiantly-melancholy *Lassan* and their mad *Frischkas*, their songs, their dances, their whole life and doings, their fantastic external appearance, their burning eyes and crisped hair, their wives and children, their coming and vanishing, their whence and their whither—all these things entwined themselves into a living mystery which occupied both his sleeping and his waking dreams; it played around his childish recollections like a poetic vision; it accompanied him through his youthful years, and at last led him to seek its explanation.

Thus passed the first epoch of his life in simplicity and untroubled poesy.

He was mostly by his mother's side, for he loved her with the greatest tenderness. He clung to his father too, but rather with a shy respect.

His father had meanwhile exercised himself

zealously in music, which he loved as much as ever: music was the warmth-giving sun of his domestic hearth. Wife and child had not been able to drive away the despondency to which his occupation had given birth, and which, according to his ideas and feelings, was too prosaic and business-like. But music had helped him to support it. His duties as a steward left him a great deal of free time, which he spent at the piano.

Little Franz had, as it were, grown up with music; but, besides this, his sympathy during the first four or five years of his life had shown itself in a peculiar manner. It had already, indeed, often happened that his playthings were forgotten while he stood silent and pensive listening to his father's playing. But now it was that from day to day the piano occupied him more and more, and especially when his father played Beethoven, he listened with an expression about eye and mouth as though his whole soul hung on these harmonies.

These signs of an ever-increasing love for music did not escape Adam Liszt; he observed it with interest, and the thought that Franz might perhaps have talent gave him a joyful hope; and when he began to express aloud his wish also "to learn the piano," the prudent father suggested that he should wait till he was

taller and stronger: there was time enough to learn—a restraint, however, which could not be carried on for long.

The boy's entreaties became more urgent, and when, one evening, he sang purely by ear Ferdinand Ries' Thema of the Concerto in c flat, though he had heard it that day for the first time, his father promised to give him lessons on the piano. His mother, indeed, made some objections: he was much too little, and such premature learning might make him ill, she suggested anxiously; but her darling's delight at his father's promise put an end to her objections.

When, at that time, Franz was asked what he wished to become, he always pointed to the picture of a master which, among other pictures of musicians, hung on a wall of the sitting-room, and "such an one," he exclaimed, with sparkling eyes. It was Beethoven's picture to which he pointed.

III.

AT THE PIANO.

Rapid progress. Passionate love for music. Proofs of his genius. Becomes ill—is thought to be dead. Recovery Renewal of music lessons. Improvisation. Foundation of his character and manners. Shall he become an artist ?

FRANZ was six years old when his father began to give him lessons on the piano. In spite of his certainly unmethodical and somewhat dilettante manner of instruction, the first elements were attained with the greatest ease, and the boy made astonishing progress. Everything went as if by magic.

It was as though he already knew and could do everything, and only needed incitement to bring it to outward expression. His eye read the notes as if in play, and the little fingers found and held the keys with a rapidity, a sureness, and firmness, as if they had been in practice for long years. An extraordinary delicacy and quickness of ear were also to be remarked. He not only named every note, he could repeat

every chord without having seen the notes. His memory was also striking. He did not forget, as children generally do. What he had once played he held fast, and even single measures taken from a piece, and played before him to put him to the proof, were recognized immediately, and the piece named from which they were taken.

Striking also was the boy's perseverance: they could scarcely get him away from the instrument. Sometimes it was too much for his mother. His continual sitting, too, made her uneasy; but if she succeeded in luring him from the piano, he soon escaped from her, and took his place as before. His love for music became so passionate that, in order to be more at the piano, he even avoided the little playfellows whom he had found, and formerly sought with eagerness, among the peasant children of the neighbourhood.

Everything that had reference to music captivated him. If he was not at the piano, he was scribbling notes which he had learnt to set down without any instruction. He wrote musical notes much earlier than the alphabet, wrote them, too, more readily and easily: he never, indeed, succeeded in putting letters rapidly to paper. The notes, however, seemed to flow from his hand. Nor was this scribbling without

sense or aim; he wrote down what he had composed at the piano, and the greater part of it was intelligible.

His small hands were a source of great vexation. He might pull and work at his fingers as he would, they could not stretch an octave! Sometimes even, in one of Hummel's pieces,[1] a tenth occurred for the left hand while the right was occupied among the upper keys. He seemed in despair; he tried and tried but in vain. At last he fell on an expedient, for while the right hand played the chord, and the left the bass, he held down the tenth note with his nose! He often had such comical ideas, to the great delight of his parents and of himself. He was indefatigable in playing the piano and in similar inventions.

Adam Liszt remarked his son's wing-footed speed at the piano with the deepest satisfaction; but also with anxiety the passion with which he studied it. At first he rejoiced in this expression of his son's talent, and left him full freedom, but now he thought it best to restrain him. He prudently withheld his instruction. The father's restrictions availed little. The boy's thoughts, feelings, and will were ever more and more concentrated in the play of tones; his love for music grew daily. By

[1] The fantasia in E flat.

degrees, his whole being seemed to be and to breathe only music. His face glowed feverishly when he played, and particularly when he gave expression to his own inventions in self-discovered harmonies; and to do this was his favourite occupation: an expression of energy then lay about his childish mouth, and his eyes gleamed in their sockets like little stars. One could see that he was seeking, though fully unconscious of it himself, a language which might express what was passing within him.

This passionate excitement for music came just at the time when he was passing from childhood to boyhood. As he had till then remained always healthy, though highly excitable and susceptible, as his physical development had always been in a normal state, it is all the more surprising that now, all at once, his inner life experienced such an unbounded intensification that his corporeal life began to suffer from it. A revulsion began to be remarked. His whole nervous system seemed shaken, and under the influence of musical sounds, which he so passionately loved and sought.

His body appeared to sicken, and his strength to decline. He grew feverish, yet no definite illness declared itself; it never took any decided

form. He dragged himself about for some time longer, but at last his legs refused to support him, and he was obliged to lie. Then his anxious parents often heard him pray to God with touching fervour to make him soon well again, that he might again play his beloved tones: then he would only make hymns and play music which pleased God and parents.

But the recovery was not yet to be. The fever increased, and it seemed, indeed, as if neither medical help nor the most careful watching could keep him alive. His tender form declined visibly, and his parents lost, hour by hour, the hope of saving their only child. The neighbourhood reported him dead, and it is a fact that the village carpenter had begun to work at his coffin. But, even at the last hour, to the unspeakable joy of his parents, a crisis occurred, an improvement began, and the boy recovered.

It is however, both physiologically and psychologically, a remarkable circumstance that while Liszt was never otherwise visited by heavy sickness, it was repeated in a similar manner in Paris, at the period of his transition from boyhood to youth. It is also interesting that in this repetition, not only the feverish state and the entire exhaustion again appeared

as in his childhood, but the external circumstances had also a certain similarity. The report of his death was again spread at his second illness; and though there was no village carpenter to prepare his coffin beforehand, one of the most ready and most influential organs of the French press bestowed on him some memorial lines.

When once the crisis was over, Franz recovered visibly and entirely. He was again cheerful and gay; again he made his "inventions" on the piano, played duets with his father, and tried all the notes he could get hold of. And, what is remarkable, notwithstanding the long months of interruption, he had forgotten nothing; he played as if nothing had happened—no uncertainty in the fingering, none of the eye, no hesitation in the time; with compressed lips he peered into the notes, and his fingers obeyed. Upon the whole, after his sickness, his musical and other qualities appeared firmer and more decided — he played by ear, he transposed into other keys; afterwards, as before, he sought his *Klängen*, as he called his self-composed harmonies and modulations; he began also to try free fantasias on certain melodies; he varied them, and played upon them wonderfully, now like a child who practices tricks with his ball, and

now like a grown man pouring out the superabundance of his heart.

His general characteristics, too, became even more decisive. A strongly pronounced love of truth stood in the foreground: he neither excused nor denied his childish follies; he was fearless in his confessions. What he loved and undertook he followed up passionately, powerfully, and perseveringly; the rest left him indifferent. Nor did his affections change. Religion and music always had the upper hand. It was peculiar that the opposite of passionate inclination—passionate disinclination—was not one of his characteristics. He showed himself, in general, decided in his sympathies, but remained untouched by antipathies.

Only, with regard to music, there was an exception to this; here he showed a marked antipathy. While he loved Beethoven's and the gipsies' music with a passionateness remarkably strong at that early age, he openly expressed his dislike of all that was empty and shallow. Music pregnant with feeling and powerfully rhythmic attracted him, and only such he cared to play. His love for Beethoven and the gipsy music is worthy of attention in reference to his later development and historical position to art. In the first place, because in one as in the other the power and decisiveness

of feeling stand in the first rank, notwithstanding the heaven-wide difference between these two kinds of music, which, on one side, expresses artistic discipline and the highest artistic power of genius; while on the other, in the gipsy-music, the might of an immediately ruling natural instinct, coupled with a phrensied power of feeling, stands out in the most natural manner.

Thus three years had passed since his first musical instruction, during which, with the exception of his illness and his phenomenal progress, nothing particular had happened. Franz was healthy, and nothing remained of that anxious period but an extreme nervous irritability which accompanied him during his whole life, and, of course, is closely connected with his musical talent.

During this time, with the help of the village priest, Franz had gained the rudiments of general education—reading, writing, and arithmetic; but he had not received regular instruction in any branch of knowledge: this was impossible in the country, as there were no schools whatever for the youth of the village, who were mostly serfs, and his parents considered him too young to be delivered over to a town educational establishment. He did not even learn to speak the Hungarian language; his

parents conversed with him only in German. His mother did not know Hungarian, and his father was accustomed to speak German, which was at that time in Hungary the language of state affairs and of the better sort of society, and only used Hungarian in communicating with the country people and his dependants; so it came to pass that Franz Liszt, though born a Hungarian, never learned his native language.

He had seldom gone beyond the limits of the little village; only now and then his father had taken him to Eisenstadt and Oedenburg, whither he often drove on business connected with his stewardship.

These excursions were not without consequence. Adam Liszt, joyfully proud of his son's talent, introduced him to his musical friends and acquaintances, before whom he played. His *prima vista* playing, his rapid fingering, and above all his improvisations, always caused the greatest astonishment. When, in the presence of entire strangers, he sat down to the piano without the slightest timidity, as though it were to be so, and then, forgetting all about him, gave himself up to the music, as if soul and body were melting under the enchantment of sounds, people thought, shaking their heads, that this was no playing

such as could be learned, or such as one often hears from precocious children, who bloom up quickly and as quickly fade; no, here more was to be expected—Franz was born an artist, the artistic career was his vocation.

These were ideas which coincided with Adam Liszt's own thoughts. He had long felt it to be so. He had followed all the expressions of Franz's talent with the greatest intensity, and though he could not understand them in all their significancy, he felt decidedly, and with the sure instinct of his own talent, that Franz was an extraordinary boy, and bore something extraordinary within him. His own ideals, which the will of fate had forbidden him to attain, stood anew before him. Eisenstadt, with its music; the father of composers, Haydn; the pianist, Nepomuk Hummel, all were living in his remembrance: were the suppressed requirements of his own soul to be realized in his son? That was a hope under which his inner complainings at his abortive calling had already for some time begun to dissolve, and yet a hope to which his prudence, his lofty feeling of art and his conscientiousness had always opposed his yielding. Was Franz's talent sufficient for an artist's career? for an artist's career such as it lived in his thoughts?

Adam Liszt had felt too earnestly and too

deeply all the nobleness and significancy of the musical art, and had become acquainted with artists of too high a standing to be able to imagine a common artist-existence. Before his soul rose up masters who should abide, and fall not with their day; and if such an end were attainable for Franz, would his material existence be insured by it?

To these doubts were added the circumstance that, though his income was sufficient to provide comfortably for wife and child in the country and in his own house, he did not find himself in a position to give a costly artistic education to his boy. Adam Liszt's salary consisted of a dwelling-house, wood, the productions of the soil, "enough to feed a dozen children," as Franz Liszt once related to me, but—as was the case at that time with all the official situations on the large private estates—very little money. If they said to Adam Liszt that this latter was unnecessary, as he could travel at once with his son, and gain wealth by his talent, he indignantly rejected the supposition; for external wealth was never the aim of his aspirations, but art alone. He thought, indeed, of choosing another vocation for Franz than that of an artist, but on this subject could still less come to a decision. He himself had too bitterly felt what it was to pass his life in an

occupation in contradiction to the capabilities and desires of an inner life; such a misfortune, at least, his son should be spared.

But a circumstance occurred which settled all these questions and brought things to a conclusion.

IV.

THE DECISION.

Franz gives concerts in Oedenburg. Plays before Prince Esterhazy in Eistenstadt. Concert in Presburg. The stipend of Hungarian noblemen. He is to study music. Adam Listz gives up his situation. Hummel's generosity.

The excursions to the neighbouring towns in connexion with the musical representations at his father's friends had already made little Franz Listz famous. They spoke of him, admired him, and always called him "The Artist."

This renown induced a young blind musician who intended to give a concert in Oedenburg to beg Adam Listz for Franz's assistance. The musician, a Baron von Braun, who some years before had made himself talked about in the provincial towns of Hungary and Austria as a blind youthful phenomenon, and had gained a subsistence by his concerts, was now grown up,[1]

[1] Von Braun died when not yet twenty years old.

had lost much of his interest with the public, and required other more attractive help. He hoped to have found this in little Franz Listz, of whom they were just then talking a great deal in Oedenburg, and therefore made the proposal to Franz's father. The latter was not at all opposed to letting Franz assist at the blind man's concert; he was even inwardly glad of the opportunity of thus putting him to the proof. And so, to the great delight of the nine-year-old boy, in whom the desire for fame already began to show itself, they went to Oedenburg, where he was to play for the first time at a public concert.

What an event! Franz could scarcely await the hour. At length it came—but what an anxious moment for his father! for Franz suffered at that time from climatic (intermittent) fever, which was common to the plains of that region, rich in ponds and lakes. In the excitement at his *début* they had not thought about it, and a fit was coming on at the time of the concert. But he would not be kept back; he played—played while his teeth chattered—played with a perseverance, a power, a discretion, an execution, remarkable at his age—a concert in E sharp by Ferdinand Ries, with an orchestral accompaniment, and then an improvisation on popular melodies, a so-called "free

fantasia." His execution was full of musical fire ; no one remarked anything of the fever.

In this concert Franz had given a double proof of the rarest strength—that of talent, and that of will—in both the beginning of what was to be repeated countless times during his life in a most phenomenal manner. But his playing, though natural enough, had for his hearers something at once enchaining, exciting, and overpowering. And this did not consist in the astonishment at seeing a delicate-looking boy of nine years storm along, so to speak, with an orchestra, small though it was ; nor in the wonder that, forgetting his audience, he could play without hesitation his "free fantasia;" neither did it consist in externals alone : it was not the rapidity with which, to help his small arms that could not reach the upper and lower keys, he placed himself now here, now there, now sitting, now standing, before the instrument; nor his exceedingly attractive countenance, glowing with energy and liveliness—it was an inexplicable *something* that worked so irresistably on his hearers. Who could explain it? They praised his courage, his power, his tact—but the *something*, the stroke of the pinions of Genius, still kept down by the bonds of his childish soul, could only be unriddled at a later period.

Franz had demeaned himself bravely and had succeeded. His father was highly rejoiced. He now arranged in Oedenburg a concert for Franz on his own account, which was not less successful than Braun's.

Quite satisfied, he then returned with him to Raiding. Yet no decision was come to concerning Franz's future calling,[1] in consequence

[1] It is here necessary to mention a common report concerning the choice of his profession which received universal belief, and principally through G. Schilling's Biography (Stuttgard: Topani, 1844) and Elise Polks (Gartenlaube), but which has been denied by Liszt himself, as well as by a noble personage who is closely acquainted with all the details of his youth, received in great part from Liszt's own mother. This report is that his mother wished him to enter the priesthood. Schilling's evidence rests on a journal which Adam Liszt has left, but it is well known that Schilling's statements are not always correct, and Elise Polks's pen is dedicated to fable rather than fact. It is true there *did* exist, and perhaps there exists still, a journal by Adam Listz; and even d'Ortigne, so worthy of belief in every respect, mentions the same ("Gazette Musicale de Paris," 1834), but without emphasizing, as Schilling does, the destination for the priesthood. This journal, however, is no longer to be found. Relying, then, on my own authoritative sources, I have, in opposition to all other works concerning Franz Liszt's biography, left that point entirely untouched. Liszt has often expressed himself very indignantly concerning this story of the priesthood, which I had related, on Schilling's authority, in the first sketch of this biography. When I was reading to him from the sketch (Weimar, 1874), he exclaimed angrily, at that part, "Strike out the priest! that is incorrect." But added immediately, with courtly irony, "If you wish it to stand—it is a pretty story —I will not deny it." "But my biographical conscience will," I answered. "Good," said he thereupon, earnestly and in quite another tone. "You wish for the truth: strike out the

of these concerts in Oedenburg, but it was firmly impressed on Adam Liszt's mind that "he must become something." The decision, however, came shortly after these concerts.

Shortly after these events, Adam Liszt travelled with Franz to Presburg, that he might there also play before the public. It does not appear whether this were a decision of his own, or whether he had received an invitation.

But he first drove to Eisenstadt to take his boy to the castle and introduce him to Prince Esterhazy. Here, also, the happy father saw his son's talent triumphantly recognized. The little one performed now for the first time before a princely audience, yet without fear, without timidity, though with evident delight. The splendour, the magnificence and loftiness of all that surrounded him, the noble persons who were to listen to him—nothing of this confused him. It made, indeed, a deep impression on his childish imagination, not oppressively, as seems natural with children who have been accustomed to narrow circumstances, but

priest." He was also angry because his mother had been represented to the public as a very pious woman. He knew the sources from which it came, and when about that time Madame Elise Polks, who wished to read before the court at Weimar, was presented to him, he started at the name and said, "Ah! you have made my mother a very pious woman."

rather as awakening and summoning the slumbering spirit. He played with unmistakable excitement, but it was the excitement of the fancy and not that of timidity. He was rewarded by a storm of applause from the audience, and the prince, with fatherly kindness, exhorted him to continue in the way he had begun. Favour upon favour followed. Little Franz found himself all at once in a richly worked Hungarian costume, in which he looked like a stately magnate *en miniature.* The princess, moreover, in the superabundance of her delight at the boy's performances, gave him Joseph Haydn's "Name-book," [1] in which the most famous musical artists of that time, both composers and virtuosos, had inscribed their names with notes and words. Unhappily, this interesting relic was lost during Liszt's later wanderings.

As Adam Liszt was leaving the castle the prince thoughtfully intimated to him that his palace at Presburg was at their service for the approaching concert. With these impressions Adam Liszt travelled with Franz to Presburg, and here the important decision as to the choice of a vocation for the latter was made.

[1] Haydn, with touching gratitude to his prince, had made him universal legatee of the little he had to bequeath. It was thus that this "Name-book" had come into Prince Esterhazy's possession.

At Presburg, though his audience consisted of persons of a much higher rank and cultivation, they were as much delighted with his talent as they had been at Oedenburg. In the old royal free city lived many of the highest magnates of Hungary with their families. Among them, Counts Erdoedy, Szàpary, Apponyi, and others, names which had been esteemed as those of Mæcenases and musical connoisseurs for generations by composers, virtuosos, and friends of music. An unusually numerous audience was drawn together from these circles to Franz's concert. The circumstance that the father of the precocious boy was an official of Prince Esterhazy, with whom the aristocrats of the land were all more or less in connexion, had already made him the object of particular attention.

The encouragement which the prince had given him was also probably of some weight, and so the highest nobility of Presburg were present at the concert of the youthful virtuoso, which took place in the prince's palace, situated in the Vorstadt Blumenthal, and thus, as it were, under his ægis.

The connoisseurs of music were filled with surprise and enthusiasm at the originality and the musical flow and fire of the boy's execution, and in a moment all hearts were won. Like

the Oedenburghers, his brilliant auditory did not spare their applause, but, excited by personal sympathy, they testified it personally. The magnates praised him, and spoke earnestly with his father about his talent, and the proud and beautiful women, delighted with the loveliness of the boy clothed in his pompous national costume, drew him to them and caressed him passionately after the Hungarian manner. The former were unanimous in assuring Adam Liszt that such a talent must be cultivated, to neglect it were a sin—a view which he had long carried about with him as a conviction and a necessity. But his circumstances? Then he took courage. Relying on the great warmth and sympathy which had been shown to Franz, remembering also the enthusiastic expressions of the rich and influential magnates, he represented the case to one of them, and that brought help. A subscription list was circulated among the gentlemen, and in a very short time six of them, among whom were Counts Amadée, Apponyi, Szàpary, united to insure him, for a period of six years, six hundred Austrian gulden a year, for the artistic education of his son. Though the circumstance that the father of the talented child was one of the noble prince's officials might have weighed with one or the other of

the magnates, yet their sympathy for the boy was warm enough to procure him the means of instruction.

And so his future destiny was decided. A load was taken from his father's soul. Franz's happiness was unbounded. Proud and bold wishes built themselves up in his young heart, all ending in one thought: to become a distinguished artist.

Adam Liszt took leave of his son's patrons and hurried back to Raiding, his head full of plans, and his heart swelling with thankfulness. But the more he meditated on the way which was to lead Franz to the goal which floated before him, the more he became convinced that the magnanimity of the magnates had only smoothed down a part of it, and the rest required the greatest of sacrifices from his wife and himself—that of a certain means of existence. It seemed to him that all was not done when Franz was brought to a town and placed under the guidance of skilful masters; no, that the discipline might be blessed and successful required quite as much the loving care of a mother as the firm hand and watchful eye of a father. It appeared to him a hard but unavoidable consequence of Franz's education, that he should beg his own retirement from the prince's service, to be able to give fatherly

protection to his son, and to smooth the way for his genius to artistic ripeness. In this he did not think of himself, nor of the heavy lot which would probably befall his wife, for some years, in the carrying out of these plans. Under the influence of his love of art, and of his paternal duty, he only felt that he had to protect his son's genius, and to lead him to that height of art on which it promised to place him. However simple and unpretentious Adam Liszt's career might have been, he felt all the responsibility of being the father of so extraordinarily talented a son.

He was not a man of slow decision, with him thought and determination were almost one. When he returned home from Presburg his plans were already ripe, but he had yet a heavy moment to go through—the consultation with his wife. The latter did not receive the great event in Presburg and the consequences which were to be allied to it by any means so joyfully and confidently as her husband and son, and she who formerly had rather remained passive than taken the reins into her own hands, now made Adam Liszt such eloquent representations that he began to draw back from the resolutions he had formed. She pointed out to him what it was to be without means, and to give up a modest, indeed, yet a certain subsistence for

what as yet was but a hope. How could three persons live on six hundred gulden a year? What would become of the child and of herself if he were to die suddenly before the goal was reached? And who would pledge them that it ever would be reached?

These just remonstrances brought Adam Liszt to silence; but Franz, who was present at these discussions, looked with real anguish now at his father, now at his mother, and as the latter continued speaking and burst forth, "When the six years are over and your hopes prove vain, what will become of us?" he sprang forward and cried with a firm and courageous voice, "Mother, what God wills!"

His eyes rested imploringly now on her, now on his father, and with his childish eloquence he insisted on his passionate love for music, and promised to do everything to become something great. "God will not forsake me," he added earnestly; "when the six years are over, He will help me to repay you for all your cares, for all you have done for me."

His parents were deeply moved: they took each other's hands. "Yes, what God wills," they said. There was no further objection. They encouraged each other, and Adam Liszt took steps to free himself from his old, and to undertake his new, duties.

He immediately asked from the Esterhazy government permission to quit their service. He then addressed himself to the artist who, he hoped and wished, would undertake Franz's instruction. It was Nepomuk Hummel, with whom he had been on friendly terms in Eisenstadt, and whose playing had made on him an ineffaceable impression. No one stood so high in his opinion as he, and so his first thought and his warmest wish was to be able to take Franz to him.

Hummel had meanwhile been appointed bandmaster to the court in Weimar: thither Adam Liszt wrote, and reminding him of their former acquaintance, he gave the necessary details concerning his boy, and asked if he were inclined to undertake his musical education.

While they were awaiting an answer from the famous artist, a missive arrived from the government granting the request, though unwilling to lose so capable an official.

Hummel's answer came at last. He expressed great willingness to help in the improvement of so remarkable a talent, but at the same time remarked that in his present position he could not give a lesson under a louis d'or. Adam Liszt was beside himself. He had never thought of laying claim to Hummel's assistance without compensation, but this addition to his

willingness to undertake Franz's instruction was quite unexpected. Such a price, even at that time only given by princes, was far beyond what Franz's stipend would authorize.[1]

He now determined to go to Vienna and settle the question of a teacher on the spot.

But while the arrangements for departure were being made, many of Adam Liszt's friends and acquaintances came to him. They called his proceedings a folly, and his relations sought to dissuade him from his plans. Franz generally intruded himself into these conversations, and one could read his anxiety on his countenance lest they might perhaps influence his father. Nor could his feeling and loving heart bear to see his mother tormented by their doubts. At such moments he always tried to get to her side and caress her. If one of their friends began to bring examples from the life of some artist, he, with unconscious diplomacy, mentioned the names of fortunate musicians.

"And then," said he, eagerly, "how do you know if the most of those who failed had not

[1] Sixty years after this occurrence (April, 1881) they wished to set up a monument to Nepomuk Hummel in Presburg, his native town, but the means were not forthcoming. Liszt was at that time nearly seventy years old, and had long since retired from the world as a virtuoso; nevertheless he, in conjunction with his pupil, Count Zichy, "the one-armed poet and virtuoso," gave a concert in the above-named town, and thus procured the sum required.

themselves to blame? I *will* be a musical artist and nothing else."

At last the day and hour arrived when Adam Liszt had given in his accounts and made all his arrangements. He felt his mind oppressed, but his boy's confident "What God wills" rose in his heart. So it was with his mother. And when the three travellers went once more before they left their home to the little village church where mass was said for their departure, they wept bitter tears. The inhabitants of the village were also present at this mass and sang aloud to the honour of the boy who was kneeling there and praying to God with glowing devotion.[1]

It seemed as if a particular star glittered above his head.

They long spoke of him in the village, and the women gave it as their opinion that he would one day come back again in "a glass coach."[2] That was in the year 1821, when, owing to the simplicity of the villagers, only very rich and distinguished people made use of glass coaches.

With the departure from home the first epoch of Franz Liszt's childhood closed. At the same time he left behind him his native country to

[1] "Des Bohémiens et de leur Musique en Hongrie." Par Franz Liszt. [2] Ibid.

seek the elements of education in other lands. But a part of his country's poetry accompanied him, though veiled by a variety of new impressions, and repressed by the claims of the present hour.

All that surrounded his life's cradle was simple, beautiful, and clear, yet interwoven with presages of an uncommon destiny. However little the Hungarian village could add to the foundations of his education, two things, at least, he took thence into his new life : a fervent love for God and for music.

V.

THE LITTLE MUSICAL STUDENT.

[Vienna 1821–1823.]

Instruction from Ch. Czerny and A. Salieri. Ill-humour with Czerny. Difference between teacher and scholar. The scholar's peculiarities. The positive advantage of Czerny's instruction. Instruction from Salieri. Phenomenal progress in reading the score, in composing, playing at first sight. Franz's favour with the aristocracy. First concert in Vienna.

Adam Liszt, on his arrival at Vienna, allowed himself little time for rest; and, first of all, he sought for the most distinguished artists and masters in the imperial city, and when he thought himself sufficiently informed, he proceeded to the choice of teachers for Franz. It fell on Charles Czerny and Antonio Salieri.

Charles Czerny, who had for a long time enjoyed the good fortune of being Beethoven's pupil, was at that time one of the first and most favoured virtuosos and masters of the piano in Vienna. He was at the entrance of

manhood, and those qualities which gradually stamped him as the representative of formality in art, both as a pianist and as a musical pedagogue, did not then stand forth so sharply pronounced or so one-sided. On the contrary, he still belonged to the few who laid stress on the classical, and particularly on Beethoven's, compositions, and played them frequently, both in private circles and in public. It may, perhaps, have been just this latter circumstance which decided Adam Liszt to choose him for his son's master. For empty virtuosity, with its shallow taste, which was just then in full play, and had begun to exercise over the public a supremacy which pushed everything that was noble and significative in art into the shade, did not correspond with his artistic feeling, which stood on a much higher level. He turned, therefore, to an artist who not only enjoyed great fame as an excellent pianist and teacher, but who also answered to his ideas of artistic taste.

Just when Adam Liszt went to Czerny, the latter was overloaded with work and no ways disposed to increase it by receiving another pupil, he therefore rejected the request. But Franz, without more ado, seated himself at the piano and played. Czerny was now of another mind, and undertook his instruction on that instrument. When the price was inquired about, it

was not now a question of louis d'or, but of gulden. Czerny was the opposite of Hummel. When, at the end of Franz's twelfth lesson, Adam Liszt wished to pay the debt he had incurred, he refused to accept any compensation; and during the whole of Franz Liszt's stay in Vienna—a year and a half—he received instruction from Czerny in the same unselfish manner.

While he was thus instructed in playing, Antonio Salieri undertook the theoretical part. He was, indeed, already an old man of seventy, and his opera "Axur," which towards the end of the year 80 of the last century had eclipsed Mozart's "Don Juan" on the Vienna stage, had fallen a victim to the altered taste of the times. Nevertheless, he still stood high in the musical world,[1] but, old and needing rest, he would take no more pupils. However, it was the same with him as with Czerny. When the lively old Italian saw "the little prodigy," as the musicians of Vienna already began to call Franz, he was so taken with him that he could not refuse Adam Liszt's request. At that time he also instructed Randhartinger,[2] afterwards band-

[1] 1835.

[2] Dr. Ludwig Nohl relates ("Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner," p. 169), that in addition to lessons on the piano, Franz Liszt also received instruction in counterpoint and other branches of music from Randhartinger and Salieri. If Nohl means by this

master to the imperial court of Austria, and who was then already eighteen years old.

Now the lessons went on with fiery zeal; nothing seemed too difficult, no task too long for the little student. Uphill he went full gallop, and his soaring wishes were impeded by the course of instruction. Methodical rules would not at all suit him, accustomed as he was to a naturalistic freedom. Czerny, in his instruction, went the way to which he had been accustomed and which nature had imposed on him; he schooled the fingers without regard to the mental individuality of the pupil as a regulating factor, and this made it difficult to teach Franz; for he had been accustomed in music to follow only his own sensibility, and now, all at once driven to the other extreme, his very innermost nature struggled against these formal and mechanical elements, and he became refractory. And yet he had no foundation whatever on the technical side of art; of this his *dilettante* instruction had given him no idea. He supposed himself to have already attained a high degree of art by rapidity of fingering and reading at sight, both of which, of course, were marvellously at his command. That the touch, smoothness, and

that Randhartinger gave young Liszt lessons, it is an error. Liszt himself told me that Randhartinger had never given him lessons, but they had been fellow-pupils of Salieri.

execution in general, that a correct technical instruction, in fact, were essential conditions of artistic playing had never occurred to him.

Czerny's practised glance at once judged rightly both of his pupil's talent, and of his entire want of all schooling, and he began to supply this want in his usual systematic manner. Franz had to study many finger exercises. Therewith he received Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassam," and sonatas by the same master—materials which all moved in the circle of mechanism and form. He had already become refractory at the finger exercises and *études*, the sonatas brought things to a crisis, for Franz could play them at first sight. His self-conceit was wounded, "they were far too easy for him," he said.

But when Czerny would not be persuaded, and insisted, not on rapidity, but on a well-exercised touch and correct execution in moderate time, and obliged Franz to play again and again what he thought he had known already long ago, and would not allow any little *allotria* in the form of free symphony, which he so loved to slip in, then the pupil grew ill-humoured and vexed with his teacher. His glowing zeal felt itself impeded ; it all went too slowly, he complained to his father, and begged for another master. But here he found no

sympathy. His father recognized too well the artistic usefulness of Czerny's grounding, and would not listen. But Franz could not be at rest, and tried to attain his end by a childish stroke of genius. One day he came to his father with some notes, and showed him an impossible fingering, which he said Czerny had written. But this invention did not deceive. Adam Liszt went to Czerny, however, and related his boy's naughtiness, and at the same time his displeasure with Clementi. Czerny was probably not very much edified by this revelation; he so far changed his plan of teaching, however, as to take his pupil's inclinations into account in the choice of his pieces.

Franz was now satisfied with Czerny's guidance, and no farther misunderstanding arose. But Czerny remarked with astonishment that, now that a well-grounded instruction was united with a regard for his pupil's individuality, he made wonderful progress. His playing sparkled with fire and delight, and the boyish fingers displayed a power that made the instrument tremble under them.

Nevertheless the peculiar nature of the boy was not understood by Czerny. The man of mechanism and form could never comprehend a being so opposed to himself, neither as boy nor as man. He did not perceive that

what, to his eyes, in Franz's playing was only musical *allotria* was a direct expression of a peculiar action of the mind both as regarded form and feeling, which, quite unconsciously, emanated from the boy's nature, disinclined to all that was formal in music. And with this the cause of another of his pupil's peculiarities also escaped his attention. Franz, namely, in the compositions which he played, did not go, as is and ever will be the common way with incipient artists, from form to contents, but from contents to form. It seemed as though all materials were ready within him, and by them only could he attain to outward form, and that only in as far as the latter corresponded with what he felt within. Those little digressions from the original which Czerny regarded as naturalistic degeneracies and extravagances were a consequence of this, a force of individuality which would not yield to that of another.

Besides the characteristic peculiarities just mentioned, others came to light in his rapid progress on the piano. A richness of feeling remarkable in so childish a mind seemed to penetrate his playing. It never evinced weariness, emptiness, or coldness, but always power, feeling, and warmth; as though moved by invisible springs, it often soared to a height which with unrestrained impetus and bold leaps threa-

tened to pass all the boundaries and barriers of form. His playing was at once significative, varied, and strange; it was not that of a child.

All these peculiarities were so foreign to Czerny's nature that it was impossible for him to understand them; yet in spite of the opposite natures of master and pupil, the latter, who was very fond of his teacher, was favoured by him, and received important assistance. Through him he gained that side of his musical education which his first instruction could not have given him — artistic technicality and correctness of rendering; two things which, with his strongly expressed ideas of *contents* and *freedom*, he could only attain by the help of a master with whom technicality and form were also strongly pronounced. Liszt felt that himself, and has ever been grateful to Czerny.

Under his direction Liszt acquired the means of expressing comprehensibly his rich and superabundant life of feeling. His sensitive stammering smoothed itself down to artistic speech. When Czerny had finished schooling his fingers, the boy was an artist.

Salieri's instructions were also highly successful, though, of course, the direction which he took was not at all calculated to make of Franz a counterpointist of the severe school; for it is well known that the higher and more difficult

forms of counterpoint were not Salieri's *forte*, but he has the merit, not to be estimated too highly, of having given a sound and genuine basis to the boy's general musical-theoretical education. He made him read, analyze, and play the scores, and kept him diligently to exercise in harmony, and insisted also on correct notation. The exercises in harmony were, for the most part, in the form of short pieces written for the Church, and Salieri was well satisfied with his pupil's labours. He was particularly pleased with a "Tantum ergo" that Franz had composed with great assiduity, and which earned his master's especial approbation. Unfortunately it was lost; but he remembered the name and direction of the piece and afterwards composed it anew; at least, the "feeling" of the latter piece is supposed by him to coincide with that of the former. Indeed, until now, if we except one small composition, none of the works belonging to that period of his boyhood passed in Vienna have been discovered. This circumstance prevents us from judging whether they contained traces of originality or not. The small composition which has been preserved by the press displayed none. It is No. 24 of "Fifty Variations" on the well-known waltzes of Diabelli, by fifty composers of that time. This was an editorial speculation

of Diabelli, and the work is no longer current. Although its greatest merit consists in the fact that it induced Beethoven to compose his thirty-three variations on the same theme (Opus 122), yet a certain value is assured to it. For, with its fifty composers, then living for the most part in Vienna, and among whom we find such men as Ch. Czerny, Abbé Gelineck, N. Hummel, M. F. Leidesdorf, Fr. Kalkbrenner, C. Kreutzer, Fr. Schubert, Abbé Stadler, &c., it has become a most remarkable piece of musical history in notes, representing the taste of the time better than any contribution in words could do. This "Twenty-fourth Variation, by Franz Liszt," a boy of eleven years old, as he is therein described, is in no ways behind those of the other pianoforte composers, all of whom had arrived at the age of manhood. It is in c flat, in 2-4 time, in the form of an *étude*, the chord passages betraying the boy's delight in an abundance of notes; it neither hides itself among the "fifty," nor tries to outdo them, and that is all that can be said about it.[1]

Salieri had shown his good sense in choosing an unsystematic style of exercises in composition fitted to the boy's age and capacity; for with all

[1] The German edition of this book (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Hartel, 1880) does not mention this Variation. Mr. G. Grove, London, had the kindness to draw my attention to it.

his zeal and a musical ripeness far beyond his years, he remained true to his child-like nature, impossible to be long occupied with the same thing. Salieri's manner of instruction did not weary him, and so he was always cheerful and fresh for work. His comprehension was both quick and retentive, and he could go from one thing to another without fear of superficiality. In this, too, he seemed to know and to be able to do everything, and only required a word to call forth what was hidden within.

About this time Franz began to read Beethoven's scores by himself. What he read with his master—Salieri's operas—he read because he must, the others because he loved them. When Franz was eleven years old he was already known in Vienna as an excellent reader and player of scores.

His reading at sight also became more and more remarkable; he played the most difficult compositions in the right time without any previous exercise. Technically, nothing was difficult enough for him, everything seemed too easy; if he went into a music shop, they knew beforehand that he wished for something *very difficult*. On this score he was seldom to be satisfied, which was not always agreeable to the shopkeepers. An anecdote in reference to this is related of him at the present day in Vienna.

In one of the most frequented music shops, they wished, on account of his inclination for "something very difficult," to put him to the blush, so they laid before him Hummel's concerto in B flat, which even at the present time presents gigantic technical difficulties ; but without the least hesitation, and as a quite natural thing, he played it off at sight, calmly, correctly, and in good time.

During this Vienna epoch Franz received no other instruction than what appertained to music. According to the views of that time, an artist required none beyond what referred to his specific branch; and Adam Liszt, with regard to his son's education, stood on the same level as the eighteenth century. And indeed attendance at school would have taken too much time from the attainment of the technical part of music, the aim as it was of his life; and Adam Liszt's means did not allow of private instruction in general culture. Nor did Franz appear to need such. Although his intelligence was quick as lightning, and his ideas striking, the thirst for knowledge did not appear to be awakened in him; his inner life was concentred in religion and music. From these causes a general school instruction was wanting to him which, according to the ideas of that time, was not absolutely necessary for an artist. The cultivation of his

genius, high connexions, *these* sufficed to enable him to climb the steps of art and of fame, and neither the one nor the other were wanting.

If the foundations of Franz Liszt's musical education and development were laid at Vienna, on the other hand the high distinguished intimacies which were opened to him there laid the foundations for that exceptional social position which in after years not only made him at home in the circles of the higher aristocracy of all Europe, but also operated not inconsiderably on his life.

The patronage of the Hungarian magnates had, through all kinds of recommendation, opened to him the doors of the higher society resident at Vienna, just as Adam Liszt, as an official of Prince Esterhazy, had made his way among the Presburg nobility. The boy's remarkable talent, his sparkling vivacity, his charming manner of expression, won him now, as before, and as it were by magic, the most influential patrons; and the protection which might have been at first, partly at least, only an act of courtesy such as is mutually practised in cultivated circles, became an expression of personal interest. His peculiarly graceful exterior also contributed not a little to gain him the favour of the fair sex. He was still small for his age, and yet he had already something

of that knightly bearing which afterwards, when he attained the years of manhood, was one of his chief characteristics, and which has been preserved with powerful expression in Wilhelm von Kaulbach's picture. His artless, child-like manner delighted them as much as his lovely and distinguished countenance, which mirrored in the most extraordinary manner every thought and every feeling; yet, particularly when he was playing, they could assume a manly, energetic, and bold expression. People were also delighted with his humour, which always seemed to struggle between enthusiasm, airiness, and passion.

All this confirmed his favour with the aristocracy of the imperial city. He frequently played in these circles, and as the Austrian and the Hungarian nobility especially, impelled by tradition and their southern nature, are wont, with unaffected amiability, to give the character of patriarchal simplicity to their relationship with persons dependent on or patronized by them, Franz was not here the youthful prodigy of a lower station, who, when he had executed his artistic productions, was dismissed with solid marks of satisfaction; he was treated rather as a member of the family.

The boy Liszt became hereby early at home on the *parquet* of the great world, and the

broad arena in which the habits and views of those classes moved, who are placed on a higher level by tradition and birth, became also, in correspondence with his inborn qualities, the natural sphere wherein he himself flourished. Accustomed to this atmosphere from his childhood, he was nowise bewildered by it ; and its dangerous side—the prejudices of rank—could find no hold in a genius whose nature flowed richly on with life and with the world.

Thus a year and a half passed in Vienna. They wrote 1822. The progress in art which the youthful student had made during this time was great beyond all description, and in the musical circles they said, with one accord, that he could compete as a pianist with virtuosos of the first rank. Adam Liszt considered it, therefore, time to bring him before the public.

Since the Presburg concert Franz had only played in private, but in the most varied circles. When now his father prepared for him a first public concert, his name had already attained a certain popularity, and his friends and patrons looked forward with great expectation to his first appearance.

This concert was announced for the 1st of December, and took place in the Town Hall on that day, with the assistance of several popular artists, among others the youthful and pro-

mising Karoline Unger, for whom Beethoven at that time was writing his "Melusine."

A numerous and princely audience had assembled, before whom many an excellent virtuoso could not have stood without anxiety. The little concert-giver, however, knew nothing of such feelings. Not alone accustomed to play in the most distinguished society, it seemed, too, as though the arena of publicity were his peculiar domain. With beaming face and sparkling eyes he sprang to the platform and played with evident joy and satisfaction.

His performance fully answered to this feeling of certainty, and, unimpaired by a sensibility which might have suppressed it, rose to the extraordinary and the astounding. It exceeded all the expectations which had been entertained of his powers, as appears from the following notice taken from a Vienna Concert report. This notice, with the programme, runs as follows :

On the 1st December (1822), in the Town Hall, Franz Liszt, a boy of ten years, a native of Hungary.

1. Overture by Clementi. 2. Hummel's Pianoforte Concerto in A flat. 3. Variations by Rode, played by Mr. Leon de St. Lubin. 4. Aria from Demetrio and Polybio, by Rossini, sung by Mlle. Unger. 5. Free Fantasia on the Pianoforte.

Again a young virtuoso, fallen, as it were, from the clouds, and hurrying us along to the highest admiration. The performance of this boy, for his age, borders on the incredible, and one is tempted to doubt any physical impossibility when one

hears the young giant with unabated force thunder out Hummel's composition, so difficult and fatiguing, especially in the last passage. Feeling also, expression, shading, and all the finer *nuances* are there ; and moreover this musical prodigy is said to read everything at first sight, and already has to seek a competitor in part-playing ! May Polyhymnia protect the tender plant, and preserve it from leaf-robbing storms, that it may grow and prosper ! We should prefer to call the Fantasia a Capriccio, for several themes united by voluntary passages do not deserve that magnificent title, only too often misused in our day. And yet it was really fine to see the little Hercules unite Beethoven's Andante from the Symphony in A and the theme of a Cantilena from Rossini's Zelmira, and knead them, so to speak, into one paste. *Est deus in nobis !* [1]

This phenomenal performance of a boy of eleven years of age naturally awakened the love and enthusiasm of his hearers, who loaded him with applause ; and as a matter of course after this trial he was naturalized as an artist in the Vienna Concert Hall, and his assistance required at the concerts. The "little Hercules" played now here now there, always with the same success and with the same approbation. The same Vienna reporter gives the following notice of a concert held in the Corinthian Theatre, at which Franz had assisted :

3. Rondo, from Ries's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, played by little Franz Liszt, who again, like a hero grown grey in fight, has come forth gloriously from the combat, and reaped the most gratifying fruits of his astonishing talent.

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[1] "Allgemeine Musik. Zeitung," January, 1823. Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig.

On the 12th of January, 1823, he also took part in a musical *matinée* in the Town Hall with similar approbation. All over Vienna they spoke of the boy's remarkable genius.

The extraordinary success which followed his appearance in public induced his father to arrange a second concert for him, which promised to be even more successful than the first. This concert was to take place in April.

From the period just mentioned originates that sympathy of the Viennese for Liszt which in later years, when he stood before them as a world-famed virtuoso and a composer of a new school, rose to the brightest glow of enthusiasm. On the boy's mind also the Viennese left a great impression, which as time passed became ever firmer and more fervent. Often when, a hoary master, he spoke of them his features brightened, his voice faltered, and he called them his "dear Viennese," and the town itself "the resounding city."

VI.

THE MUSICAL CONSECRATION.

[Vienna, 13th April, 1823.]

Beethoven. Conversation with Schindler. Franz's second concert. Beethoven's presence at the same.

It appears to have been subsequent to the circumstances already related that the first intelligence of the wonderful musical phenomenon penetrated to the chamber of the master, who, surrounded by the heavings and tossings of a musical metropolis, yet by a tragical destiny bound himself to solitude, and lived apart from the world to his own mighty inspirations.

His little glowing admirer, whose ardent spirit had awakened new tones, had till then found no access to the musical hermit, and Beethoven had no idea of the existence of him who was to explain to the world on the piano the enigma of genius.

It was Anton Schindler, Beethoven's secretary, and the faithful companion of his solitude, who mentioned the boy's name to him in con-

nection with concert affairs, and in the most amiable manner undertook the part of his advocate.

It was difficult to gain an entrance to the master, unsociable as he was, and wholly given up to the world of tone; and at that time particularly so. His "Missa Solemnis" had only been completed the year before (1823), and already new and magnificent plans floated through his mind. He wished to compose two great symphonies, a ninth and a tenth, "each different from all the others," an oratorio, too, and "much more was already hatched, at least in his head."[1] An opera, "Melusine," was also talked about, and other splendid projects towered up in the background. "At last I hope to write what will be the acme for me and for art—Faust." Thus Beethoven had expressed himself in an address to a friend (Buhler, 1823).

In such times of mighty fermentation the little earthly threads which men call "duties," and which Goethe has so inimitably defined as the "requirements of the day," vanish before genius. The more profound the tasks which occupied Beethoven, the more inaccessible ("buttoned up" he called it) and sullen appeared his exterior. He held himself far from those trifles which unlawfully deprive one of

[1] Beethoven's words to Rochlitz. See Marx, tom. ii. p. 305.

time and strength, and by distracting the ideas collected, deaden the creative power; he lived for his genius alone, and strangers, for the most part, were not admitted. Little Franz Liszt, probably accompanied by his father, appears to have been among the latter, as we may gather from Beethoven's portfolio of conversations for 1823. Nevertheless a strong desire led the boy again to his antechamber. In one of the "conversations" is written, in Schindler's handwriting:

Little Liszt has entreated me to beg you for a theme on which to play a fantasia at to-morrow's concert. *Ergo rogo humiliter dominationem vestram, si placeat, scribere unum thema;* he will not open the seal till then. As to the little one's fantasias, it is nothing very serious; the tiny fellow is an excellent pianist, but as to fantasias, the day is far when one can say: "er phantasirt."[1]

Beethoven seemed interested, and wished to know more, whereupon Schindler wrote further:

Carl Czerny is his teacher—he is only eleven years old. Come, then, it will surely amuse Karl[2] to hear the little fellow play. It is unfortunate that he is in the hands of Czerny.

After other conversations, he began, according to the custom of virtuosos of that day, to "affectiren" and "outriren," which appears to

[1] According to Nohl's publication ("Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner." Vienna: Braumuller, 1874).

[2] Beethoven's nephew, sixteen years old.

have moved the master, for Schindler continued to write:

You might have guessed it. But it is a pity that your lofty genius is buried in things for the piano, for, unfortunately, the most distinguished works of this kind are neglected. because the pianists of our time lose more and more the taste for what is good.

He now urged Beethoven good-humouredly—

But you will make up for your late somewhat unfriendly reception by being present to-morrow at little Liszt's concert. Will you not? It will encourage the boy. Promise me that you will go?

And the master promised to go. But he gave no theme for a fantasia. There appears to have been no farther mention of the matter.

This second concert was fixed for the 13th April, and was given in the "Redoute." Franz played this time, among other things, Hummel's concerto in B flat, and again concluded with a "free fantasia," but *not* from a theme by Beethoven—to the boy's great sorrow. This unrestrained *laisser aller* on the piano was still what he loved the best, as in former years when he was so fond of playing his "dear tones."

If the first concert had been numerously attended, this second one was still more so. The hall was full to overflowing. When the boy stepped before the public, who looked up at him expectantly, head pressed against head, he perceived Beethoven near the platform, his

earnest eye fixed meditatively upon him. Franz felt a startled joy, but the presence of the deified master did not bewilder him. He recognized the eye that was directed towards him, but his playing only became more fiery and glowing from measure to measure, and his whole being seemed elevated and kindled by an invisible power. So it went on from passage to passage. The public, taken by surprise, listened in silence, and then gave vent to their feelings all the more loudly and vehemently.

And when Franz had finished and surpassed all expectation his improvisation of a supposed theme, he scarcely knew what was going on; he was as in a dream. The audience crowded and pressed around him, and *Beethoven had hastily mounted the platform and kissed him.*

VII.

PARIS.

[December, 1823—May, 1824.]

Consequences of his last Vienna concerts. On his way to Paris. Concerts in Munich, Stuttgard, Strasburg. Paris. Is received into the Conservatoire, but not as a pupil. Cherubini. Instruction in composition by Paër. Performance in the *salons*. The aristocracy. First appearance in public. Prominent peculiarities of his execution and manners. His improvisations. His success. The humour of the time.

This last concert was of great consequence to Franz in many ways. It not only brought much that was personally never to be forgotten, and consecrated his inborn enthusiasm for the mighty master of tone; it was also important in his farther career as an artist.

The enthusiasm which he had awakened found an echo in the press. Its voice bore to the outer world the first intelligence of his artistic fame, and with all the more significance that it came from Vienna, the city where, not

so long before, Haydn and Mozart had lived and worked, in which a Beethoven was still creating his gigantic works. With this concert begins Liszt's European fame as a pianist—a fame which from that time clung so firmly and so fatally to his fingers that the idea of most wonderful virtuososhiip became identical with his name, and afterwards when the other side of his genius, *the creative*, which had revealed itself so astonishingly and splendidly in his childish years by his "free fantasias," had come to full perfection, was injurious and detrimental to him with the public.

But this concert was not only significative in an artistic point of view, it was also important in the farther progress which Adam Liszt had marked out for his son. "The boy rejoiced at his good reception," concludes a notice of the concert of that time—a remark which in general was not used in reports of the kind. Through this "good reception" Adam Liszt saw himself enabled to give him a higher perfectioning, with freer circumstances and a broader basis than before. An universal musical education floated before him, such as Mozart had enjoyed.

This idea did not enter his mind by chance. They often remarked in Vienna that his boy's genius expressed itself like that of Mozart. This view of the case is even preserved in

Beethoven's "Conversations." There, written by his nephew's own hand, stand the words—

> Last week he (Czerny) was with me, and begged me not to omit going to young Liszt's concert : then he began to raise him to the stars, and to compare him with you and Mozart (in your youth), &c.

How earnestly Adam Liszt desired to give his son the same guidance which Mozart had once enjoyed! The father of the latter, Leopold Mozart, had taken his Wolfgang to France and then to England. Franz should be led the same way, but he should remain some time in Paris, for there lived the highly celebrated opera and church composer Cherubini, who had drunk of Mozart's and Salieri's spirit, and who was director of the world-famous Conservatoire of Music there. Here, under Cherubini's direction, Franz should win his spurs as a composer. Adam Liszt, called to be the father of a genius, was as little satisfied as Leopold Mozart had been that his son, already a virtuoso, should be only a phenomenon on his instrument, and that thus alone admiration, fame, and honour should be assured him. The virtuoso was for him, with his just appreciation of his son's talent, only a stepping-stone to the composer.

When Adam Liszt saw his plan ripe for execution, he said one day to his son, "Franz, you now know more than I, but in half a year

we go to Paris. There you will enter the Conservatoire, and work under the protection and guidance of the most celebrated men." At these words the boy was seized with an inexpressible emotion.[1]

This was in the spring of 1823, after his second concert.

With the autumn came the execution of the plan. The little family, father and son, left the imperial Austrian city and took the road to Paris. They made a halt, however, in the capitals through which they had to pass, and Adam Liszt employed this time in arranging concerts. Everywhere the boy found the same favourable and enthusiastic reception as in Vienna. They exulted over him as over a Mozart, and wrote the most remarkable things about his fantasias. These reports speak of the extraordinary talent of the boy—nay more, of the wonders of his genius. It was principally the cities of Munich and Stuttgard which emulated each other in their testimonies of approbation. The Munich critic called him a second Mozart, the Stuttgard paper placed him beside, and "in part even above," the best pianists of Europe :

A new Mozart has appeared to us, Munich announces to the

[1] Related by Franz Liszt himself. See Franz Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften" (Breitkopf and Hartel), vol. ii., "Ueber Die Stellung der Künstler."

musical world. We know that that youthful prodigy was only seven years old when he began to attract the admiration of the world by his artistic talent. It is true, indeed, that young Liszt already reckons four more ; but when one takes into consideration the difference of the times and the claims of the public on artists, it must be admitted that we are justified in exclaiming, "A new Mozart has appeared to us !"

Young Liszt played Hummel's concerto in B flat with a facility and purity, with a precision and power, with such deep and true feeling, that even the boldest imagination would not dare to expect anything similar at so tender an age. We have heard Hummel and Moscheles, and do not hesitate to affirm that this child's execution is in nowise inferior to theirs. But what carried admiration to the highest point was an improvisation on given themes. Young Liszt had already on the bill begged the public to provide him with a theme, and they gave him that of the variations which Molique had played at Moscheles' concert, and the melody of "God save the King." The boy first took the theme of Molique, and played variations upon it with so much art, that one might have taken it for a perfect composition. He did the same with the second theme, which he afterwards united with the first and wound and melted them together in the most ingenious manner. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the numerous and delighted audience could set no bounds to their applause.[1]

And after Franz had given a concert at Stuttgard they wrote :

The art-loving public of this place had a great treat yesterday, viz., a concert given by Franz Liszt, a young Hungarian, twelve years old, a pupil of Czerny's in Vienna. This boy possesses in the highest degree, facility, expression, precision, execution, &c. &c. ; in fact all the qualities which mark a distinguished pianist. To this may be added his deep knowledge of counterpoint and fugue passages, which he disclosed in the execution of a "free fantasia," for which a written theme

[1] Augsburg "Allgemeine Zeitung," 17th October, 1823.

was given to him at the end of the concert by a local artist. All this justifies the affirmation that this boy is already equal to the first pianists of Europe, nay, that he even excels them.[1]

Similar accounts of the astonishment produced by the boy's eminent talent and wonderful power of improvisation lie before us from Strasburg,[2] where he played on the 3rd December in the Hall *zum Geist*, and on the 6th December in the Theatre.

Two months had passed in this way since Adam Liszt and his family had left Vienna. It was the middle of December when they arrived in Paris. Adam Liszt entered the metropolis of France with high expectations, hoping that Franz would here find a school to prepare him for the highest aims of art, and in this he was not deceived, only that Paris was this school for him in another way than he had expected. His thoughts and wishes culminated in the reception of his boy at the Conservatoire, where instruction in counterpoint and composition was given by Cherubini, and, among others by such men as the theoretician Anton Reicha, a pupil of Mozart's and of Michael Haydn, whose work "Traité de haute Composition musicale" had effected a complete change in the system of musical instruction; as also by the Parmesan,

[1] November 9th, 1823. "Schwäbische Mercur."

[2] See the Leipzig "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung." Vol. xxvi. 1824. Page 627.

Ferdinand Paër, whose melodious operas delighted all Europe.

Of course they had already drawn Adam Liszt's attention to the fact that great difficulties lay in the way of this reception, since it depended on certain conditions. They repeated the same thing in Paris; but relying on the great talent of his son—for he supposed that these difficulties had reference to the accomplishment of arduous practical and theoretical tasks—and being provided with urgent letters of recommendation in Prince Metternich's own hand,[1] he hoped to overcome these obstacles.

When, on the day after their arrival in Paris, Franz and his father proceeded to Cherubini's, they were accompanied not only by the prayers and benedictions of his mother, but new friends also, whom he had already won—the family of Sebastian Erard, the genial head of the world-famed pianoforte manufactory — desired with sincere hearts the fulfilment of their hopes.

But the warmest wishes are never strong enough to direct opinions. Father and son left their home with highly-strained feelings; they returned with flagging spirits. A quarter of an hour had sufficed to rob them of all their hopes and all their courage; and indeed they

[1] The prince had often seen the boy at the Baroness Leykam's, playing with her little sons, and had become remarkably fond of him.

had learned that the entrance to the Conservatoire as a pupil was for many entirely impossible; at least the rules, which in the hands of the then director were opposed to Franz's reception, were not to be set aside. According to them, no foreigner could enter as pupil; a decision which Cherubini imparted to them in his cool and repulsive manner, ignoring even the prince's letter of recommendation, and without entertaining the thought that an exception might be made in favour of a talent which had already given so many public proofs of extraordinary greatness, or that at least it would be correct to speak and consult with the college of teachers on the subject.

Franz Liszt afterwards described the impressions which then governed him on his way to the Parisian Conservatoire, and at the moment when Cherubini gave his decision in the negative. He relates the walk thither, warm from the remembrance of his heart, and so characteristic that it becomes before the eye of the reader a scene, a picture, ready for the brush of a painter. We see before us the Italian, Cherubini, the personification of a dark and inflexible law; before him the Hungarian, Adam Liszt, opposing his remonstrances; and beside the latter, with imploring upraised hands and enthusiastic countenance, the flaming sign of

genius on his brow, the boy Franz Liszt, who, in heavenly ignorance of his own value, solicits the spiritual crumbs which here fall from the table of art.

But let him relate it himself:

The day after our arrival in Paris (says Franz Liszt)[1] we hastened to Cherubini. A very warm letter of recommendation from Prince Metternich was to be our introduction. It was just ten o'clock—Cherubini was already at the Conservatoire; we hurried after him. As I passed the portico, or rather the ugly doorway, of the Rue Faubourg Poissonière a powerful feeling of awe overcame me. "This, then," thought I, "is the fatal place. In this famous sanctuary is enthroned the tribunal which condemns or favours for ever." And I was ready to fall on my knees before a multitude of men, all of whom I regarded as celebrities, and yet, to my astonishment, saw walking up and down like ordinary mortals.

At last, after a quarter of an hour of painful waiting, the porter opened the door of the Director's cabinet, and made us a sign to enter. More dead than alive, yet urged on at that moment by an overpowering might, I sprang towards Cherubini to kiss his hand. But just then, and for the first time in my life, the thought came to me that it might not, perhaps, be the custom in France, and my eyes filled with tears. Confused and ashamed, without again lifting my eyes to the great composer, who had even dared to confront Napoleon, my whole endeavour was to lose no word, no breath that fell from his mouth.

Fortunately my torture did not last long. We had already been warned that difficulties would be opposed to my reception into the Conservatoire, but until then that law of the institution was unknown to us which decisively shuts out all foreigners from participation in its instruction. Cherubini first made us acquainted with it.

What a thunderbolt! I trembled in every limb. Neverthe-

[1] "Gesammelte Schriften Liszt's," vol. ii. "Ueber die Stellung der Künstler."

less my father persevered—implored; his voice animated m courage, and I too tried to stammer some words. Like the Canaanitish woman, I begged humbly to be allowed to satisfy my hunger with the dogs' portion; to feed at least on the crumbs which fall from the children's table. But the rule was irrefragable, and I inconsolable. All seemed lost, even honour; there was no longer any help.

There was no end to my sighs and complainings. My father and my adopted family[1] tried in vain to calm me: the wound was too deep, and continued to bleed for a long time.

Cherubini's refusal to receive young Franz Liszt into the Conservatoire de Musique called forth, at that time and since, the sharpest and severest censure which was universally considered to be merited by him alone, although it should have fallen quite as justly on that paragraph of the law which, originating in the most one-sided national feeling, took into account neither universal human ideas nor the great thought of setting this training-school on a European basis. This was certainly unjust, for he was not the originator of the fatal rule; his was only the executive hand. *How* he carried the clause into effect is of course another affair. If the restriction of the law is to be considered, this depends on the character of the executor; and on this side the reproaches which have met Cherubini do not appear to have been altogether unjust. They accused him of harsh and arbitrary conduct, particularly as he did not

[1] The Erard family.

bring the case for consideration before the Direction, and ascribed his behaviour to the disinclination which he is said to have felt for precocious talent; a secret and instinctive fear of the boy's genius is also attributed to him. Supposing the first hypothesis to be just, the latter certainly has no foundation, for Liszt was not put to the trial either before Cherubini or the school commission, and the former therefore had paid no attention to the boy's genius. Many biographers speak, it is true, of a great examination which he underwent, and in which he performed the most difficult tasks in counterpoint. These accounts, however, rest on an error. The fact is that he was not tried. But whatever the motive of Cherubini's behaviour might have been, whether personal or artistic, whether it sprang from the moment or from principle, it was, as Franz Liszt expresses it, "a thunderbolt" for both father and son.

In the first moment of dismay, Adam Liszt regarded the journey to Paris as a complete failure. He only saw that the hoped-for means of instruction for his son were closed and withdrawn. The thought that publicity, "the current of public opinion," might also bear with it the means of artistic progress, appears not yet to have occurred to him. Professors of the Conservatoire, and especially Paër and Reicha,

appear first to have drawn his attention to this, and to have pointed out that a course of instruction such as that of the Conservatoire fixed for all classes of pupils could scarcely be advantageous to Franz in the degree the father represented to himself. For a talent such as his, publicity was the right school, and not the Conservatoire, which shut out its pupils from publicity by statute.

Nothing remained for Adam Liszt to do but to yield to circumstances. He did so without, however, losing sight of artistic aims for Franz, or giving them up in any one point. He then sought to gain the composer Paër as a teacher of composition for Franz, and a director of his studies. Reicha's instruction belongs to a later period.

When he had in some measure, and as far as circumstances permitted, satisfied this urgency, he and Franz gave in the letters of recommendation which the Hungarian and Austrian aristocracy had sent with their *protégé* to Paris. This brought the boy's talent before the highest aristocracy of France.

By means of these letters Franz Liszt suddenly found himself in the midst of the many-sided and intricate musical life of Paris. The *salons* of the aristocracy were the ground on which his genius found the most brilliant recog-

nition even before he had appeared before the general public. He had played at the Duchess of Berri's, then immediately afterwards at the Duke of Orleans; later the citizen-king, Louis Philippe, one of whom formed the apex of the old, the other of the new French nobility—one of a past, the other of a recently commencing period. In both he had awakened interest; the Duke of Orleans particularly, who had already begun to live and to express himself "as a citizen," literally loaded him with personal attentions. Once, carried away by his playing, he told Franz he might ask as a gift whatever his heart desired. He naïvely asked for a punchinello which the little Prince de Joinville, who was standing near him, held in his hand. From that time, as often as he played at the Duke's, whole basketfuls of playthings were packed into his carriage when he went home, so that his mother thought she should be obliged to hire an extra room to store up the ducal toys. It is said, too, to have been the Duke who first in Paris called him the "little Mozart."

These proofs of favour from influential and distinguished personages soon made him the fashion. Scarcely an evening passed without his playing in the *salon* of some duke or duchess, of some prince or princess. The charm of his playing almost exceeds credibility. Even

eminent and approved artists were obliged to yield to him.

At the time when young Liszt came to Paris and made a sensation during several musical seasons in the higher circles, Rossini was generally the *maestro* who arranged the most exquisite private concerts. The programmes consisted, for the most part, of airs and duets from his own operas, the execution of which was entrusted to the first singers of the Parisian opera. The instrumental musicians were also virtuosos of the first rank. The pianists, Henri Herz, Moscheles; the violinists, Lafont, de Bériot; the harpist, Nadermann; Tulon, Charles the Tenth's flutist; and then the musical wonder of the world, "Little Litz," as the Parisians wrote and pronounced his name. They all belonged to the choicest virtuosos of the concerts of the *haut ton*. Rossini sat at the piano the whole evening, directing and accompanying, and only left his place to give it up to some executive artist.

"Little Litz" was soon the preferred among the virtuosos. While, according to courtly and conventional rule, the artists were separated from the audience in a place apart, they drew *him* delightedly into their circle. Men as well as women chattered with him; his broken French enchanted them, and their praise was

as unbounded as their personal attentions. Here, too, among the Parisian, as among the Viennese aristocracy, he became naturalized, and the chasm which in other cases separated them from the artist did not exist for him. He was the *enfant gâté* of distinguished society. And as it was here, so too in the circles of the artists and *savants*, he was the *enfant gâté* of cultivated Paris.

This extraordinary interest in the boy contributed not a little to the rare success which attended his first public appearance in Paris. It was, even at that time, very difficult for an artist to give concerts in the gay capital. They therefore, for the most part, made their *début* in the saloons. Not only were hall and lighting costly, assistant artists difficult to find, and newspaper announcements not easily to be obtained, but if the artist were not already famous, it required a very extensive personal acquaintance to be able to assemble an audience. Franz Liszt had nothing to do with these difficulties. His performances in private circles had already won for him the public and the press, as it were, by magic, and though the cabals which pitiful artistic envy weaves in secret were not wanting, they could not hinder the success which the greatness of his genius and its effects insured him.

His first public appearance in Paris was on the 8th of March, 1824, in the Italian Opera House, with the assistance of the orchestra of the Italian Opera, one of the best in the world. The *élite* of every circle were present. The enthusiasm and admiration which he excited, both as virtuoso and as an improvisatore, and the accounts handed down to us from that time, border on the fabulous.

Young Liszt is not one of those little phenomena who are taught with sugar-sticks and fasting! (writes a Paris correspondent to the Vienna "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung"). He is a true artist, and what an artist he is! They say, eleven years old; but to look at him one would think him only nine. His eyes are bright and vivacious, gleaming with playfulness and joy. They do not lead him to the piano; he flies to it. He is clapped and he appears astonished. The applause is repeated and he rubs his hands; this childish distraction excites loud laughter. One must have heard this child to have any notion of his really wonderful talent. It is impossible to comprehend how ten little fingers, which cannot span an octave, are able to multiply themselves in so varied a manner and bring forth such difficult chords, and so skilfully moderate or accelerate all the masses of harmony. There were some among the audience who cried, "a miracle!" and several must have thought there was magic in the case, for they requested that the instrument, behind which the young artist was partially concealed, should be placed obliquely; but as soon as this was done, the bravos were repeated with redoubled might, and a delighted public gave the warmest approbation, at the same time, to the magnificent execution, the age of the virtuoso, his manners and the inspiration with which he was seized. The *improvisation* seemed to him only play. He chose the well-known passage Figaro's Wedding, from "Jetzt geht nicht mehr an Damentoiletten." Was this improvisation prepared? One can scarcely think so; but even if it were partially so, the *tours de*

force at the conclusion were so strangely wonderful, that one cannot refuse the most honourable recognition to the fire, the spirit, the originality (*la verve, la fouque et l'originalité*) with which they were inspired. Liszt was encored, and was obliged to make the round of the boxes.

This "round of the boxes," which was frequently repeated in the concerts of "le petit Litz," consisted in the distinction of being called into the boxes of distinguished personages, and being almost stifled by their enthusiasm and admiration.

But a greater ovation than this was afforded him, on his first appearance, by the accompanying orchestra of the Italian Opera, an ovation than which a more flattering one has seldom happened to any artist. The boy had to play a solo. Breathlessly the pausing musicians listened, and, quite carried away by his playing, they forgot to take up the Ritornella. The world now, in the reigning gallant style of the times, compared him to Orpheus. "Orpheus soothed the beasts of the forest, and moved stones," they said, "but 'little Litz' so impresses the orchestra that they are dumb."

This ovation, offered him by the orchestra, is taken from the "Drapeau Blanc,"[1] which in describing the boy's performance and its reception by the public, has preserved to posterity the details of his first Paris concert. Although

[1] March 9, 1824.

this account is not free from the usual flowery style of the time, it characterizes so sharply the most prominent features of a genius arising above all precocious talent, that it may serve as a leaf in the biography, not to say the history, of art. It runs thus :

I cannot help it : since yesterday evening I am a believer in metempsychosis. I am convinced that the soul and spirit of Mozart have passed into the body of young Liszt, and never has an identity revealed itself by plainer signs. The same country, the same wonderful talent in childhood, and in the same art ! I appeal to all those who have had the good fortune to hear the marvellous little artist.

His little arms can scarcely stretch to both ends of the keyboard, his little feet scarce reach the pedals, and yet this child is beyond compare ; he is the first pianist in Europe, Moscheles himself would not feel offended by this affirmation.

Mozart, in taking the name of Liszt, has lost nothing of that interesting countenance, which always increases the interest a child inspires us with by his precocious talent. The features of our little prodigy express spirit and cheerfulness. He comes before his audience with exceeding gracefulness, and the pleasure, the admiration which he awakens in his hearers as soon as his fingers glide along the keys, seem to him an amusement which diverts him extremely.

" It is a small thing for him," says Grimm, " to execute an exceedingly difficult piece of music with the greatest precision, with assurance and unshakable calm, with bold elegance, and yet with a feeling that brings out every shade ; in a word, with a perfection that drives to despair the most skilful artists who, for the last thirty years, have studied and practised this beautiful and most difficult instrument.

To give an idea of the impression he can make on his hearers, I will only mention the effect of his playing on the orchestra of the Italian Opera, the best in France and Europe. Eyes, ears, and soul were enchained to the magic instrument of the young artist. Meanwhile they forgot that they were also

coadjutors in the concert, and at the return of the Ritornella every instrument was dumb. The public, by their laughter and clapping, testified their hearty forgiveness of a distraction which was, perhaps, the most favourable acknowledgment the talent of the little prodigy has ever received.

At first the instrument had been rather awkwardly placed, the end, as usual, turned towards the public, and Liszt thereby quite hidden by the music stand. The audience expressed a wish to see the child; they changed the direction of the instrument, and placed it so that he turned his back to the director. Without being put out of countenance by this new arrangement, he played with the same composure he had already displayed during the concert, variations on a Theme by Czerny, who is said to have been his teacher, if indeed it is true that he ever had a teacher. He scarcely looked at his notes, and that at long intervals. His eyes wandered continually round the hall, and he greeted the persons he recognized in the boxes with friendly smiles and nods.

At last Liszt threw stand and notes aside, and gave himself up to his genius in a free fantasia. Here words are wanting to express the admiration which he excited. After a harmoniously arranged introduction, he took Mozart's beautiful air from the "Marriage of Figaro," "Non più andrai," as his theme. If, as I have already said, Liszt, by a happy transmigration, is only a continuation of Mozart, it is he who has himself provided the text.

You have, no doubt, seen how a child plays with a chafer, which flutters unconsciously about, holding it by a silken thread, or a long hair, following its rapid movements, letting the thread slip, and then seizing it again; drawing the fugitive to him, to let it fly again; only so have you any idea whatever of the way in which young Liszt plays with his theme, how he leaves it, to take sudden possession of it again, and then loses it once more to find it again as quickly; how he leads it through the most surprising modulations, the happiest and most unexpected transitions through every key; and all this in the midst of the most astonishing difficulties which he seems to create in play, to have the pleasure of triumphing over them.

The warmest applause and repeated encores echoed through the hall. The proofs of delight and admiration were inex-

haustible, even the tender hands of the fair female listeners were unwearied. The happy child returned his thanks with a smile.

A. MARTAINVILLE.

What a report of the performances of a child of twelve years! And it was not the only one in Paris; the whole press overflowed with enthusiasm. After a Concert Spirituel in which young Liszt took part, the "Etoile"[1] launched forth in the same style as the "Drapeau Blanc." He called his playing "proud and manly," "perfect in all its details" and of "enchanting elegance."

In these reports Franz Liszt's artistic future, his whole after-existence as a virtuoso and as a composer are, as it were, mirrored beforehand; those isolated and recurring periods which were to give him a firm and fiery stamp, belonging to himself alone, admitting no comparison with other geniuses, stand forth already in their many-sidedness, their splendour, and their constraining power over the multitude.

His improvisations are of special interest, announcing his direction as a composer.

Not alone the ease, the genial, playful ease, with which he brought forth forms in the inspiration of the moment; the freedom with which, all *naïveté*, he played with his themes, and at the same time held them fast so perse-

[1] 15th April, 1824.

veringly; not alone the "great and ever-reigning creative mood"—for only so can one name that mysterious element, inborn to every creative artistic genius, which keeps him ever ready to express his own peculiar self—not alone, I say, these marvels stand forth astonishingly in these reports, but they speak also of "strangely wonderful harmonies" of the "most surprising modulations," of "happy and unexpected transitions."

Even if no consequence or meaning could be given to these peculiarities, they were nevertheless so extraordinary, so striking, so worthy of comparison with the musical genius of that time, who, with the consciousness of art stood the highest, that they could escape no one, and scarcely a report exists which does not notice them.

But also humorous and excessive praise and exaggerations of all kinds appeared in the press, which could only originate in the folly, prevailing in many instances even to the present day, of taking as reporters musically uninformed literati and dilettanti. Only so could it happen that a journalist expressed himself thus concerning Liszt's genius.

We heard yesterday, the phenomenon, the young Mozart of our age. Would one ever have believed that a child could bring piano playing to such perfection as to give free fantasia with the

accompaniment of the orchestra of the great opera! This young prodigy did it, to the astonishment of all present.[1]

The boy, in fact, played one of Hummel's concertos, with the orchestra, by heart; which of course at that time was very uncommon, and in consequence, this pretty misunderstanding formed itself in the reporter's head, and the Leipzig "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung" copied this report in all good faith.

The success of his first public appearance in Paris was so entire that all further exhibitions can only be called a repetition of the same. After this he seemed to be literally "la huitième merveille du monde." There was no musical *soirée* without him, either in the *hôtels* of the aristocracy, or in the saloons of those who were distinguished by rank or intelligence. They sang his praises; his picture with verses underneath was displayed in the windows of the printshops; and F. J. Gall, the founder of phrenology, took his brow and skull in plaster of Paris, to make studies in pursuit of his science.

And as they found his productions inimitable, so they found himself. His performances and his person were so melted into one that when he was not playing he seemed a continuation of his music; and all the peculiarities which were

[1] Compare the Leipzig "Allgemeine Musik. Zeitung." 1826, vol. viii., p. 88.

exhibited in it were expressed anew in his being, through his manner, his speech, and his mimicry. What he did and said, and how he did it and said it, was as unexpected as the "strangely wonderful" changes in his improvisations. All born from the moment, all warmth and life and spirit, nowhere heaviness. His manner and the nobleness of his mind were not less charming, and so it is no wonder that the eyes of all Paris were fixed, so to speak, on him, and that he lived in every mouth. His peculiar execution at the piano soon formed the subject of conversations, in which they related that the already hoary tragedian Talma pressed him to his heart with passionate enthusiasm and prophesied for him a great future. Then it was his favour with high society of which they spoke—the praises of the Duc d'Orleans, the enthusiastic affection which the Marquis de Noailles, known throughout all Paris, had conceived for the precocious boy, and though bitter experiences had made this man a misanthrope, he so far forgot his fancies as to be often the boy's Mentor, and even arranged with his own hand a kind of album, containing a collection of good copies of the *chefs d'œuvres* of painting, that he might also become acquainted with that art.

Then again piquant answers and anecdotes

of Franz himself went the round. One day it was laughingly related how his playfulness had occasioned a street riot, for he had thrown a handful of small coin among a troop of *gamins* who tore each other's hair, to his great amusement; another day they praised his good heart, which could see no sufferer or supplicant pass without gladdening him by a gift.

And it was really so. Franz could refuse no one a request, not even when the granting it caused him inconvenience. An anecdote hereto appertaining, which was variously related in Paris, and which is not without characteristic shades, though already often repeated, may yet find a place here. One day, he was passing along the Boulevards when a young Savoyard employed in sweeping the streets begged a sou. He put his hand into his pocket, but found only a five franc piece. Puzzled, he looked at it a moment and then asked the supplicant if he could give him change. "No," answered he, with a sorrowful look. "Well then, go quickly and change it!" said he, giving him the piece of gold. The young Savoyard took it and ran off to change it, but first he entrusted his broom to the young gentleman, who took it from his hand and, leaning upon it, awaited his return. And there the famous young artist stood, holding the deposit fast without thinking how comic

he looked, till the astonished and smiling looks of the passers-by made him conscious of the fact; but he did not let the broom fall, he held it fast as a duty till its owner returned.

Such little traits of character were a spice to the enthusiastic interest which he had called forth, and which expressed itself in a degree that appears to us nowadays like a fable. The fact of the universally kindling and enchaining effect both of his playing and manner, an effect so great that the whole history of art gives no second example, is however easily explained by the peculiarities of both, which stood forth as surprising as they were brilliant, as manifold as they were powerful and tender. The degree of genius decides its effect.

The temper, of course, can favour this effect and give it a broader basis and a loftier splendour, as was the case in the wonderful appearance of the boy Liszt; it can also oppose itself to it, but only to limit, and not to nullify it altogether. The spirit of the time favoured young Liszt in the happiest manner, and seldom has it been the lot of an artist to find the ground for the working of his talent so entirely prepared for him as the boy Liszt found it in Paris, and especially at that time. It was the middle of the Restoration. The mental weariness which had fallen on the minds of men after the storms

and terrors of Revolution and of the Empire had given place to a fresh elasticity of spirit. Happy in restored order and repose, they gave themselves up so much the more to all the spontaneity and warmth of their feelings, that the foregoing time had shown itself terrible and gloomy and poor in moments of interior calm.

In such moments of time and of life the capability of enjoyment is higher and more universal. The contending powers stand back, and the world of feeling and fancy reposing, yet active at the same time, takes up the foremost position and yields unconstrainedly to a strong inner impulse as a counterbalance to the privations which heart and fancy had suffered. Then enthusiasm becomes a radiant flame which gives a peculiar light to time and the things of time, throwing, especially, bright beams on the geniuses of art who bring food to the universal mind. And this was the case with "le petit Litz."

VIII.

CONCERT TOURS.

[Spring, 1824—Autumn, 1825.]

Franz begins to set an operetta to music. Clouds. Cabals. Travelling projects. Madame Liszt returns to Austria. England. *Début* in London. In the drawing-rooms; in the concert-hall. Completion of the operetta. Return to Paris. Joy. Tour in the French departments. In England a second time. Awakening self-consciousness. His maturity. Repugnance to the artist vocation. Pierre Rode. His father's health is shaken.

Adam Liszt observed with joyful satisfaction his son's unfolding musical career. His artistic dreams had never dared to hope so much. Franz stood at the head of the virtuosos of that day. Fame and distinction flowed in, nor was pecuniary success wanting; he had even begun to put by, and had invested his first thousand gulden in Prince Esterhazy's coffers.

And to this external good fortune was added that Franz's artistic development, in spite of his rejection by the Conservatoire, was not at all at a standstill, but had received a great impulse.

His master in composition, Paër, found his exercises in that direction so promising, that after the lapse of some months he encouraged him to produce a little libretto, and the occasion was seized by the boy with fiery zeal and not less joyfully greeted by his father. Had not Mozart composed such an one when a boy? "La Finta Semplice."

Already in the first months of this year (1824) they wrote to the Vienna "Allgemeinen musikalischen Zeitung" from Paris:

"The young Hungarian, who for some time has kept all Paris in astonishment by his musical talent, the eleven-years-old[1] Franz Liszt, is about to compose an opera. Several of our dramatic poets have zealously striven to be associated in the triumphs which await him on the stage."

And so it was. No sooner was it known that the boy required an opera text, than several poets appeared to commend their libretti. He decided for an opera in one act, composed by the fertile but now forgotten poet, Théaulon. The latter was no genius, but an excellent framer of rhymes, who understood the general requirements of the day, and had worked a great deal for the stage—not fewer than three hundred pieces! Among others an opera composed at

[1] He was at least twelve years old.

the command of King Frederic William III. of Prussia, and set to music by Spontini.

The title of the text chosen by Franz Liszt was, "Don Sancho, or le Château de l'Amour."

It is scarcely to be supposed that Théaulon's composition had great claims to poetry—unfortunately no trace of it is to be found; on the other hand, it may be assumed with certainty that it was written according to the rules of dramatic law set up by the classical Parnassus, the Académie Française, and that the figures moving in the "Castle of Love" strutted about as prettily as if they had come from the turner's wheel. The poetry was, at any rate, very attractive to the boy's youthful imagination, and with the stormy enthusiasm of his nature, he began, under Paër's guidance, to set it to music.

But Adam Liszt's joys were not untroubled. He was far too wise, above all, too conscientious, a father to give himself up blindly to them, even if he had been vain enough so to do. On the one side, anxieties arose lest the present desultory life might work repressively on Franz, and be opposed to after and higher aims; on the other side, he was not fond of Paris. A Hungarian, transplanted thither, he was far too new in the ways of the world—especially of the musical world as it met him here, where hundreds of threads daily crossed each other fortui-

tously, and hundreds daily are crossed in secret hostility—to feel himself at ease. But his discomfort increased when these threads began to draw Franz into their web, and he was obliged to make acquaintance with the reverse of fame —envy and cabal in their meanest forms.

In the first part of their stay at Paris the every-day race of pianists and virtuosos driven into the background by the youthful eagle, calmed themselves with the thought that his youth prevented him from being dangerous. His soaring flight, however, soon deprived them of this consolation, and they sought, in a hateful way, to weigh down his pinions. Abusive and threatening letters were sent to Adam Liszt, and public disparagements and calumnies, which were even disseminated on the other side of the Rhine, were not wanting. Of what kind these inventions were is shown us by the then Paris reporter of the musical journal, "Cäcille," whose article also enables us to cast a glance into the charlatanism which was carried on with the "free fantasias," now happily entirely banished from our concert halls, but in vogue during the virtuoso epoch.[1]

Great is the rage of the Song-beards (of the children of Israel) who consider themselves here as the chosen ones for the pianoforte, against this beardless one (Liszt). They cry : Crucify

[1] No. 4, 1824, "Allerlei aus Paris."

crucify him ! It is even said that one of them who knows from his own experience that two persons belong to improvisation—namely, the Improvisatore and the Sponsor (*compères*, so the French call the assisting friends who are in collusion with the charlatan and know how to play the money into their pockets) had bribed the young phenomenon's sponsor to give him another theme than the one agreed upon ; this was done, but *the child* varied the unknown theme better than his wicked enemy could have varied any theme whatever.

Though the arrows shot by these doubtful sons of Apollo at "le petit Litz" in the form of pitiful tittle-tattle missed their aim, and neither endangered his position nor disturbed his course of development, his father was so out of humour in consequence of these hostilities that the Parisian atmosphere became insupportable.

A fortunate circumstance soon removed him from it. The concert season was at an end, and about this time it so happened that his friend Pierre Erard, who had a large branch pianoforte manufactory in London, was travelling thither, and invited Franz to accompany him. The musical season in London was not yet quite over, and therefore Franz could continue the career to which his exclusion from the Conservatoire had driven him.

It was agreed then to take a concert journey to England. Another in the French departments was to follow. The operetta, of course, was scarcely half finished, but it could be completed afterwards.

This decision caused a change in the life of the Liszt family. That the free movement of the artistic undertakings might not be impeded, Adam Liszt arranged that his wife should return to Austria for an indefinite period, and live with a sister at Gratz in Steyermark till the concert tours were ended.

This occasioned a heavy parting—for Franz a particularly painful one. He was at that age when a mother's love was more needful even than a mother's care ; but this his father could not understand. His arrangement was not free from the thought that it would be better for Franz to be for some time under his manly protection. He feared that the fondling of the women in the *salon* would give too great a weight to female influence, and the fervid love existing between mother and son might tend to render the latter effeminate. Having no experience of the world, he did not understand that youths are much more exposed to errors of feeling when surrounded only by men than when watched over by a mother's love; and more than this, it was not in his character to allow a voice to personal feeling when opposed to decided aims and fixed resolutions.

A wandering life of many years now opened before Adam Liszt and his son, though neither of them was fully conscious of it; and when

husband and wife separated from each other they did not foresee that they should never meet again in this world.

The journey to England was undertaken in May, 1824; the ultimate aim was London. Here Adam Liszt soon recovered his good humour. Circumstances suited him better, and he seemed to stand on surer ground than in the superficial life of Paris with its eternal vibrato. In a word, he felt firm ground under his feet and he began to breathe. Though the drawing-room connections were the same for the virtuoso as in Paris, for Franz they were quite different. There he had been the hero of the day, the fondling of women of rank; here he was everywhere Master Liszt, a "jünger Herr," a virtuoso endowed with gifts of genius incomparable at his age: the dallying and playing with the boy was at an end, the enthusiasm was kept within bounds, no hot and no lightly moved nature carried the Englishman one step beyond the measure of social formality. In the higher circles all personal proofs of favour stood behind the insurmountable wall of etiquette; and if there were an element of spontaneous feeling in society wishing to express itself, the guardians of fashion knew how to prevent every step not authorized by prescription, often in the most original man-

ner—as in the instance of Chopin, whose piano was taken away from under his fingers because a member of the royal family, allured by the enchanter's tones, approached too near the instrument, and they thought there was not room enough for such an exalted personage to move.

The concerts of the young virtuoso in London, as in Paris, were principally confined to private circles, more especially in high society. The climax was here attained by his presentation at the court of George IV., where his success was incredible, and gained him the favour of the king.

He only played now and then in public, but always made a great sensation. During the same season, and almost at the same time with him, two eminently precocious virtuosos drew the attention of the musical society of London: the little Aspull from Manchester, of whom the English would willingly have made a Mozart Britannicus, a hope which was in no wise justified; and then the little tender and talented Delphine Schauroth from Munich, the same to whom in later years Mendelssohn dedicated his concerto in G flat. But neither the young Aspull nor the little Delphine could compete with him.[1]

His first public concert in London was on

[1] Leipzig, "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," 1824, No. 34.

the 21st June, 1824. Although just on that day the distinguished and art-loving world were kept away from his concert by a great rout given by one of the English princes, and by the benefit of the famous songstress Giuditta Pasta, who was at that time on a visit in London; yet a numerous audience was assembled, and among them musical authorities such as Clementi, Cramer, Ries, Neate, Griffin, Kalkbrenner, Potter, Latour, and other virtuosos, who stood round the instrument and formed, as it were, the framework to "Master Liszt before his Erard in London." He played the first piece, a concerto by Nepomuk Hummel with orchestra, the latter directed by Sir G. Smart. Long-continued applause followed, and the artistes, who had excitedly followed his execution, encored him repeatedly and unanimously.

He also appeared in this concert as an improvisatore. If, as a virtuoso, he had carried away his audience to the greatest admiration, he now set them in unutterable astonishment, especially as they had given him a theme unknown to him, which one of the artistes was asked to play. The "Morning Post"[1] reports hereupon, that when Sir G. Smart had begged the public for a theme "on which Master Liszt could work," at last, after a long pause, a lady

[1] June 23rd, 1824.

called out, "Zitti-Zitti," a melody from Rossini's "Barbiere," and the young improvisatore immediately played a fugue thereupon.

Such marks of genius astonished the musical society of London as it had that of Paris; indeed, all who had been witnesses of them were amazed. The daily press, as well as tradition, has preserved much, while somewhat has been handed down within the limits of private society. Thus it is related that he was invited, with other artistes, to a *soirée.* He. came very late, and a certain pianist had already played, but without attracting attention. The young virtuoso was called on to assist; he immediately seated himself at the instrument and delighted all present. *He* had played by heart, *the other* from the notes. The ladies, behind their fans, whispered comparisons between the two, which were all favourable to Master Liszt. The friends of the other pianist tried to defend him, and blamed the dry and sterile character of the composition. It so happened that, at this juncture, the Signora Pasta, who was present, took the notes which were still lying on the music-stand, and reading them recognized that both had played the same piece.

When the season was over Adam Liszt and his son, retiring into private life, remained in

London till the beginning of the year 1825, a time of rest for both, during which Franz, according to the plan arranged by his father, continued his studies on the piano and in composition. He also learned the English language, which he acquired with ease, just as French had not given him any trouble.

But his future career made his return to Paris necessary, and, above all, the completion of "Don Sancho." Paër was to examine the operetta and assist in arranging the parts; and then it was further planned the little work should be laid before the managers of the theatre of the Académie Royale for representation. It was very difficult for Adam Liszt to decide on his return, but it was necessary for the sake of his son's artistic career. The latter rejoiced at it, for the quiet, unanimated life which he led in the great island-city was opposed to his youthful, change-loving nature. How he exulted then, when at the beginning of the year 1825 they crossed the Channel, left the solemn, gloomy London behind them, and re-entered the cheerful, stirring, laughing Paris! And how he shouted for joy when Meister Paër, after having examined his "Don Sancho," consented to a public representation, and, how, finally, to fill his cup of happiness to the brim, the managers of the Académie

Royale declared themselves willing to accept it! It was to be brought out in October.

But some time passed before all these affairs could be arranged. In the meantime Franz appeared frequently in the *salons*, where the arrival of "petit Litz" was joyfully greeted; the enthusiasm for his "incomparable playing" had remained the same, as well as the enthusiasm for his person. Days, weeks passed—a continuous homage; but when the final aim of the journey to Paris was attained—the reception of the operetta for representation—Adam Liszt was also ready to begin his projected concert tour through the French departments.

This journey was undertaken towards the spring of 1825. A second tour to England followed. The two trips filled up the time till the performance of "Don Sancho."

In the trip through France, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Montpellier, Nîmes, Lyons, Marseilles, and other towns were visited. In England he played this time not only in London but also in provincial towns. The following handbills may serve as an historical souvenir of these later concerts in England; at the head of the programme of the second we are surprised by a grand overture for orchestra (see chapter ix.), composed by the boy, the traces of which are

perhaps only to be found in this announcement. The first handbill runs thus :—

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER,

Thursday, June 16, 1825.

Messrs. WARD and ANDREWS have great pleasure in announcing that they have succeeded (at a great expense) in engaging

MASTER LISZT,

now only twelve years old;

who is allowed by all those that have witnessed his astonishing talents to be the greatest performer of the present day on the

PIANOFORTE.

The Concert will commence with the highly celebrated

"OVERTURE TO DER FREISCHUTZ,"

Composed by C. M. Von Weber,

which received the most decided marks of approbation at Mr. Hughes's Concert on Monday Evening last.

Recitative and Song { "The Eagle o'er the victor's head" } . . . . *Rook.*

MR. ROYLANCE.

Duet . . . . . "Gay being born" . . . . . *Dale.*

MESSRS. BROADHURST AND ISHERWOOD.

Song . . . . "Una voce poco fa" . . . . *Rossini.*

MISS SYMONDS.

Air (*Reichstadt Valse*), with Grand Variations and Orchestral Accompaniments, composed by Czerny, will be performed by

MASTER LISZT,

on Erard's New Patent Grand Pianoforte of Seven Octaves.

Ballad . . . "My ain kind dearie O!"

MR. BROADHURST.

Round . . . "Yes, this the Indian Drum" . . . *Bishop.*

MISS SYMONDS, MESSRS. ROYLANCE, BENNET, AND ISHERWOOD.

Grand Concerto (A minor), with Orchestral Accompaniments, composed by Hummel, will be performed on Erard's New Patent Grand Pianoforte by

MASTER LISZT.

PART SECOND.

MASTER BANKS,

(Only nine years old, pupil of Messrs. Ward and Andrews), will have the honour of making his first appearance before the Manchester public, and lead, on the Violin, the favourite

"OVERTURE TO LODVISKA,"

Composed by Kreutzer.

Song . . . "The Spring with smiling face" . . *Shield.*
MR. ISHERWOOD.

Duet . . . . . "When thy Bosom" . . . *Braham.*
MISS SYMONDS AND MR. BROADHURST.

An Extempore Fantasia on the Grand Pianoforte by

MASTER LISZT,

who will respectfully request a written Thema from any person present.

Song . . . "A Compir." Violin Obligato . . *Guglielmo.*
MR. CUDMORE AND MISS SYMONDS.

Scotch Ballad . "John Anderson, my Jo!"
MR. BROADHURST.

Glee . . . . . "Mynheer Vandunck" . . . . *Bishop.*
MESSRS. BENNETT, ROYLANCE, AND ISHERWOOD.

Leader . . . . . MR. CUDMORE.
Principal Second Violinist . . . . . MR. A. WARD.

MR. R. ANDREWS will preside at the Grand Pianoforte.

The Orchestra will be completed on the following grand scale: 12 violins, 4 tenors, 6 basses, 2 flutes, 2 oboes, 2 clarionets, 4 horns, 2 trumpets, 2 bassoons, 3 trombones, and drums. And to afford every possible advantage to the Voices and

Instruments, the Orchestra will be so constructed that they will be satisfactorily heard in every part of the house.

Tickets may be had at all the Music Shops and Principal Inns.

Mr. Eland will attend at the Box Office on Monday and Tuesday preceding the Concert, and on Thursday, the day of performance, from 11 to 2 o'clock each day.

The Doors to be opened at Six o'clock, and the Concert to commence at Seven precisely.

Boxes, 5s.; Upper Boxes, 4s.; Pit, 3s.; Gallery, 2s.

The Second Concert will take place on Monday, the 20th inst.

This concert in Manchester on the 16th June, 1825, was followed by another on the 20th June, in which Master Liszt played the above-mentioned overture, the interesting particulars are—

SECOND GRAND CONCERT.

THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER,

Monday, June 26, 1825.

A New Grand Overture, composed by the celebrated

MASTER LISZT,

will be performed (for the first time in public) by the full Orchestra.

MASTER BANKS

(only nine years old), pupil of Messrs. WARD AND ANDREWS having received the most decided marks of approbation at the First Concert, on Thursday Evening last, will have the honour of leading, on the Violin, the favourite Overture to Tancredi, composed by Rossini.

Mr. Broadhurst will (by particuiar desire), sing

"JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO!"

and several of his most Popular Ballads.

Air, with Grand Variations by Herz, will be performed on the Grand Pianoforte, by

MASTER LISZT,

who will likewise perform an Extempore Fantasia, and respectfully request *Two Written Themes* from any of the audience, upon which he will play his Variations.

Glee, "Hark, the Curfew's solemn sound," accompanied on the Harp by Mr. T. HORABIN.

The admired Hunting Chorus from "Der Freischutz," with Orchestral Accompaniments.

A Grand Quintette, composed by Ries, will be performed by MASTER LISZT, and MESSRS. CUDMORE, E. LUDLOW, LUDLOW, and HILL.

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.

MASTER LISZT (only twelve years old), allowed to be the greatest Pianoforte Player of the present day.

MISS SYMONDS (from the Nobility's Concert).

MASTER BANKS (only nine years old), pupil of Messrs, Ward and Andrews.

MR. BROADHURST.

MESSRS. ROYLANCE, BENNETT, AND ISHERWOOD.

Leader . . . . . MR. CUDMORE.
Principal Second Violin . . . . . MR. A. WARD.

MR. R. ANDREWS will preside at the Grand Pianoforte.

The Orchestra will be numerous and complete.

Tickets and places may be had of Mr. Eland, at the Box Office, on Saturday and Monday next, from eleven to two o'clock each day.

The Doors to be opened at Six o'clock, and the performance to commence precisely at Seven.

Boxes, 5s. ; Upper Boxes, 4s. ; Pit, 3s. ; Gallery, 2s.

Bills, containing the words, will be given at the doors of the Theatre on the evening of the performance.

The artist-boy was also again invited to play before George IV. at Windsor Castle. The king was so delighted that he honoured the young virtuoso by being present at a concert which the latter gave in London at the Drury Lane Theatre, on which occasion His Majesty even commanded the repetition of a piece.

On the whole this stay in London was short; yet young Liszt took away with him one of those great and not easily effaceable impressions which many a composer beside himself has here received, and the spiritual traces of which have often appeared later, though in quite a different form, in some as angel-choirs, in others as children's choruses. In St. Paul's Cathedral he heard one of those juvenile choirs, the cultivation of which is a speciality of English popular education, and which, consisting of seven or eight thousand children, and often more[1] (scholars of Free Schools) sing sacred songs *with one voice*. The composers of the "Creation" and of "Paul," even the representative of the French musical romance—Haydn, Mendelssohn, Berlioz—on hearing such choirs in the same cathedral, were seized with, nay overflowed with, astonishment and emotion. So it was with

[1] J. Ella ("Musical Sketches Abroad and at Home." London: W. Reeves) speaks even of choruses of above 30,000 children. Passages for several voices are also performed by them.

young Liszt, who till then had heard all that art could bring forth of splendid performance, but such affecting simplicity and such a crescendo, never. The latter effect was not produced by a deeper respiration; but some of the youthful choristers were silent at first, and then fell in with the others from measure to measure, or from strophe to strophe, thus producing a much greater effect than the method adopted on the continent, where the voices are made to swell gradually. The peculiar ring of children's voices in such masses, in the immense spaces of St. Paul's, affected him deeply, and for several days afterwards he was serious and absorbed.

His manner in general had lately lost its innocent cheerfulness. He had attained his fourteenth year, an age at which a boy's physical development takes place, and feeling and self-consciousness become strong, producing as often abruptness as reserve.

So, all at once, he could not bear to hear himself called "le petit Litz." He wished to pass for grown-up, and felt himself to be so. But this was the maturity of divine and inborn genius, and had reference to art, and the things which are connected with it. In these he had a keenness of perception and of judgment such as generally belongs to men at the end of their lives rather than at the beginning, and then

only when they are not meanly gifted. It was quite different with his ripeness as regarded life. Though a genius has, before all other mortals, an intuitive glance into the heart of life, this proof of ripeness is displayed only in those to whom years have given experience. Even in a genius the understanding of life must be acquired through itself; that is through time and experience. With regard to this, young Liszt, notwithstanding his manly ripeness in affairs of art, was less than a boy of fourteen. At the same time, by his early, continual intercourse with people of every grade of education and society, with artists, *savants*, musical amateurs, with noble and citizen, as well as by his connection with the public as a virtuoso, he had already gained the schooling, the insight and the tact of a man of the world, and this stood in strong contrast with his interior inexperience of life.

But not only his self-respect rebelled against being called "little," he began also to feel a repugnance to appearing in public, and especially to giving concerts. He knew already what the enthusiasm both of *salon* and concert hall signified; he knew what society and the multitude of virtuosos expected—that he was only to serve as an amusement—against this his awakening consciousness of art revolted.

The boldly joyous pleasure which formerly, after a successful performance, shone in his gleaming youthful countenance, began to vanish. He became reserved, and about the still childish mouth there lay slight lines of proud defiance.

Artistic ideals also began to rise in the young artist heart, which were, in great part, opposed to virtuososhiip as he had learned it. He began to divine what position the itinerant master especially holds with regard to art. The countless, nay, daily new connections which he had already had with virtuosos of all lands, of every category of art, and of all grades of culture—for there was scarcely a musical celebrity in Europe, either among the stage singers or concert givers, with whom this boy of fourteen had not already played or appeared in public—had enabled him so early to learn how far, for the most part, their art was from real art, and how ignorance itself could conceal itself behind their fame.

For instance, one evening he was playing at Bordeaux in company with other artists, and among them a violinist, who was also a good composer. They spoke of Beethoven, and the famous violinist expressed himself enthusiastically in his praise. Young Liszt then seated himself at the piano to play one of Beethoven's sonatas. All, and especially the violinist, who seemed to recognize the sonata, were delighted

beyond all expression. They had none of them the slightest idea that the keen-witted boy, to the secret terror of his father, was mystifying them, and had played one of his own compositions. Franz was silent, both from kindness of heart and knowledge of the world, and contented himself with a secret triumph. It was only after the violinist's death that he mentioned his name —it was Pierre Rode!

But it was not alone these expressions of awakening consciousness which announced the beginning of those inward revulsions connected with the transition from boyhood to youth. His humour, which through all those years seemed to breathe only a sunny gladness, now lost its equilibrium. Enigmas began to frame themselves within; a quick alternation from stillness to cheerfulness, from physical weariness to mental vivacity, was observable. He went to church oftener than before; it was for him as his absent mother's heart, on which he yearned to lean.

His father remarked all this not without uneasiness and anxiety. Yet the cause of this lay not alone in his inexperience of psychological circumstances and developments, but quite as much in physical infirmity which had fallen on himself. His present manner of life, so different from the former, added to the

effects of foreign climes, had already, from his first day in Paris, occasioned a physical and mental indisposition which rendered a keen insight and sound judgment difficult. He became hypochondriac ; fears arose in his mind and filled his imagination with distressing pictures. He regarded his son's symptoms of an incipient transition to physical development less as connected with this than with other influences which he should have to combat, and therefore became more severe with Franz—more severe in watching his behaviour, more severe in his calls on his activity.

Clouds arose on the horizon of Adam Liszt's work of education, and the key-note of both minds, though from widely different causes, began to be out of tune.

IX.

"LE PETIT LITZ" AS A COMPOSER.

Again in Paris. Representation of "Don Sancho." Adverse criticism. Impromptu (Opus 3). Allegro di Bravura (Opus 1). Worth of the youthful productions of our master. General comparison of Liszt's youthful works with Beethoven's.

THUS with this mutual change of disposition, the summer had passed, and the time had come which called father and son back to Paris to bring out "Don Sancho."

Again Franz was greeted with exultation. His changed manner did not escape his patrons and friends, but they ascribed his reserve and earnestness to uneasiness occasioned by the preparations for the bringing out of his first work, especially as the *cabal* were not idle in seeking to prevent it; or, at least, in preparing a *fiasco*. "Le petit Litz" was again the topic of conversation in the musical circles of Paris. "Le petit Litz"—words which wounded the young artist so deeply as to rob him partly

of his joy at the approaching representation of his "Don Sancho." Not only his self-respect revolted against such a nick-name, it also awakened a doubt in him which till then had been a stranger: doubt of himself. "The praise belongs to the child and not to the artist," said he, half injured in his self-esteem, half mistrustful of his own ability.

The 17th October (1825) had come, the day when "Don Sancho" was to be presented to the public. A brilliant audience had assembled in the Opera House. Rudolf Kreutzer was the director,[1] the noble and celebrated tenor, Adolf Nourrit sang the principal part; all the coöperators did their best to secure success, and the public followed the first piece of the youthful composer with growing interest.

At the conclusion the applause was boundless; the public called rapturously for their darling and for Nourrit, the singer of the principal part. Then the latter, a tall and stately figure, with an overflowing of amiability, took in his arms the young composer, still small for his fourteen years, and *carried* him before the audience, whose jubilation was without bounds. Kreutzer, too,

[1] Kreutzer's having been the director may have led to the supposition, expressed by the Paris reporter of the Leipzig "Allgemeine Musikzeitung" as a fact, that "Kreutzer had arranged the parts of 'Don Sancho,'" a statement which, after what has been said, requires no further contradiction.

came and caressed and embraced him. Adam Liszt was beside himself with joy. The tears streamed from his eyes—a reception such as "Don Sancho" had found exceeded all expectation! Franz, on the contrary, was only glad on his father's account; his manner was serious, almost forbidding; that Nourrit, in spite of his struggling, should have *carried* him before the public, like a child, gnawed to his inmost heart. He received the applause, too, as only intended for his youth, and could scarcely be tranquillized either as to himself or the worth of his work.

But the fate of "Don Sancho" was soon decided. After having been twice more represented with the same favourable reception as at first, the score was delivered over to the *Academie Royale*, and never again saw light—the lot of all the first pieces of young composers; nevertheless Liszt's was more favoured by fate than Mozart's "La Finta Semplice," for, although written at the command of Joseph II., this opera, in consequence of cabals, was never put on the stage. On the other hand, Liszt's youthful work underwent another misfortune. Several years ago, a fire broke out in the library of the Great Opera in Paris, and it fell a prey to the flames—an end of "Don Sancho" so much the more to be lamented as no copy of the score exists, and, consequently, a judgment of the

ripeness of the youthful composer at that time is impossible.

All that remains is the sentence of those who were present at the representation of "Don Sancho" in 1825. According to them the musical part was skilfully written, with full musical flow and in Mozart's style. The enemies of the youthful composer, however, sought, like the Paris correspondent of the Leipzig "Allgemeinen Musikzeitung," to spread the opinion that "this Mozart is not yet able to write a score." They also invented a defeat for "Don Sancho." "The piece appeared and—fell," wrote the reporter of the journal already mentioned, a notice which, however insignificant and transitory it may seem, was yet to appear again more than thirty years after the representation of "Don Sancho" in the struggle of the musical questions of the time, and to be the source of many prejudices and hateful criticisms against the composer, then in the years of maturity,[1] a reason the more to lament the fiery death of "Don Sancho."

[1] When Liszt, in 1850–60, composed his orchestral works of the new school, a part of the conservative party tried to open the eyes of the public to his "want of talent in composing," and quoted this notice on the opera of the boy, then fourteen years old. A literary correspondent of the "Grenzboten" wrote (1857) word for word: "Not warned by the ill-success of the opera in 1825, he allowed himself to be persuaded to become a composer," &c.

Although we are thereby deprived of a glance at the formative capabilities of the boy at that epoch in a dramatic-lyrical point of view, there still exist some other compositions belonging to him—pieces for the pianoforte which in part compensate for that loss; and yet they do not, it is true, enable us to judge of the flow of melody. They show us his talent for composition, and, placed beside the youthful labours of other masters, afford us a criterion by which to estimate the nature and development of his genius. A consideration of these must here find a place.

And first some remarks touching the "Grande Ouverture" for orchestra, executed in Manchester (1825), and already spoken of in chapter viii. The notice there communicated by myself is the only remaining trace of it which I can discover.

Liszt, in his youth particularly, has composed much, both for the piano and for orchestra, of which nothing has been printed. These compositions divide themselves into two classes—those of which we know something, and those of which we know nothing. Among the former —which alone, of course, afford a basis for our remarks—are to be counted the *tantum ergo* of his Vienna apprenticeship; then the sonata with which he mystified Rode, a fragment of which (the introduction) has fallen into my hands; two

other small sonatas, which, as the composer informed me, are written in the same style as the first—each in three parts—his operetta "Don Sancho," a concerto for the piano in A flat (see next chapter), and the above-named overture, all compositions which are preserved in name only by the mention of them in the musical history of that day. Their author, of whom I inquired concerning their fate, supposed that they had been lost owing to the want of a fixed domicile at that time; but the solicitude which Adam Liszt showed for everything connected with his son's genius does not allow this assumption, according to my opinion, to be altogether adopted; and I believe that, at some future time, all sorts of things may come forth from strong chests, unknown to himself, in which to this day much lies hid. But be this as it may, the greatest loss, if none of these compositions come to light, will be that the estimation of "little Litz" as a composer will suffer, although their name alone as compositions which have been executed by matured artists of that time, and given to publicity in such metropolises as Paris and London, are of no small significance in their favour. As regards the "Grande Ouverture," it is not improbable that it was that of "Don Sancho," but which was not named as such because the operetta had not yet been

represented. But the compositions of Liszt's youth, which were published, give, of course, a firmer foundation for the why and the wherefore. Let us have recourse to them.

Here we have four compositions—among them a collection—which belong to the Meister's boyhood, and afford material for judging as well as a comparison with the earlier works of other masters.

The first of them is the before-mentioned variation of the year 1828, then follows an "Impromptu" on themes by Rossini and Spontini. The year to be assigned to this is 1824. The pledge for the correctness of this supposition lies in the themes, which are taken from the operas "Donna del Lago" and "Armida" of Rossini; "Olympia" and "Ferdinand Cortez" of Spontini. All these operas belong to a time previous to 1824. If Liszt had composed this "Impromptu," which is connected with his concert and *salon* productions, a year later, he would undoubtedly have chosen a theme from the newest production of the musical star of the time—Rossini's "Il Viaggio a Reims"[1]—and thereby have brought into account the events of the day. The second of these compositions, an "Allegro di Bravura," belongs to about the same time, according to a statement made to us

[1] Composed for the coronation festival of Charles X.

by the composer himself; but in comparing it with the "Impromptu" I prefer to remove it to a year later (1825) on account of its more perfect form and altogether riper contents. The third work, finally, a collection of studies, belongs to the year 1826, and was composed during the second journey through the French departments. This little production is the most varied, and has an abiding musical worth, whilst the previous attempts, as regards the composer as well as the style of pianoforte music then in vogue, claim only a biographical value. All three together in their succession form a triple tone (*tritonus*), which went hand in hand with Liszt's development.

There is yet a remark to be made with respect to the relative numbers of these works. The "Impromptu," namely, bears the number 3, the "Allegro" the number 4, and the "Studies" number 1—numbers which appear to contradict the succession here given. But the contradiction is explained thus: that only the German editions, which all appeared many years later than the French ones, bear these numbers.

The musical parts of these four youthful works are interesting in the judgment of Liszt's artistic development. As is the case with all the youthful labours of our great masters in music, those

of Liszt are also distinguished less by their originality than by the close reproduction of what already existed within the smaller forms of music. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, all have at first leaned on the principal representatives of their time. This also was the case with Liszt. In Mozart's youthful works the Italian opera composers of the eighteenth century live in every run, in every succession of harmony. Those of Beethoven, if the name of the composer were unknown, might easily be taken for productions of the fashionable pianoforte composers of the time (1770—1780). The compositions of Liszt's boyhood are also reflections of the direction of taste in the concert hall during the virtuoso epoch of our century.

The before-mentioned variation [1] forms the first step. It keeps to the theme, and is written in a flowing style, but without any lofty sentiment. One thing, however, strikes us, that while forty-eight of the composers wrote in waltz measure, in triple time, forty-one in 3-4 time, one in 3-8 time, one in 9-8 time, two in 6-8 time, he and C. M. Backlet are the only ones who vary the measure, and chose 2-4 time. It is the same with the key. Forty-two of the composers kept to c sharp, three wrote

[1] No. 24 of "Fifty Variations on a Waltz," &c. Vienna: A. Diabelli & Co.

their variations in A flat major, one in F sharp, one in F flat, one in A flat, two—young Liszt and Franz Schubert—in C flat.

We now find considerable progress in the "Impromptu sur des Thèmes de Rossini et Spontini,"[1] which in its external plan corresponds to the taste of the time represented by virtuosos—bringing in popular themes interlaced with variations in the form of a pot-pourri, in which the purely musical working out is less prominent than sweetness and brilliancy of musical imagery. In the latter lies the difficulty; nevertheless it is surprisingly skilful, and worked out with considerable technical dexterity. All is light and flowing, heaviness and constraint make themselves nowhere felt; it is purely musical. Moving in the brilliantly lyrical style which, taking root in Mozart, has found its noblest development in Clementi and Hummel, Liszt's style approaches the latter in its brilliancy and sweetness, its transparency and grace; and, like the figurework of that master, reveals the born virtuoso.

The "Allegro di Bravura, dedié à Msr. le Comte Thadée d'Amadé,"[2] by its form as well as by its purely musical rendering, stands incom-

[1] German Edition: als Opus 3. Pietro Mechetti in Vienna.

[2] Deutsche Ausgabe: als Opus 4. Bei Friedrich Kistner in Vienna.

parably higher than the "Impromptu," to which it bears the relationship of the serious playing of a master to the toying of a virtuoso. No vagabondish opera airs lie at the bottom. The themes, invented by himself, are worked out with the perseverance peculiar to the classical masters. Not a measure reminds one of the hand of a boy of fourteen. The principal theme, as the classical tenth prescribes, is carried through all the variations with astounding sureness and firmness, and confirms all that the concert reports have said concerning his improvisations. The form of the "Allegro" is like the first passage of one of Beethoven's earlier sonatas, but worked out with the brilliancy of a Hummel. Belonging as it does to the lyrically brilliant pianoforte style, it often reminds us of Hummel's Rondo in A sharp, with *orchestre*; but the modulations are founded on those of Beethoven. The extension of the relationship of different keys, as this master has practically taught in his works, is already shown in the "Allegro" passed over bodily. According to Beethoven, the affinity of the keys is perfected not only by fifths, as, *e.g.*, E sharp, G sharp, D sharp, &c., but by the union of their master-chords, wherefore, *e.g.*, the key E sharp bears in it all the harmonies allied to the E by thirds: A flat and E flat, A sharp and E sharp, A flat

major and E flat major. This kind of modulation does not yet appear fully stamped in the representatives of the brilliant lyrical style, yet the "Allegro di Bravura" moves in it with ease. The Introduction already shows some powerful traits of the Beethoven modulations.

I must not pass by in silence the Sonata fragment which I possess, and at which I have already glanced. It consists of the introduction to the sonata with which the boy played the well-known trick on Pierre Rode. If, indeed, the whole sonata were equal to this introduction, it is no great slur on Rode's knowledge of style for him to have mistaken it for one of Beethoven's youthful productions. It is written in F flat, flowing yet grave, and corresponds so exactly, in the foundation of the theme and the flow of harmony, with the style of the earlier Meister, that any one might easily suppose it belonged to the classical epoch.

The most important of Liszt's youthful works, however, is his collection of Studies: "Études (Opus 1), pour le Piano en douze Exercices."[1] The title-vignette of the first edition

[1] German Edition: as Opus 1, F. Hofmeister in Leipzig, 1835. The first French edition appeared in 1826. Boisselet, Marseilles. Robert Schumann ("N. Zeitschrift for Music," 1839, vol. ii., No. 30) mentions Lyons as the place of publication; Liszt named the firm as above. This edition was dedicated to Mademoiselle Lydia Garella.

by Hofmeister, in reference to the youth of the composer, represented a child lying in a cradle. Certainly no other allegory could have better expressed the inborn ripeness of genius in allusion to this work of his youth. Although individually still lying in the cradle, these studies are already mature proofs, which in several respects claim our attention.

If on the one hand they give the richest material for the confirmation of his capabilities at that time, on the other they have become one of the most precious and interesting documents in demonstration of his development, and are particularly useful for the comprehension of those changes which were completed in reference to them in the following twenty years. They contain the germs of his later gigantic work still standing unequalled: "Études d'Éxecution transcendante." It is worthy of note that they are no Études à la Czerny, the estimation of which is to be decided by their qualities in educating the fingers. Although, in conformity with the character of studies, they include a motive weaving itself continually into runs and networks of musical imagery, yet the work is steeped in feeling, and, considering the general standing-point of pianoforte music of that day, even musically interesting. Musical-creative genius is wanting in none of the twelve

Études. Each one has a genial stamp, either in the motive, in the variations, in the construction of the runs, or in the rhythmical strength and expression of tone. Feeling they have all, as also an energetic *verve* as the Frenchman calls it; but the former is yet bound by musical conventionalities as well as by the youth of the composer, which was still far from unrestrained sentiment. These Études, like the "Allegro di Bravura," belong to the brilliant lyrical style.

When we consider the peculiar portion which Liszt was to take as a composer, when we reflect that just in these little Études—none of them exceed four pages—lies the presage of his later works, it is extraordinarily surprising to find every measure, every phrase, firmly kept within the bounds of classical discipline. Every dissonance goes modestly its classical way; and one scarcely finds among the harmonies a trace of modern discordance. These are appearances of a surprising kind. They prove how genuinely and historically correct were his musical capabilities, and to what a high degree he had the rule of forms. They show also how closely his individuality still moved within the circle of what education had been able to procure, and what it had procured, for him.

These "Études en douze Exercices" are also striking in another point of view. Regarded as material for instruction they might lead to the belief that they belong less to the experience of a *maestro* of fifteen than to that of a veteran grown grey in teaching. The choice of the motive is made, in a technical direction, with a sureness and wisdom, such as a talent of the ordinary class can only attain by practice of many years. The instinct of genius outsoars all experience. So it is, too, with its manner of treatment. None of the Études are without a turn which would not be particularly edifying in the development of the fingers. In this the virtuoso element stepped into the background, leaving the field open to incipient difficulties. In pedagogue worth they stand beside those of the Father of Études, Johann Baptist Cramer. If, notwithstanding, Liszt's youthful labours are not naturalized, in the literature of instruction, like Cramer's Études, this is to be ascribed to the circumstance that when Liszt ten or twelve years later remodelled them into his "Riesenetuden," he, as it were, banished them from publicity. The splendid pieces of his virtuoso epoch also, towering above everything, might have stood in the way of their circulation. But this, though delayed, is yet to be anticipated.

These four little works belonging to Liszt's boyhood are still far from his later originality. They stand before the combats of his individual development, yet, in spite of this, they bring forth sounds, though faint, of his future creations. The "Impromptu," for instance, contains measures (on the second page) which very much remind one of Hungarian music. In the "Allegro" and the "Études," on the contrary, there are no longer these sounds, perhaps because the former was a faint reminiscence of the gipsy music of his native land. On the whole, these compositions stand on the level of the *salon* pieces of the time, confining themselves to the best virtuoso style.

A comparison between Liszt's youthful compositions and those of Beethoven offers much that is interesting. The Variation and the "Impromptu" may be placed beside two little songs which Beethoven composed in 1783 and 1784, when still a boy of thirteen or fourteen years old: "Schilderung eines Mädchens" and "An einen Säugling"—as well as three sonatas for pianoforte,[1] composed in 1733; the "Allegro di Bravura" may be compared with a Rondo

[1] Most editions of these sonatas have on their title-page the remark, "Composed in his tenth year." This statement is false, as Beethoven's biographers, Marx, Thayer, Nohl, have also pointed out. He was *thirteen* years old when he composed them.

in A sharp (composed 1784), and the Trio in E flat major for pianoforte, violin, and violincello, composed in 1785 and first edited after the Meister's death (1836). Beethoven has nothing which can be compared with the "Études en douze Exercices." The only piece might be the "Two Preludes in all the Twelve Major Keys," which were published in 1803 (composed in 1789). But, apart from the fact that Beethoven was already in his nineteenth year when he composed them, and so was four years older than Liszt when the latter wrote his Études, they are so entirely counterpoint school exercises without invention, that they cannot be admitted as a pendant to the Études.

Beethoven's boyish compositions also have a surprisingly rhythmical flow, the form is clear and finished, all is musical, but all is likewise only a reproduction of the prevailing pianoforte music. The taste and direction of the day form the background, as they do with Liszt, only the times were very different. Beethoven's two little songs stand, as to form and *naïveté*, as Adam Hiller's songs of the "Jagd." The three sonatas for pianoforte also move on the same ground as the favourite pianoforte composers of that time, Jonann Wanhal (1739–1813), Georg Christoph Wagenseil (1688–1779), Johann Franz Xavier Sterkel (1750–1817),

Anton Eberl (1766–1817), all forerunners and contemporaries of Mozart. His Rondo, on the other hand, might be taken for one of little Mozart's, as they occur in his double-themed sonatas. It is still very poor, but correct in form and with a technical flow. The Trio in E flat major already assumes a loftier form, yet belongs also more to the style before Mozart than to the present one.

With regard to the productions of their time, the worth and the nature of the compositions of the boys, Beethoven and Liszt, are the same; but compared with each other, the precocity of the latter is remarkable, as well as his inborn virtuosoship. The ornamental invention is richer in Liszt than in Beethoven. He already possessed, in this direction, a boldness of technical moulding such as the latter, when at the same age, did not possess. In spirit, too, Liszt was the riper. The introduction to the "Allegro di Bravura," *e.g.*, is borne along with a manly spiritedness, such as, till then, no composer at so youthful an age, not even Beethoven, had brought to expression.

In general, the signs of individual feeling—energy, elevation, and grace, as well as religious harmony, are already discernible in Liszt; in Beethoven not so. The feelings which the works of the latter express are only the moods

of musical form, and not those of the individual. At this epoch of his youth individual feeling seems still entirely closed, while in the precocious Liszt they are already seeking to germinate.

On the whole, the youthful productions of both are equal as regards their contents; and although, in the first moment, the word Trio seems to give Beethoven the preponderance, this is sufficiently outweighed by Liszt's Operetta, Overture, and Concerto in A flat, although the fame of these compositions has died away. And even if we abstract these compositions altogether, the Trio could claim no advantage in a purely musical point of view, for the "Allegro di Bravura" can be opposed to it.

What the former may seem to possess more in breadth of sound and in compounded form (it consists of an Allegro moderato, Scherzo, and Rondo, which, however, move in the narrowest dimensions) the "Allegro," taking away all preponderance from the Trio, equals by a broader form, splendour in the play of tone, and power of feeling. If, from the pianoforte pieces just considered, we estimate the worth of "Don Sancho," we may with certainty assume that, although this operetta could be no original production, it was by no means wanting in

musical flow ; and in form and melody belonged to the lyric opera after Mozart. In youthful works of this kind there is no question of original masterly productions — they belong exclusively to ripened manhood—nor those which form a new school. The manner of their reproduction, the height of technical completeness, the feeling for style and form, their flow—these are genuine signs of genius.

The compositions of Liszt's youth which have become known are, in chronological order, as follows :

1823 (11 years old) Tantum ergo, for choir, manuscript lost.

1823, Variation No. 24 of 50, &c.

1824 (12 years old), Impromptu for Pianoforte, printed 1824.

1824 (12 years old), Operetta "Don Sancho," manuscript lost.

1825 (?) (13 years old), "Grand Overture," manuscript lost (?).

1825 (13 years old), Allegro di Bravura, for pianoforte, printed 1825.

1825 (?), (13 years old) Three Sonatas for Pianoforte, manuscript lost (?).

1826 (14 years old) Etudes en douze Exercices for Pianoforte, printed 1826.

1827 (?) (16 years old), Concerto for Pianoforte, manuscript lost (?).

X.

DARK AND CLEAR.

Second journey through the French departments. Mademoiselle Lydia Garella in Marseilles. To Paris. Counterpoint studies with Reicha. Third journey to England. Moscheles about Liszt. Religious feelings. Wishes to become a priest. Ideal and ethical reaction on his manner and view of life. Sea-bathing at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Adam Liszt's illness; his death.

Adam Liszt and his son remained in Paris, after the representations of "Don Sancho," till the beginning of 1826. Then the latter began with his father, for the second time, a concert tour through the French departments. They moved in zigzags down to the Mediterranean sea; now here, now there, making a longer or a shorter stay, as persons' minds seemed more or less susceptible to the charms of sacred music.

Their longest sojourn was in Marseilles, where he published his "Études en douze Exercices," spoken of in the last chapter, with his first dedication to a lady: a homage which

he afterwards, in comic seriousness, called an expression of his first love—then, of course, unknown to himself. This distinction of a dedication fell to the lot of Mademoiselle Lydia Garella, a young lady with whom he often played *à quatre mains*, and who, on her side, proved her inclination for him particularly by little dainties, which she always held ready for him. These delicate attentions won her his adoration, though Nature had been step-motherly enough to provide her with a hump.

When the journey through France was at an end, Adam Liszt and Franz returned to Paris, not to give concerts, but that the latter might work at counterpoint under Anton Reicha. He retired from the world and, under the guidance of this master, studied all the forms of polyphony, compositions for several voices, the glee forms and the fugue, single as well as double. Even the counterpoint sorceries of the old masters, as well as the problematical canons and the *canon cancrizans*, were not unknown to him. He practised all the parts of counterpoint with passionate zeal, but more for the pleasure of overcoming difficulties and forms of musical expression, than from love of the forms themselves, which did not allow his feelings to soar freely. To practise counterpoint to perfection seemed to him as necessary for the composer

as finger exercises for the virtuoso. He showed himself so persevering and intelligent in these studies that Reicha, otherwise so dull and silent, could not sufficiently praise the ease with which his pupil both understood and worked. Half a year had sufficed to reveal the secret of counterpoint.

When these studies were finished another concert tour was made; this time through a part of Switzerland. Dijon, Geneva, Berne, Lucerne, Basle, &c., were the towns in which Franz appeared. This was in the winter of 1826–1827.

In May of the latter year, finally, the third journey to England was undertaken. The last for a long time.

All these journeys increased the young artist's fame, and brought him a rich harvest of laurels. His execution on the piano had gained in splendour and spirit. After a concert, given in London, June 9th, Moscheles, who was present, wrote in his journal: "Franz Liszt's playing surpasses everything yet heard, in power and the vanquishing of difficulties."[1] Besides this remark stands another. Moscheles says farther that "Liszt's concerto in A flat, which he played, contains chaotic beauties." The composition is

[1] From "Moscheles' Life." (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1872). Vol. i. p. 138.

lost; nothing but this expression appears to have survived to later times. There is no printed concerto in A flat by Liszt, and the composer himself has no clear remembrance of it. Probably as a manuscript, perhaps only a sketch, it was lost during his life of wandering.

During these last two years, which were passed in travelling, music, and studies in composition, the clouds had not withdrawn which had begun to veil the cheerful spirit of the ingenious boy. Adam Liszt's health had not improved. His sufferings had increased, and with them his hypochondria. Franz, on the other hand, had given himself up still more to interior enigmas; now he was radiant with joy, now sunk in sorrow; he knew the wherefore of neither, but both carried him beyond himself, to a something which filled his inquiring nature with a holy yearning and foreboding: the religious feelings got the upper hand. And yearning and foreboding drove him to prayer, to church, to the confessional. His soul gave itself up to the feelings under which it shuddered, and found nourishment in the poetical and mystical worship of Catholicism.

As once Palestrina, comprehending his artistic creations in an inner, divine consecration, sent out, before each of his works, an "Illumina oculos meos," so the divinely inspired boy

carried out his labours to the glory of the Lord. "*Laus tibi Domine*"—that was the beginning and the end of all his doings: those were the words which he set under every work; and in the course of the day the supplication of the Litany, "Lord, have mercy upon us," often escaped his lips, and religious writings occupied him as much as his notes. In the three words of the supplication, he saw, according to d'Ortigne, the outcry of all sorrow, the repentance of all erring, the mourning-choir of all the sufferings of humanity.

These feelings entered into his music; now passionate, now like a gradually dawning life. His playing, too, frequently resembled a furious stream, whose high-swelling waves rage like fire, to sink again to an agitated stillness, as it were a dreaming sea. But the external form suffered from these interior heavings and sinkings; they often lost their equilibrium, only serving the humour which just then had power over him. His reproductions were in consequence formally unequal, and the plasticity of form spent itself in the superabundance of sensibility through which his youthful spirit was developed.

In such moments Adam Liszt stood before his son as a foreign *something—a something* which, for the moment, strangled his hopes.

"Mozart had not been like him at his age! Mozart, after he had composed his 'Finta Semplice,' had grown into the ripeness of his productions as the morning ripens into the day, without any vacillations of soul or art, such as he saw here." So wrote the elder Liszt. It did not enter his mind that the spirit of history assigns to different geniuses different tasks to fulfil, and that these tasks are already, to a certain degree, predetermined in their organization; neither did he consider that the unfolding of one is completed in equanimity of soul, of another through fermentation and revulsion. In his son's mental condition there lay, as it were, a foretaste of those moods which afterwards, awakened by an intelligence which drew into itself the problems of society, of religion, and of philosophy, strove for outward expression.

The young artist now stood at the beginning of a higher physical and mental development; his body grew, his individuality had now to unfold itself, and all that had gone before was only a prelude. That superfluity of sensibility which guided the fingers of the young artist and sometimes led them into plastic error, while it gave free play to subjectivity, appeared negligence to his father, which threatened to mislead the youth from the right paths of art.

That subjectivity in art may become a crea-

tive power, wearing another form than that of the Mozart epoch; that this creative power had begun its day in Beethoven — those were thoughts which lay far from Adam Liszt's circle of view. Even the deeply subjective romance of his highly esteemed Beethoven seems to have escaped him. He watched every production of his son with anxiety not free from hypochondriac fancies. He commanded and forbade, he restrained and urged, as Franz seemed to fall into the *too much* or the *too little*. This discontent, however, did not bring about his wishes. They increased in the young artist the thirst for prayer. A desire for inner sanctification seized his mind, and impelled his yearning towards a life consecrated to God. Full of this impulse he one day approached his father imploringly: "Let me be a servant of God," he begged; "let the world renounce me."

It was a heavy hour for Adam Liszt, but he did not surrender heart and judgment to his son's entreaty. Though his eye was not keen as regarded the stage of his artistic development, with regard to his genius it remained clear. "Thy vocation is music," he answered. "To love a thing is no warrant that one is called to it. To *music* you are. The way of the genuine artist does not lead through religion; both may be *one* way to him. Love God,

be good and honest, and you will reach all the higher in art. You belong to art, not to the Church!"

Franz was silent. He felt the justness of these words. They did not, indeed, remove the religious yearning from his soul, but they seized him like a command. "Honour thy father and thy mother" was for him an absolute and irrefragable decree, even when it pained, as now.

He renounced the thought of exchanging the artist's vocation for that of the priest, but the thirst for prayer and for inner sanctification remained. Though he went less to church, and prayer-books and holy writings were seldomer in his hand than before, his religious mood was not less fervent: it was more so, only he concealed it from the angry and careful eye of his father. When night came and that eye was closed in sleep, he rose from his couch, and the restrained fervour broke forth all the more violently and vehemently.

His religious exercises were not unfruitful, nor did they affect his inner being alone. His fervid love to God was broad, and extended to all humanity. A burning compassion seized him for all who were comfortless and in suffering. In it, in this compassion, the great all-comprehensive divine law of love awoke in his heart, and has never been extinguished.

His impulse to interior holiness, like his religious exercises, was no empty one. "Die Nachfolge Christi," by Thomas à Kempis, was his guide. Sentences like the following accompanied him through his whole life:

Blessed are they who seek out that which is within, and through daily exercises make themselves fit to learn the heavenly secrets.

Man rises from the earth on two pinions: purity and simplicity, simplicity of mind, and purity of heart.

No one can attain to peace but he who denies himself, and lives not to himself but to others.

He to whom all is *one*, who refers all to *one*, and sees all in *one*, may be firm of heart and have peace in God.

If the truth make thee free, thou wilt be really so, and not care for the idle talk of men.

Thou possessest nothing of which thou oughtest to boast, but much for which thou must despise thyself, because thou art beyond all conception weak and powerless. Therefore let nothing that thou doest appear great, nothing important, worthy, or admirable.

Our virtue and happiness do not depend on enjoyment.

Rejoice in nothing but a good deed.

The glory which men give and receive is transitory.

Thou art no better when thou art praised, and no worse when thou art blamed.

Thou art what thou art, and thou canst not be called greater than thou art before God.

If thou takest heed of what thou art within and for thyself, thou wilt not care for the judgment of men.

Through labour to rest, through combat to victory!

"Stand fast and be not moved, for the kingdom of God is not in word but in power" (1 Cor. iv. 20).

But not only "Die Nachfolge Christi" guided and stirred the flame within, the New Testa-

ment, the book "Les Pères du Désert," the "History of the Saints," especially of his patron saint, St. Francis de Paula, were his favourite companions.

At this time his love for music stepped into the background; only, as a means of expression for his religious feelings, it remained unweakened. Nevertheless, at the piano and in the concert hall, his artist nature broke forth victoriously in all its original power and splendour, and tore the veil which the superabundance of sensibility had spread over it. But the excitement and exertion of travelling and concert giving, and, added to that, the frequent nightly religious exercises which fell just in the years of his physical development, could not remain without consequence for his health. A ghastly paleness spread over his face, and a nervous irritability manifested itself. His whole nervous system seemed shaken. This was in the spring-time of 1827, when father and son were in England for the third time. The physicians recommended sea-bathing at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and a complete cessation from all exertion.

Adam Liszt felt, too, that he ought to think of his own health and do something for it. His physical indisposition had increased and made his life a burden. For him, also, the

physicians ordered sea-bathing; so, at the end of the musical season in London, they both journeyed to the other side of the channel, but health did not return to both.

The life in Boulogne, the baths, the freedom from his former exhausting manner of life, benefited the son visibly, both physically and morally; with returning health he found again his inner equilibrium, and his gay and joyous humour. A free and unimpeded movement of his inner life seemed a condition of his corporeal and mental health; but his father, accustomed for so many years to a more regular and systematic routine, had, in the latter time, somewhat repressed this free movement. Now absolved, by medical command, from everything which caused irritability, and supported by the strength-giving baths, he bloomed anew visibly.

But in the midst of this feeling of new awakening life a heavy misfortune overtook him —the heaviest which could befall him at that moment. His father was attacked by gastric fever. Already weather-beaten, he could oppose but a slight resistance.

So soon as the third day Adam Liszt knew that he was a dying man. He felt that his existence was measured only by hours. In full consciousness he called for his son. The last hour of his life was filled alone with care for

him. In Franz's genius, even to his dying hour, rested his belief, his conviction, his hope.

The father's faithful and watchful eye did not close without casting a glance at his son's future, and calling to him, "Watch and be strong." He spoke loving words to him—comforting, warning, directing—then his eyes closed.

The day of his death was the 28th of August, 1827. He had only reached his forty-seventh year.

Adam Liszt was buried at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

BOOK THE SECOND.

(1827—1840.)

THE YEARS OF DEVELOPMENT.

AS A YOUTH.

I.

AFTER HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

Franz Liszt's agitation of mind. Plans for the future. Sends for his mother to Paris. Begins to earn his living by teaching. A prospective and retrospective glance. Influence on his mother.

Franz Liszt found his earliest great sorrow at his father's deathbed. It was the first time that he had looked into the stern inexorable face of death. Till then no thought of the King of Terrors had risen in his youthful mind. He knew him only by name, the reality with all its desolation and crushing bitterness had remained a stranger. Horror seized him now at the sight of the last struggles, of which he was a witness. With passionate sorrow he stood by the bed of the departed—with a double grief. His filial heart cried out for his father, and at the same time his fancy added images of death to the pangs of sorrow, making them all the more intense. He had to pay the tribute of the heart

and of the fancy, that of humanity and that of art. His imagination and his crushed spirit seemed everywhere to see the stiffened face of his father, everywhere the traces of annihilation; and again and again he heard his father's voice, his heavy breathing, his last sigh.

An agitation took possession of him, such as he had never known; a billowy tempest, a foreign something seized him with unspeakable power. He could call Halt! to no thought, to no prayer. The interior waves within rose higher and higher, till they wildly rushed together, a troop of passionate spirits let loose by sorrow.

He had no more power over himself, he became mentally unconscious. Nor was his youthful body equal to the storm of feelings which had broken over him with tempestuous force. A physical torpor followed the passionate outburst of his sorrow; benumbed, as it were, he let the arrangements for the funeral pass on unheeded.

This state lasted several days. When the overstrained tension yielded, his dull brooding gave way to a feeling of unspeakable loneliness and desolation; everywhere the help and ordering hand of his father were wanting. Till then he had always been under his parent's protection; he had shared his chamber, he had played and

worked under his eyes, he had taken his recreations at his side, he had been near him in the concert hall—he could scarcely name an hour of his life that he had passed without him—and now, suddenly alone! This change was too great, had come too unexpectedly for him to feel it otherwise than as a crushing sense of loneliness.

Life and his healthy nature, however, soon brought him back to the right path. These feelings, experienced for the first time, cleared up beneficently to a yearning for his mother, and from the gloom broke forth, bright and fair, the consciousness of his filial duty, which told him that, from that time forward, he should replace his father's care for her; and though till then no other appeal to his independent action had gone forth than from the mouth of a dying parent, he comprehended the situation at a glance, and pointed out to himself the way which he had to go in order to fulfil his duties.

This touch of manly strength and decision penetrated and governed his whole being, and banished the spectral apparitions of fancy. With deep emotion, yet deliberately, he wrote to his mother, and imparted to her his plans for the future. In the first place he would go to Paris (so he wrote), and try to establish himself as a teacher of the pianoforte, and thus earn

a living for her and for himself. Thither she should come to rejoin him, and remain with him ; he would ever be a faithful and loving son and keep all care from approaching her.

After this decision, he stood once more on firm ground. Other influences and the requirements of daily life also did their part ; and so he found the lost equilibrium again. As, however, every sudden catastrophe, bringing with it a total revolution of things, leaves behind long-enduring and visible effects, the impressions received at his father's death only vanished slowly—even in later years the mention of it deeply moved him. But with this storm of sorrow his temperament, for the first time, had broken forth with an unrestrainable power that overturned all impediments.

Before, however, Franz Liszt could carry his intention of travelling to Paris into execution, he had to answer several calls of practical duty which were not without embarrassment for him. Under his father's care, his years had passed without any knowledge of this side of life. All the more deeply coloured with individuality, therefore, were his first manifestations of independence, and more significative of decided traits of character. His demeanour towards his mother was expressive of healthy feelings, and a strong sense of natural duty ; the manner

in which he settled all responsibilities showed the nature of his notions of honour. His means would not suffice for the great expenses which this unforeseen death had occasioned, and although it would have been easy with time to meet these obligations, he preferred to sell his costly grand pianoforte at great loss, so as not to incur debts, and to be burdensome to no one.

When he had fulfilled all his obligations, he started for Paris, where he found a welcome from his father's well-tried friends, the family Erard, until his mother's arrival. She had till now lived with relations first in Gratz, then in Vienna. In the latter town she received the news of her husband's death. Staggered as she was, her son's call did not permit her to give way to grief. She arranged her affairs and hurried to Paris.

For three years mother and son had not seen each other, and now tears for the departed repressed the joy of meeting,

The cares for their new household were an alleviation to their grief. They removed to a modest dwelling in the Rue Moutholon. Here Franz lived with his mother, who attended to the duties of the little establishment while her son took on his youthful shoulders the care of their daily existence. Something had been put

by, it is true, during the concert years, and many a thousand gulden had been added to the one which had been sent on interest to the Esterhazy house at the time of their first stay in Paris; but on the one hand, this capital was not large enough for them to live on the interest; on the other, Franz wished it to remain untouched for his mother, that her livelihood might be ensured against any coming tribulation. So even the interest was sacred. Soon after his mother's arrival, he delivered up to her, as her property, all the papers relative thereto. The confident belief of the then nine-years-old boy that God would stand by him, and enable him to repay his parents for the sacrifice they had made, was thus fulfilled.

The great interest which young Liszt had excited in all circles developed at this change in his destiny into the warmest sympathy. His plan of becoming teacher, supported by his fame as a virtuoso, found encouragement on all sides. He soon had male and female pupils from every class; and so great was the confidence in him that no one took exception at his youth. Only in the convent of St. Denis, where one of his patrons had recommended him as a teacher, had they any hesitation to employ him as such; but not on account of his youth—the prioress did not find it advisable to entrust her scholars

to a master. This was, at least, very flattering to his manly feelings.

Among his first pupils were Peter Wolf, from Geneva, the Belgian Louis Messmekers, the Countess Montesquieu, St. Cricq, and the daughters of Lord Granville, at that time English ambassador, &c.

As a teacher he showed himself full of perseverance and zeal; his success proved an extraordinary talent for teaching; his genius captivated his pupils, urged them on, hastened them forward, and confirmed their love of art.

The youthful master soon excited as much admiration as once "le petit Litz," as people, from time to time, still loved to call him. They also praised the delicacy and tact of his behaviour, the freedom from all the defects of lionized music-masters, who alarm their pupils by amiability and other virtues. He gave a great many lessons, among them no inconsiderable number without compensation, to poor but talented persons; lessons for which many a lady of rank would have willingly given Franz twenty to thirty francs. The wandering young virtuoso was thus transformed into a Parisian master. Paris was from that time for years his abiding dwelling-place. Through the rich sources of instruction which here flowed for him, and through the impressions which French con-

temporary history gave, and which were of such great significance in his individual development, France became for him a second fatherland.

Franz Liszt's life had been turned into unforeseen paths by his father's death : on all sides it took turnings quite opposed to former circumstances. Formerly long years of wandering; now a fixed residence. Formerly the free life of a concert-giver ; and now enslaved to the hour. First the employment of his whole strength in the attainment of the higher aims of art ; and then a surrender and frittering away of strength to the petty cares of the day. Until then doing or leaving had been decided by his father : the day's occupation had been regulated by the latter, all external arrangements had been made by him ; the capacity for self-decision remained uncalled for, and now, all at once, the fullest freedom took the place of the former restraint. Influences which might have worked disturbingly on Franz's artistic and moral development had been carefully kept at a distance ; now all, evil or good, could approach him unhindered : young Liszt stood by himself.

It is quite evident that there lay great dangers for him in this abrupt transition from restraint to freedom, from being directed to being left to his own direction, from protection

to unprotectedness; and the loss of his father must have made itself severely felt. He found, it is true, in his genius and in his purity of perception and ideality of thought a sure helm in the main, but in particulars the youthful hand often held the rudder weakly, oft without a plan, to no fixed direction, according to the impulse of the moment, the storminess of youth, or the pressure of the time; from which it appears unmistakably that the education which he received from his father, as well as its sudden breaking off, essentially decided his individual development, and mingled with the flood of his youthful years. It mingled with it advantageously, but also with many disadvantages arising from its carefully pursued but too exclusively musical direction, extending itself now as light, now as shadow, over both his human and artistic life. There are periods in that life when one would like to have called his father from the grave to protect his youthful son from the external corrupting influences which pressed mightily upon him. And again, we can lay our finger on moments in which we feel almost the necessity of the parent's death for the further development of the son, on account of the restraints the youth suffered—periods and moments of which the first belong more to the human, the latter to the artistic side of his life.

As regards the latter, Adam Liszt, with a just appreciation of his son's extraordinary gifts, had as regards his education placed a great artistic aim in the foreground. This aim was the motive of his actions, the sum of his paternal duties; all his arrangements coincided with it, and were centred therein. His eye firmly fixed on this point, everything else must have appeared secondary, and have receded into the background in comparison with it. Great aims require extraordinary means.

And so it came to pass that things which did not tend to this artistic direction remained unheeded. The father's commands and prohibitions lay in the nature of the way entered into. He decided what the boy was to do or to omit, and guided and led him step by step to *one* aim, the artistic career. So passed days, months, years; the child became a boy, the boy ripened to youth; the parent's solicitude remained the same, he decided for and led his son.

In this consistent firmness, this steadfastness of will before *one* idea, Adam Liszt makes the impression of a great character; but there was a doubtful side to this firmness and steadfastness, in spite of the infinite good which grew from it, particularly when one thinks of the direction of his son's nature, striving for free expression, an unmistakable evidence of which

is to be seen, from the very beginning of his musical career, in his manner of playing and in his improvisations. His father had held tightly the reins of his inclination for individual freedom—till then a blessing for the artistic future of his son not to be estimated too highly. But though discipline and rule may be the first condition of successful progress, and the soil for great abiding deeds, they may operate disturbingly on individual originality at the point of development, if allowed to work only on one side—they may weaken it, they may drive it into empty formalism. There existed many signs of this danger for Franz; for his father's views were derived from another epoch than that which, occupied with the inner process of fermentation, already presaged a new transforming phase of life. In the classical sky of art the evening glow was dying away. Here, too, life announced itself in new forms, with new import, and the direction of Franz's sensibilities pointed to another than the formal element of classicality.

And the supposition is more than probable that under the guidance of his father, especially with his all-conquering heroism, he would have entered the paths he afterwards trod, and those new ones he opened up, only with silent combats and inner conflicts.

Now he was free from all which could restrain his individual development. Left to himself—on the side of art, of life, in every direction —his activity of will, till then repressed, could unfold itself. It was grounded in individual strength. Life, with its ceaseless weaving of contradictory requirements, demands and at the same time ripens this strength. It goads him on to will, to combat, to conquering deed, and unfolds the character of his genius which, like a Titanic power, impels the wheels of the world, but will not be impelled ; which drives, but will not be driven. On the other hand, it becomes the test of the capabilities of each one, and inexorably drives the weak into the general flood, condemning them to existence with the masses.

Now, from the moment in which fate pointed the youth, as it were, to himself, his strength as an artist and as a human being could unfold itself agreeably to his individual nature.

On the whole, few dangers threatened his artistic career ; his musical education was solid, well grounded, and varied, and his inclination for the noble and lofty in art decisive. Here all seemed to unite to guard him from one-sidedness. His education and his life had reached each other the hand in the fairest mutual completion ; the most varied momenta

of development, theory and practice, the house and the platform, simplicity and splendour, had joined together, and, not with measured successive tread, but all in lively unity, had furthered his artistic career from the first moment, and raised him above all difficulties. If the meshes of future confusion had already begun in secret to grow entangled, his course of artistic development had till then been singularly favoured, resembling rather a dramatized dream than a narrow and one-sided reality. Under such happy circumstances, it can scarcely be wondered at that young Liszt possessed an artistic ripeness remarkable for his years. Even those moderately gifted with such advantages would have produced something eminent; few, however, with such manifold influences, and with a life of such distraction, would have gone their way so inwardly unerring and unharmed. Only a nature so absolutely musical as his could have done so; a nature which resolved and converted all impressions into music; a nature whose love for the latter was so great that all its feelings and thoughts, its whole being, could only find in it a language wherewith to express itself. Even in his periods of religious exuberance, in which, during the years of superabundant youthful feeling, he was led by his great love for God, it was music through which

he breathed out his soul, overflowing and thirsting for his Maker.

The double influence of art and of life did not lead him astray. Nor was this all. His love for music expressed itself decisively in a certain direction. In his childhood, in his boyish years, it was always Beethoven—at that time not yet understood by the nations—who had, as it were, set up in his inner life an invisible laboratory. When, a boy of eleven, he came before the public, and Beethoven's kiss consecrated him, that was the foundation of his direction in music. *German musical art* became the starting-point of his farther development.

When his father died he had worked through every branch of musical theory and practice which can be classed under the expression "artistic schooling and education." At twelve years of age he read the scores, as well as the most difficult pianoforte pieces, at sight; at fourteen, besides several things for the piano, he had composed an operetta according to rule; at sixteen he had acquired double counterpoint, and, as a virtuoso, he was already a celebrity in the midst of the *élite* of his artistic contemporaries.

On another side, too, beyond this circle of musical capability, he was an extraordinary apparition, particularly as an improvisatore on

the pianoforte. Here the young eagle soared, with boldly outspread wings, up to the region of fancy, and however irregular his flight, he never lost his thematic compass! To improvise—that free outspeaking of one's self—had remained dear to him from his childish years; and this inclination mixed itself involuntarily, much as his father was against it, with the repetitions of the compositions of others which oftentimes may not have been to their advantage; but on this territory lived and moved the original impulse of his musical creative nature which sought ways peculiar to itself. In his improvisations lay the first intimations of all the transformations and revolutions which were afterwards to be completed by him in the domain of instrumental music.

His playing at that time, the element by which he attained publicity as a perfect artist, is described to us by one of the most eminent musical critics in Paris in those days, the Frenchman d'Ortigne, in these words:

His style of playing was very vehement, but while the torrent of a troubled inspiration roared along, one saw, from time to time, shining in the midst, the flashings of that genius (d'Ortigne wrote these lines 1834) which he sprinkles so lavishly now-a-days, golden stars, one might say, which incessantly rise from a monstrous conflagration; but so long as he was subjected, now to the requirements of his teachers, now to the caprices of the public, now to the authority of his father, his imagination could only give itself up by stealth to its own fantasy, and too extra-

vagant a digression, or too anxious a retreat, led him into error; he was not himself; all in him was only presage.[1]

This picture, sketched several years after the epoch now spoken of, at the time when Franz Liszt began to solemnize his first triumphs as the "Paganini of the pianoforte," characterizes the young virtuoso's style of playing, when, no more a boy, and not yet a youth, he was approaching the period of his individual unfolding. It gives the explanation of the "now so, now so" of his playing. This was less, as we gather from the words of the French author, the result of a severe guardianship, than the stage of transition required by physical and psychological development.

Franz Liszt was now for ever thrown back upon himself, with all his artistic aims. Here, sooner or later, the changes must show themselves which his father's death had called forth. The question of the day stepped into the foreground. To earn the means of existence—until then the result of his concerts—by giving lessons, stood in the way of artistic aims. They must be left to time and the die which genius casts into it.

Circumstances alone could induce him to have recourse to teaching; for with the age at which he then was, it can scarcely be conceived

[1] "Gazette Musicale de Paris," 1834.

that a specific inclination had led him to it, although here, too, he soon showed a rare capability. Circumstances obliged him to it. His father's death had rendered concerts for the moment impossible. He was too young to travel alone, and too indifferent for business affairs either to undertake them himself or to superintend them if arranged by a substitute. Neither had the career of a virtuoso been the aim of his father's plans ; it had only been transitory, a condition of their external position, and was to be laid aside as Mozart's had been. The conscious and systematic steering towards a certain point was now at an end, and a daily ordered and regular working for his own perfectioning had to yield to the question of subsistence.

And not only on the side of art, in a human point of view also—and especially as regarded his habits—young Liszt was left to his own direction. And this to his great disadvantage. It is true he was under the protection of his mother, who possessed great influence over him, but this could neither replace the firm guiding hand of a father nor the experience and worldly wisdom of the man. Her influence consisted in the great fountain of love in her heart, in her never-failing confidence in him, in the untroubled purity of mind with which she

observed, judged, loved, and sustained life. It was the influence of sympathy, where similarity of feeling does good to and calms the heart, which bound mother and son so intimately. He clung to her with the greatest tenderness; her loving solicitude for him redoubled his for her. The care with which he surrounded her was touching, as were also the delicate regards he exercised towards her, the tender attentions he silently showed her; for instance, several times, at that period, he remained out late at night. He knew that his mother was already asleep, so, not to disturb her rest, he seated himself on the stairs, where he fell asleep, and there he was found the next morning. This, his mother related to me, was often the case, in spite of the hard bed and uncomfortable position.

These duties towards his mother, coupled with fervent love, early ripened in him the virtues which lend the most attractive beauty to the man in the eyes of women; the knightly virtue of protection, and that of deference grounded in delicacy and tenderness of manner.

Madame Liszt's influence was only interior. As to a suitable division of the day and of time, from which the habits of life spring in such various ways, her son was quite left to himself, and here an experienced and regulating hand was entirely wanting. He had no idea of a

systematic division, and under his father's direction he had, till then, had no practice therein. The division of the day was consequently a mere accident, springing from the moment or his humour. One day he played the piano, another not; at one time in the morning, at another in the evening, just as he felt inclined.

His lessons were not subjected to any better order; he bound himself to no time. The duration of his lessons was to-day short, to-morrow long, according to the necessity of the moment. He often appeared too early, often too late; sometimes the lesson failed altogether. The wide distances he often had to go had an unfavourable effect. Often, not to be exposed to this unpleasantness twice in the day, he passed the intermediate hours with friends. At dinner time he frequently went into a coffee-house lying in his way, instead of seeking a restaurant. Not uncommonly he came home in the evening without having taken anything substantial during the day; meanwhile, his mother had waited for him till the viands had become uneatable; and while something else was preparing he was obliged to relieve his faintness and refresh his weariness by a glass of spirits or wine.

All these irregularities, indeed, lay in circumstances, but could not operate favourably

either on his bodily health or regular habits. The humour of the moment plays involuntarily a great part in this kind of life. Though no visible evil may have sprung from this, yet—even where his art was not immediately affected—the excitable nature of the young artist, so prone to moods and fancies, was affected by it, and the moral will in some measure was dominated by the caprice of the moment.

It was fortunate that his nature was noble, and his sentiments such as rose of themselves to the beautiful. In this his religious feelings had an essential part. Here lay his protection against the many dangers through which, till then so carefully guarded, he had daily to pass.

II.

PASSION FLOWERS.

[Paris, 1828–1830.]

First love. Renunciation. Second exclusive surrender to his religious feelings. Christian Urhan. W. von Lenz. K. M. von Weber's music. Liszt falls ill. Reported dead. Obituary notice in the "Étoile." Recovery. Description of his external appearance after W. von Lenz.

STILL a youth of scarcely seventeen years, yet the first storm of life had laid on his shoulders the duties of a man. One moment, one single night had sufficed to call him to a manly decision, to manly deeds. Nevertheless, his life both of feeling and of spirit still lay slumbering; only sorrow had enchained itself—violently, overpoweringly! The yearning for God which had formerly seized him, had, indeed, evidenced feelings which escape the slumber of the soul, but the springtime of the heart, which brings all the hidden germs of the inner world to bud and shoot, *that* lay still before him.

And this spring came, without his perceiving its approach; only by the flowers of passion which it brought did he feel that it was there. It was music which opened the door.

Caroline, the young Countess St. Cricq, was one of those beings who remind us of heaven rather than of earth. Only seventeen years old, she was yet in the prime of her inward blossoming. Of slender form, angelic beauty, and pure as a lily, she was, at the same time, talented, lively, and susceptible to all that was beautiful, and moreover of a deeply religious spirit—altogether, a nature whose chords were soul. In her soul lay her thoughts, her will, as she unfolded to the beautiful, to the world, to church worship, to God.

She was the daughter of Count St. Cricq, Minister of the Interior, a man of the world and an aristocrat, all the fibres of whose being originated in the traditions of the nobility. Devoted to the Legitimists, of slow perception and eccentric behaviour, he seemed born for his post under the *régime* of Charles X., and so zealous and exclusive was he in his vocation that all other interests of life were compelled to yield to it. The family and household affairs, therefore, remained exclusively in the hands of his consort, whose tender nature, views of life, and sympathies, were quite opposed to his ideas.

Life had led her through a school of sorrow, and increased and ennobled her affection for spiritual blessings. Several sons that she had borne the Count were like their father; their only daughter—the youngest of their children—resembled herself.

From her mother (she was a Catholic) Caroline had religious belief, a fine æsthetic mind, and a great love for music. Her budding talents were carefully educated; and when young Liszt, after his father's death, turned his steps towards Paris to earn a living for his mother and himself by teaching, the Countess St. Cricq was among the first of the aristocratic ladies who entrusted the musical education of their daughters to the youthful master.

She generally sat in the room where the instruction was given, following it attentively; and the noble manner of the youth inspired her with an ever deeper interest, and won her motherly goodwill. She was fond of conversing with him, and during the lesson threw in remarks which challenged him to the development of his perceptions and ideas. At such times she followed his language with surprise, as he sought to translate into words what his fingers always knew how to find and express so immediately. Bold indeed were the images, permeated with glowing religious sentiment,

to which his artistic feelings pressed, as the heart of the believer to the high altar.

Then she drew her chair nearer to the piano, and saw with maternal satisfaction how well her daughter understood, and how joyfully she received the directions and suggestions of the talented youth, how well she followed the flight of his fancy, and read his artistic conceptions and allusions, as it were, from eye and soul.

And, indeed, a deeply passionate bias lay in both these youthful minds, which manifested itself through music, and unconsciously drew them under the enchantment of love without their having found any other language than that of music to express the fervour of their feelings. Inexperienced in heart, they played a magic strain, the pure tones of which made life appear to them so beautiful and delightful.

Caroline's mother, as noble-minded as she was delicate, saw indeed, with the spiritual eye of a woman's heart, the tender affection which began to spring up between the two. But certain of their purity and nobleness, she tenderly watched these first emotions.

This protection, however, was not to be long accorded them. The sufferings which till then had already been a frequent visitation, suddenly increased so much, that the apprehensions for

the life of the noble woman were but too well grounded. She herself felt that her days, nay, her hours, were numbered, and her departure near. Although she had already been long accustomed to the thought of death, yet it was heavy to her, for the sake of her beloved child, who had become the blessing of her life, and to whom she clung with all the fulness and tenderness of a careful mother's heart, that even beyond death would see all the sunbeams of heaven and earth poured on its darling's head.

To make Caroline happy, and know her so, was still her only desire; and with a heart and glance already free from earthly chains, without prejudice and without worldly calculations, she spoke with her consort concerning the future of their child. She did not conceal from him what she had read in her daughter's heart, nor the thoughts which she had entertained, and while she affirmed emphatically that each seemed created for the other, she crowned her maternal love, as well as her confidence in the youth's nobility of soul, with the words: "If she loves him let her be happy."

Count St. Cricq lost none of her words, but regarded them rather as the fantasy of an invalid than as the bequeathment of the dying, and forgot them as quickly as he had heard them with astonishment.

The music lessons were interrupted by the illness and death of the countess, and the young artist only came to the count's hôtel to inquire for his patroness. During all this time he had not seen Caroline. He met her again only when the funeral and the first days of mourning were over and the music lessons began afresh. The first meeting was deeply affecting for both. When Caroline approached him, wrapped in her mourning garments, her fair face painfully moved, an indescribable agitation seized him. The remembrance of his father, of the terrors which had broken over him by his couch of death, the sorrow which his loss had occasioned him, the loneliness he had felt—all these experiences stood overpoweringly before his soul and paralyzed his tongue. Dumbly he sat down to the piano beside his pupil, to begin the lesson in the usual manner; but as the harmonies resounded his composure forsook him, his grief melted and called forth hers with redoubled violence, their hands lay motionless beside each other, and both wept bitterly.

Even now no consciousness of their sentiments came over them, no thought of love destroyed the harmony of their feelings. Yet in that moment an internal union was accomplished, striking deep into the lives of both.

Liszt gave no lessons so willingly as those at Count Cricq's, none lasted so long, none suffered so little interruption. The count's connexions and habits kept him often from home, particularly now that mourning had closed his *salons*. Caroline was consequently left much to herself, and in her loneliness took refuge more and more in music, from attention to which she was not restrained by social duties and requirements; from this it arose that they could play together more frequently and more undisturbed than, under other circumstances, they could have done.

But it did not stop there. As in the lifetime of the late countess, so now remarks and explanations led to conversations which became more and more a mutual exchange of thought, appertaining now to the domain of literature, now to that of religion. They soon discovered that their similarity of opinion was not confined to music alone. They met together in their inward attachment to religion, in their perceptions of life and its aims, even, partly, in their favourite readings. These were discoveries at each of which both youthful hearts beamed into pure happiness, and opened more joyfully to each other.

Liszt's reading had till then been confined to books of a religious tendency; the young

countess, on the contrary, was well versed in literature: she was here far his superior. As full of love for poetry as for music, in the fulness of her heart she made her young friend acquainted with her favourite poets by reciting and reading passages to him. An emulation was kindled. Now he, now she had discovered a poem or a thought which seemed particularly beautiful and expressive, and therefore obliged them to longer tarrying. So the hours passed —often a whole evening— they scarcely remarked it. Hastily he turned his steps towards his dwelling, where it sometimes happened that the house was already still, and his mother's light extinguished. It was at this time that, from affectionate regard for her slumbers, he seated himself on the steps, and contented himself with this hard couch the whole night.

Several months passed in this way: the lovers saw each other almost daily; read and played together; but a day came which was to put an end to their innocent happiness.

They had chatted and read till late at night, and, carried away by the charms of conversation, had not counted the hours till the young man became aware of the lateness, and hastily departed. Downstairs he found the house already closed, and was obliged to call the porter to open the door, who did it, sleepy

with drink, and grumbling. Unacquainted with the customs and duties of a cavalier, he did not know that the grumbling of a porter should be silenced with a five-franc piece, and unsuspiciously he wished him good-night. The next morning the porter informed his master that the young artist kept company with the young countess in the saloon until midnight.

Then, indeed, the count remembered the words of his dying wife; but even then they did not appear to be of any importance. Apart from the fact that, even with the French customs which favoured engagements at a very early age, Franz was yet too young, it could not, with the prevailing ideas of rank, enter his mind to give his daughter as wife to a pianist. This would have been at that time, in the eyes of the upper classes, something unheard of and impossible. How far such views are justified, and how far they are prejudices, the affairs of the ministry allowed Count Saint Cricq no time to consider—to which may be added that he was far from giving himself up to meditations concerning social problems. What he should or what he should not do was regulated by the universally prevailing views and principles of his rank—the only thing which existed for him, and which ruled him also as regarded Liszt and his daughter. When, some days after the

fatal evening, Franz Liszt again appeared in the St. Cricq hôtel, the porter informed him that the count wished to speak to him. Without suspicion he approached the count, who received him in a friendly manner, and with all the suavity of a man of the world, called his attention to the unpleasant consequences which would probably arise from a continued intercourse with his daughter. He pointed out to him that the difference of rank itself would forbid all closer connexion. "I therefore consider it best," concluded the count, "to suspend the music lessons for the present."

The young man listened to him with astonishment. Thoughts like those just expressed had never entered his mind; yet at that moment he became conscious both that he loved Caroline and that she was lost to him. A flood of feeling poured over him; his heart seemed to stand still, his breath to die away, and he to break down under its violence—only for a moment! His pride threw back the waves, and his delicate youthful figure seemed to grow. Pale as death, he stood before the count, but there came no outburst of passionate emotion. Silently he offered his hand—the words of renunciation in his heart. Passion, though not yet uprooted, did not prevent his recognizing what was reasonable, and the arguments and

requirements of the count seemed to him correct.

That evening he had seen Caroline for the last time; his wounded pride avoided a meeting. And thus were separated for ever two souls which seemed destined for each other by all the most intimate ties of feeling.

Both suffered deeply in the future from this separation. Heavily she bore a long life; more heavily he, whose genius cast him into the surges of life without the deeply sympathizing woman by his side, whose clear mind would have borne him through them to a purified ideality.

He buried himself from the eyes of the world. It was as though he had suffered disgrace. Love and pride, yearning and the feeling of duty, wrestled and fought a painful combat.

Again he took refuge in religion. He turned to God, seeking rest and victory over himself. In his flight from the world the religious glow seized him again, as already before the death of his father, yet in a much higher degree. He lost himself completely in the mysteries of religion, and, as he wrote ten years later,[1] bent his burning brow over the damp steps of St. Vincent de Paul, with heart all bleeding and thoughts all prostration.

[1] Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften," vol. ii., Letter iii.

A female form (he wrote) chaste and pure as the alabaster of holy vessels, was the sacrifice which I offered, with tears, to the God of Christians. Renunciation of all things earthly was the only lever, the only word of that day.

But not he alone, Caroline also suffered cruelly. A long illness was the immediate consequence of their separation; and when she was given back to life, all feeling for the world was dead, and her wounded heart yearned for the healing balsam of convent stillness. She wished to renounce the world and take the veil; but her father urged her to marry, and introduced to her one of his own rank, whom he wished as his son-in-law. Monsieur d'Artigau was a man in whom the higher qualities of mind and spirit were wanting, and whose thoughts moved only on material ground. He was an agriculturist, and possessed an estate near Pau, which he cultivated himself not only from preference, but with an exclusive interest.

Urged by her father to take this man as her husband, she struggled long with herself, till religious sacrifice and a feeling of duty conquered her disinclination, and she fulfilled his wishes. She became Monsieur d'Artigau's wife, but Liszt's image never faded from her heart, and her dying mother's word, which had not been concealed from her, became a crucifix, which she planted on the grave of her love,

and took with her into her married life. Side by side with her husband she coldly walked the common way of life. The feelings of her heart looked back into the past; he knew her only as a cold, distinguished woman. Until the hour of her death, Caroline's sympathetic and spiritual relationship with the man of her first love remained unweakened, even when his ways were such that she could no longer approve them. Once again, as will be shown later, this relationship was to be resumed.

Nor did Liszt ever forget her. He bore her remembrance at all times in his heart, like an image of the Madonna. She gave him an ideal of womanliness, which for many years remained in full strength within him, and kept his passionate nature enchained, in spite of life in Paris, and of the temptations which surrounded him on every side.

Troubled times had come for the little family in the Rue Montholon. The son shunned the world, and the mother's eyes were always wet with tears. He fled the world; he sought solitude with its silent consolation. He gave himself up to prayer, and to the burning thoughts which rose yearningly to heaven. The world seemed to him empty and desolate, his only desire was to serve God. His spirit, still in formation, his superabundance of feeling sought

calm and purification, sought to pour out on humanity that infinite fulness which agitated his breast. Not the artist's career, the priesthood seemed to him able to fulfil the work of redemption.

As his father formerly, so now his mother, stepped between him and his wish. Though she could not, like her departed husband, stand before him determinedly and make clear to him with words, that his vocation was music and that he belonged to the world, she had other arguments, derived from motherly feeling, which did not fail of their effect on the tender heart of her son. Her disinclination to monachism was mingled with her tears of sorrow at the thought of losing her only son. These tears Liszt could not resist, his mother's sorrow overcame him. Again the exhortation rose within him, as formerly when under paternal authority, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and his wishes, his yearning, his desire, yielded to his mother's tears. His confessor, to whom he opened his heart, was on her side, and called his musical vocation the higher one.

And so once more the desire of his soul had succumbed to the fourth commandment; yet his renunciation could not call back the rough waves of his religious feelings to a tranquil course; they swelled higher and higher, and daily, in

his heart, he renewed the vow to serve God, daily he purified his soul in prayer, in holy fervour, with pious awe. A dreamy mysticism spread over his being and mixed with the original fire of his soul.

In such moments music was the only language of his thoughts. As David once called down his God with the sound of harp, the youth soared up in the streams of harmony to the regions of heaven. Then he thought of becoming a church-composer—"Laus tibi Domine," as he had sung when a boy. But as the church music which he had known till then did not correspond to the fervour of his religious feelings, he dreamed of creating a "holy music,"[1] which would express all he bore so hotly in his heart and could not find in the church pieces of the day.

At this time the young man had gained a friend who understood and sympathized with the mystic convulsions of his soul. This friend was Christian Urhan, an eminent and variously cultivated artist, who, considerably older than Liszt, by his original and mysterious being, combined with religious enthusiasm, and æsthetic tastes, exercised a lively attraction over the latter, and nourished his musical-religious dreams.

Christian Urhan was born at Montjoie, near

[1] "Gazette musicale de Paris," Franz Liszt, by J. d'Ortigne. 1834.

Aix-la-Chapelle, and brought up as a musician.[1] In early youth he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the Empress Josephine, who gave him the means of a higher musical education in Paris, under Jean François Lesneur. At the time of his sympathetic intercourse with Liszt he played the viola at the Great Opera, and at the same time was organist of St. Vincent de Paul. His favourite instrument was neither viola nor organ, but the *viola d'amour*,[2] an instrument exceedingly difficult of handling, and which, through the tones that can be elicited from it, through the long-resounding and faintly dying chords and arpeggios, for which it is peculiarly appropriate, and through its soft, melancholy *timbre*, allures more than any other to mysteriously romantic dreams—and that was the style which Urhan cultivated with the greatest predilection. He had a veritable passion for the seraphic sounds which could be drawn from this instrument, but which only *he* could elicit from it. A catholic Christian and reli-

[1] 1845.

[2] The viola d'amour is larger than the viol, and has seven catgut strings, the three deepest of which are spun over with silver wire. Tuned to harmonize with these strings there run under the finger-board and frets seven others in metal, which are only drawn into sympathetic resonance by the waves of sound and give back a mysterious echo. The flageolet-tones of the viola d'amour, particularly, have a fabulous sweetness and charm.

gious enthusiast, he melted his religious turn of mind into these sounds, which, for him, were spirits with which he held mystic conference. Urhan was not only a master on the viola d'amour, he was also inventive. The nightly whispering with his spirits inspired him with harmonies of supernatural colouring and tones of religious ecstasy.

No wonder that his viola d'amour excited attention in Paris, and that they wished to hear in the concert-hall the new effects he drew forth from his instrument, and which, moreover, no Parisian musician knew how to play. His name is frequently met with in the French concert reports of that day, mostly in connection with the Frenchman Hector Berlioz, of the musical romantic school, who was then making way for a new musical era which the romantic Urhan joined. Though diametrically opposed to each other, they were comprehended "in the most perfect unity." "What Berlioz is in the realm of Satan," said they, "Urhan is in the angelic kingdom." Berlioz never gives his May-festival,[1] but Urhan's Æolian harp is heard accompanied by angel tears.[2]

[1] Berlioz generally gave his concerts in May, which may have led the reporters, referring to his wildly romantic tendency, to play upon the "Maifest" on the Blocksberg.

[2] Journal Cecilia, 1837. Paris, January, 1837.

The melancholy *timbre* of the viola d'amour, the peculiar charm which Urhan's playing gave to and elicited from it, was also recognized by Meyerbeer, who never allowed any effect to escape him which might be useful for his operas. The viola d'amour part of the Romance of Raoul in the first act of the Huguenots—the first indeed in any opera-score—had been composed for Urhan by Meyerbeer.

Urhan was known not only as an artist, but also as a singularity, and his mystical tendency was patent alike in the musician as in the Christian. They knew through all Paris that he tried to escape the temptations to which he was exposed in his vocation of violinist at the opera; they knew that, though at every ballet of the great opera he always stood at his violin stand, his eye had never seen a ballet—he kept it bent as long as the performance lasted.

This was the musician with whom young Liszt preferred to have intercourse. Urhan's romantic mysticism and the musical tastes allied to it, corresponded, and were therefore sympathetic with, the present state of his mind and fancy. Kindred strings vibrated here and there. The seraphic sounds and the arpeggios which seemed to come floating from another world were echoes of his own feelings; what he had dreamed at the piano approached him

now still more spiritually expressed by that instrument. In this mutual inclination for supernatural sounds each elevated the other, only that in Liszt—the genius—this incipient inclination, not free from unhealthy romanticism, raised itself with time to purified religious feeling; while in Urhan—the talented—the mist of mystical dreaming, remained unconquered. Liszt's religiously glorified harmonies of later periods of his life can be traced to this period, when the divine was victorious over his earthly love. They had their origin in the mysteries of sorrow and heavenly yearning.

Urhan, however, was not only a practical musician, he was also a composer, and took a lively part in the questions of the principles of art. His fancy and thought were as romantic as the direction of his mind, and, in conjunction with his time, he unfolded views which were free from the formal constraint of the classical school, and inspired by the ferment which appeared in those days in every spiritual domain; and in that of art called forth principles which sought new ways of progress in opposition to the purely conservative notions of his predecessors. His compositions[1] Urhan called "Auditions," a designation which, like many

[1] They appeared in print at Richault's, in Paris, and were very famous in their day, particularly Two Romantic Quintets, Two Romantic Duets for Piano, and a Duet for Piano and Violin.

other titles, as, *e.g.*, "Elle et moi," "La Salutation Angélique," "Les Regrets," "Les Lettres," and others, had reference to his subjective and romantic tendency. His views concerning music, behind which, however free they might be, his religious tendency always showed through—as well as Beethoven's last quartets—made young Liszt acquainted with the germinating ideas of a new epoch of art. Ideas, indeed, which wrought under the veil of anticipation, but accorded with the youth's presages and dreams of a "holy music" to be created by him. So Urhan became the friend to whom he poured forth unconstrainedly his thoughts and feelings, by whom he was understood as a Catholic, a Christian, and an artist, whereby the mysticism of the elder man touched him sympathetically, and strengthened the exuberance of his present state of feeling.

At that time Liszt passed the greater part of his time in church, and many a friend, and many a stranger who came to visit the young but famous artist, was sent away by Madame Liszt, "because her son was at church." He was there almost always, and no longer occupied himself with music, she is said often to have added.[1]

[1] Compare W. von Lenz, "The Great Pianoforte Virtuosos of our Time," p. 8. Berlin: E. Bock. 1872.

Such statement, however, was not the case; he also, though extremely seldom, appeared in public, as we see from a concert announcement of that time, according to which he played at an extra concert of the Conservatoire, Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major. In general it appeared as though only secular music were dumb and soundless within him; and yet when, as here, a particular incitement was offered, his heart grew warm, and the inborn flashes glittered and sparkled!

W. von Lenz, afterwards Russian Councillor of State and Beethoven's biographer, speaks of this. He was at that time (in the autumn of 1828) studying in Paris, and it was he who drew Liszt's attention to some of the pianoforte compositions of Karl Maria von Weber, which till then had been strangers to him. Weber's music, it is true, had already reached Paris, but only in the mutilated form of the "Freischütz," which had been put on the Paris stage by Castil-Blaze and Sauvage, and re-christened "Le Robin des Bois, ou Les Trois Balles."[1] Liszt

[1] This arrangement of Castil-Blaze and Sauvage is not to be confounded with that of the "Freischütz," by H. Berlioz. The former was represented December 7, 1824 (Théâtre royal de l'Odéon), the latter at the beginning of the following decade. Lenz ("Die grosen Pianoforte-virtuosen") put these words into the mouth of Liszt, in his delight with Weber: "And I will give you lessons *for the first time in my life*," which, as I have clearly shown, is not to be taken literally.

was acquainted with several other pieces for the piano by this master: the sonatas in E sharp and A flat major, the concert piece. He had already known them in Vienna[1] through Frau Cibbini, the daughter of Leopold Kozeluch, who had been appointed imperial director of the band in Mozart's place (1792), and had played them at that time as finger exercises; but he had as yet no sentiment for the flowery romanticism of Weber, nor were the representations of "Robin des Bois" calculated to awaken any; and so he had made no intimate acquaintance with them. Now came to him the Russian W. von Lenz to take some lessons on the pianoforte. He was wholly given to Weber. Through him Liszt for the first time saw "L'Invitation à la Valse." With what intenseness he ran through the notes, with what a fiery enthusiasm he seized and immediately worked up Weber's thoughts, relates Von Lenz, to whom it was something unprecedented to see "how one genius looks at another." From that time and for ever Weber belonged to Liszt's favourites: to him the latter often spoke in the concert-hall with a tongue of fire.

Though during the periods of his exaggerated

[1] According to W. v. Lenz's assertion Liszt at that time knew nothing as yet of Weber's compositions for the pianoforte, which, however, is an error.

religious feelings, moments such as we have just described were only exceptional, they prove at least that he was not at all alienated from secular music. His religious mood absorbed only the sympathy for materials approaching from without. At that epoch of his life it was so exclusive that the contact with the world was as a finger which violently strikes an open wound. And yet he could not entirely shut himself from it. In the letters already mentioned Liszt expressed himself concerning that time—

> Poverty, that old mediator between man and evil, tore me from my solitude, devoted to meditation, and often placed me before a public on whom not only my own but my mother's existence depended. Young and overstrained, I suffered painfully under the contact with external things which my vocation as a musician brought with it, and which wounded me all the more intensely that my heart was entirely filled with the mystical feelings of love and religion.

His youthful form was not equal to the mental agitations the separation from Caroline had occasioned, the struggle of renunciation connected with it, and the religious fervour of his soul. To this his irregular kind of life contributed; he fell ill. A nervous crisis came on which seemed very critical. All the vital powers appeared to be exhausted, and to refuse to lend activity to mind and body. He fell into a state similar to that of his childish years; his strength declined daily. Nevertheless he

dragged himself along, urged on by a feeling of duty to his mother, and gave his music lessons, but often broke down from weakness.

His strength declined gradually, till at length he could no longer leave the house. He drew himself away from life: no one dared approach him; he *would* be alone, and when his mother, thinking to draw him from this state, allowed his friends to enter, he shut himself up completely, and avoided even her. For weeks she only saw him at table, where he sat opposite her in silence, his sunken eyes fixed on one spot.

As they saw him no more in Paris, and even his friends heard no more of him, he was, as once in Raiding, declared dead; and though there was no busy, zealous carpenter to make a coffin for him, the report of his death was so widely spread, and accompanied with so much sympathy, that the "Étoile" thought it necessary to dedicate an obituary notice to him. It appeared about the beginning of the winter, 1828, and runs thus:

DEATH OF YOUNG LISZT.

Young Liszt died at Paris. At an age when most children have not yet thought of school, he had already succeeded with the public. At nine years of age, when other children can scarcely stammer, he improvised on the pianoforte to the astonishment of masters, and yet they called him "le petit Litz,"

seeking to attach his name to that childish gracefulness from which he has never passed. The first time he improvised at the opera, they made him go the round of the boxes and galleries, where he was caressed by all the ladies; in their naïve admiration, suited to the age of the artist, they could think of no better reward than kisses and burnt almonds, and offered bonbons with one hand, while the other played with his fair silky hair.

This extraordinary boy increases the list of precocious children who appear on the earth only to vanish like hothouse plants, which bear magnificent fruit but die from the exertion of bringing them forth. Mozart too, who like Liszt astonished by his precocity, died at the age of thirty-one, but he bought some years of life by so many sufferings, and so much sorrow, that an earlier death would perhaps have been a blessing for him.

If we consider all the dangers to which talent is exposed, all the monsters which surround genius, persecute it incessantly, and accompany it to the last step; when we consider that every success awakens envy, and while it makes mediocrity blush, goads on intrigue, we shall perhaps find that it was more fortunate for the flower to fade than to await the storms which possibly might later, fall on and devour it.

Till now young Liszt has only had admirers; his age was a shield which turned every arrow aside. "He is a child," they said, at every success, and envy yielded to patience. But had he grown older, had the divine spark which inspired him been more developed, then they would have sought for failings, then they would have reviled his merits, and who knows, might have poisoned his innermost life. He would have learned the caprices of power, the injustice of might; he would have been oppressed by the rough attack of unworthy and hateful passions; whereas now, wrapt in his shroud, he begins anew the sleep of childhood, and perhaps slumbers with the yearning to continue the dream of yesterday.

The event is painful, not for his father, who went before him a year ago, but for his family whose name he began to make famous; painful for us, for whom no doubt he would have opened a new spring of musical impulse and joy. *We* also mourn his loss, and unite with his family in lamenting his early death.

After the appearance of this notice the shop windows often exhibited the young man's portrait, over which was written: "Né le 22 Octobre, 1811, mort a Paris, 1828." His mother heard of this with terror and grief. It seemed to her a fatal presage. Franz heard it too, but without emotion—his apathy had reached the highest point. Those were mournful, suffocating days for the poor mother. This state had already lasted several months, and the physician feared that the exhaustion would end in rapid consumption. But better things were to come: his thoroughly sound organs reacted at last.

The apathetic state in which the youth had been for weeks was more properly speaking a crisis, during which his over-excited nervous system reposed insensibly: his nature had paused of itself for refreshment, and when it had reached its aim, the exhaustion diminished, though slowly, and, in proportion, as it decreased his activity and sympathy for life returned.

He began to read again, the visitors were less often sent away, and now and then he was seen in a *salon*.

It was during Liszt's apathetic state that W. von Lenz visited him. He describes him as a haggard, pale-looking young man, with infinitely attractive features. Lenz found him

in profound meditation, deeply absorbed, lying on a sofa that stood between three pianos; but Lenz errs in saying he was smoking from a long pipe, for at that time he had not begun the habit; he was lying immovable. Not the least sign betrayed whether he observed the stranger or not. Only when the latter chatted to him about musically interesting things did he become attentive and smile; but the smile came suddenly, brightening his face for a moment, and vanished as suddenly, like the "flashing of a dagger in the sun," as Lenz says.

The period of convalescence lasted till the time of the July revolution.

III.

PERIOD OF CONVALESCENCE.

[Paris, 1828, till the July Revolution.]

I. FERMENT. Chateaubriand's "René." World-sorrow. Religious doubts. Awakening thirst for knowledge. Worldly dispositions. Play and opera. Italian music.
II. ARTISTIC ACTIVITY.

I.

"Un instinct secret me tourmente."—*René.*

AT this time Liszt began to turn his mind to varied reading. The books which covered his table were religious, corresponding to his spiritual state; but among them were some which united religion and worldly life in the form of romance. First among these were the writings of Chateaubriand, the French author who, at the beginning of our century, rose in France the champion of Catholicism against the "arrogance of philosophers" and the infidelity of the *beau monde*—against Voltaire and worldlings of Voltaire's school.

Although a quarter of a century had passed since Chateaubriand's work, "Génie du Christianisme" (1802), had made an epoch in the world, and other necessities than those of religion had set up their claims, still it had by no means lost its influence. Although it did not work so universally or so immediately as in those mournful days of its appearance, so strongly contrasting with it, and thereby giving it a peculiar splendour, when it shone like a meteor over the churches, closed by atheism, yet it did not live by the might of past days alone: it was still the same to younger generations. The Chateaubriand worship, which had developed itself during the epoch of the Restoration, and the high priestess of which was the world-famed beauty, Madame Récamier, was not yet extinct, and still exercised its influence on the rising generation.

It was the famous second episode of the "Génie du Christianisme," especially the romance of "René," which played an important part in the history of French development, the character of which is mirrored in the cognomen applied to it by the French. Placing it beside Goethe's "Werther," they called it the "French Werther," an appellation, however, which can have no reference to the respective worth of two such different nations, or to the works

which influence them. "René" is the most perfect epos of world-sorrow. Herein—in the feeling—the "ennui de la vie," and the external influence allied to it, and exercised by both works on their contemporaries, — herein, lies the resemblance.

As "Werther's Leiden" in Germany, so "René" in France had conjured up the dissonances of the world-sorrow, gradually created by the times to a fashionable malady, and by its poetic glorification had planted a poisonous weed instead of a sprig of life, not only in the literature but also in the minds of youth. Chateaubriand's exclamation, "If it were possible to destroy René, I would do it!" came too late. The circumstances of the time which gave free passage to the extravagance of fantastic feeling and to the empty judgment of youthful self-sufficiency, unfolded the dangerous plant to a tree under which the young, and particularly artists and poets, lay down and held their siesta. The splendour of language prevailing in "René," the novelty of the pictures and situations, the passionately melancholy *timbre* of the outbursts of feeling, the enthusiastic bias of faith steeped in a glow of poetry, even the dogmatic sophisms wrapped in poetic colours, which sententiously move through the book, had mocked at all the suggestions of logic

and of reason. Its spirit—towards the year 1830—still lived; it was the breviary of romantic youth, who intoxicated themselves with its essence, filled with the mysticism of love and of religion, without suspicion that they were drawing in a mental poison.

Liszt, too, gave himself up to the fantastic charm of this book. It is said to have been his exclusive reading for whole months. It was even said he had perused it so often he knew it by heart. This great preference for René shows the depth of the sympathetic echoes which the book awakened. The end of the novel particularly, delineating the conquest of passion by religion, must have deeply touched him by recalling the love sorrows he had so lately gone through himself. He also had sought in religious belief the strength which heals the pain of renunciation. That Amélie, the heroine of the book, took the veil, and ended her days in devout exercises and deeds of Christian charity may also not have passed him without a trace. Her words describing the blessings of a convent life, arising from the fact "that religion gives a kind of glowing chastity in the place of passionate love, and purifies our sighs," were truths which he could believe himself to have experienced.

The thoughts of the book, the meditations on

the decline of men and of races, attracted him still more than the romance. His mind, so susceptible for the sorrows of humanity, felt itself at home in the dissonances which René's restless musings piled up. He plunged, too, into the many contradictions of the passionate and lofty nature of the hero, into his desires and contempt of the world, into his seeking after the ideal of existence and disappointments — contradictions which his own excited fancy received eagerly and reproduced within itself. At that period he could be enraptured at the ecstasies of St. Theresa and even admire suicide as a great and heroic deed.

In this lies essentially the influence which "René" exercised on young Liszt. It opened for him the door of world-sorrow. Even though his nature was too healthy for him to yield to it, yet the influences of that sickly time were too great for *him*,—a nature so ideally and lyrically gifted,—to withdraw himself from them entirely. The state of his health, too, which yet suffered from the after-breath of the illness through which he had gone, met the world-sorrow half way. "Un instinct secret me tourmente." These words of "René," half world-sorrow and half revelation of the mystic state in which the lyrist especially wanders, became for him a Sphinx which explained his own enigma; it

penetrated into his fancy and into his thoughts, it followed him continually. "Un instinct secret me tourmente" became the motto for his own yet uncomprehended heart, the watchword for contradictions, world-sorrow, and religious doubts.

The latter rose up within him he scarcely knew how. Was it "René" which, like the whole work of which it formed an episode, in spite of its poetic wrappings, could not conceal the author's own scepticism? Was it the awakening of independent thought? Was it his friends who sought to draw him from his musings and his solitude, and held before his religious zeal and his faith the maxims of philosophers? Was it the return of his bodily health which reacted against his enthusiastic and inactive frame of mind? Doubts arose within him, worldly feelings awoke!

Until then no drop of that life-impelling and yet destroying poison, doubt, had fallen into the youth's heart, and into his surrender of himself to religion. With childish belief he had accepted the tenets of the Church, and submitted to her forms. The mystically poetic worship of Catholicism had become for his nature a speech which had mingled, as it were, with the sounds of his music without limit or line of separation. No shadow of scepticism had

yet disturbed him, and now a storm arose within him altogether opposed to the dithyrambic character of his former worship, and made him feel the discord of the human spirit, called by our poet, "two souls in one breast." But only for a moment could doubt arise within him—his was no Faust nature. Awakening Reason lay concealed under his doubts, and she does not detach herself from faith, but only examines its foundations; though here, in the first outpouring of her expression, she allowed herself to be led by the Encyclopedists. His doubts were a momentary blind reaction against his blind belief, a healthful opposition to the superabundance of his religious feeling—the core of his heart remained untouched by them.

Not only religious feelings, in opposition to each other, stormed through him at that moment; others, too, and unknown, rushed over him, drawing after them a host of thoughts till then strangers. Democratic friends, full of the questions of the time, called his separation from Caroline a robbery perpetrated by aristocratic arrogance belonging to a whole caste of society—views which he willingly accepted, and which won him for the democratic and socialistic ideas of the July revolution, now already peeping over the shoulders of those days. Enthusiasm for a state of things to be newly

created came over him, in which were stamped the feelings of the opponent of different ranks which elevated his self-consciousness as an artist and as a man. His Ego was filled with noble pride. Though he could not yet free himself from a feeling of irritation against the aristocracy for the insult he had suffered, this pride raised him above it and united with his strivings for inner perfection.

With this enthusiasm for a new state of things was combined a violent thirst for knowledge and what till now, in consequence of his exclusively artistic career, had lain fallow—he clamoured for education. He wished to know—*know* everything; but as on this side he had received no previous schooling, and the thirst for knowledge burst forth like an explosion, there could be no regular development. He ran from one style of reading to another, and laid hold of the most contradictory things without any plan. This caused great confusion. To this time belongs the frequently related anecdote, according to which, being once in company with Monsieur l'Avocat Crémieux, often mentioned in the French history of that time, and who had just then removed to Paris, he rushed up to him with the exclamation: "Monsieur Crémieux, apprenez-moi toute la littérature française!" Whereupon the latter

answered : " Une grande confusion semble regner dans la tête de ce jeune homme."

The desire for knowledge led him to a course of reading in which, as already signified, extremes met. Secular and religious writings, the weightiest and the most frivolous, found an echo within him. The sceptical writings of Montaigne lay in chaotic confusion near Lamennais' " Defence of Catholicism ; " the works of Voltaire near those of Lamartine ; writings of St. Beuve, Ballanche, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and many other authors, most of whom were of deep significance for the history of the times and of cultivation, for religion and the poetic literature of France, all had a place on his shelves. Wherever he thought to find a light, thither he turned. He felt continually as if something great and new must reveal itself. His soul was full of presage. He often sat up half the night reading, and sought peace without finding it, thrown hither and thither by the most varied impressions. The " un instinct secret me tourmente " still remained unsolved.

It could not be otherwise than that his moods and habits were affected by these wavering impressions. The former became more changeable—now boldly elevated, then again utterly depressed, violently effervescing or silent and gentle : under all as it were a burning fire,

and over all a mightily moving and yet unveiled spirit-world.

This change of mood affected his habits. If they had been irregular before his illness for want of a guiding hand, they were so now from this sovereignty of mood: it was that which ruled. His heart had been tuned to another key, and as a man, so also as an artist, he was open to secular impressions. He no longer passed his time so exclusively in church; as passionately as he had formerly visited it, he now frequented the theatre. It is characteristic of the tendency of his spirit to new directions that his favourite piece was "Marion Delorme," by Victor Hugo; the piece which a literary historian[1] has called "the grandmother of the Boulevards-Magdalens ennobled by lofty feeling." For a long time he was frequently seen in the pit of the theatre, Porte St. Martin, where it was performed.

He was also attracted to the opera-house: an artistic and sympathetic intercourse with a *spirituelle* dilettante, Madame Goussard, who had a great preference for Italian music, had drawn his attention to it. When, in the winter of 1829–30, Rossini's "Wilhelm Tell" was first performed, he could not find words to express his enthusiasm. But it was not alone the music,

[1] Rudolf Gottschalk, "Litterarische Characterköpfe."

beautiful and stirring as it is, which had such a captivating effect on him; the subject of the opera—Wilhelm Tell, the hero and deliverer of the oppressed—also awoke his admiration.

The exclusive dominion of his worldly-excited mood, however, only lasted a short time. Quickly coming and as quickly passing away, it was a counterstroke to his dreamy irritated feelings, which brought them back to a firmer equilibrium. He was soon drawn to more serious and weighty things. The religious sentiment was too mighty within him, and too much a part of his inmost nature, to be easily supplanted by doubt and worldliness. Stormily it stepped again into the foreground; his divinely fervid yearning, his striving after inner nobleness, continued their flight and their work, but they were no longer so isolated from life as they had been; they took a direction which bore the attributes of the spirit of the time, and were mingled with worldliness.

II.

Artistic occupations. Repugnance to concerts. Beethoven's music in Paris. General artistic taste in that city. Errors. Liszt plays Beethoven Concerto in E flat major. His "Fiancée Fantasia."

Liszt's musical activity in public had not been very eminent during the whole of his illness, and up to the end of the epoch of the Restora-

tion. On the one hand, he was too much under the influence of his physical development; on the other, his inner life was at that stage when man feels himself an enigma; when, neither waking nor dreaming, and yet both, he gives himself up vehemently yet timidly to an unbounded desire, seeking and yearning after the ideal and the spiritual, and appears rather an enthusiast than an active power. At this time Liszt's music as a study fell into the background. His repugnance to exercising it publicly, too, increased violently, and often kept him from it. His inborn feeling of the dignity of an artist already suffered bitterly, though it was more world-sorrow, originating in reflection, than from the struggle for existence. The chasm was gradually opening between his ideal of art, his consciousness as an artist, and the general and prevailing artistic taste and practice.

Liszt himself characterizes this chasm in the following words:

> When death had robbed me of my father, and I began to foresee what art *might be* and what the artist *must be*, I was pressed down, as it were, under all the impossibilities which, everywhere and from all sides, opposed me in the road which my thoughts had indicated. Moreover, finding nowhere a sympathetic word from one likeminded with myself; not among the people of the world, still less among artists slumbering in comfortable indifference, who knew nothing of me nor of the aims I had placed before me, nothing of the powers with

which I was gifted—a bitter disgust came over me against art, such as I saw it: vilified to a more or less profitable handiwork, stamped as a source of amusement for distinguished society. I would sooner be anything in the world than a musician in the pay of great folk, patronized and paid by them like a conjurer or the clever dog Munito.[1]

Though these words were written several years later, at a time when he began to thrust away the world-sorrow, and it was rather the bitterness of experience which boiled within him, they depict better than any description the interior and exterior situation of the young artist. They testify also his failing faith. The later motto of his artist life, "Génie oblige," as Christian ideality requires, and the New Testament parable of the talents declares with such imperishable beauty, did not yet stand like a divine command, victorious and shining, on his brow. The reproducing artist was for him the dog Munito.

Yet, however strongly this weariness of art might have taken possession of him, he could not altogether withdraw himself from the public exercise of it. His outward circumstances led him again and again to the aristocratic *salons*, and drove him ever and anon to the concert-hall, from which, for the most part, he returned with new wounds. His programme was generally the cause of this. He frequently played

[1] Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften," vol. ii. Letters, No. 2.

works of Beethoven, Weber, Hummel, in which choice he did not satisfy the prevailing superficial taste of the time. They never failed to remark that the piece had been "very badly chosen." Such expressions wounded him deeply. His belief in the beauty and truth of the direction in art upon which he had entered, in spite of his youth, was unchanging; he might indeed be led into error, but never would he be removed from the path he had chosen.

It has already been mentioned that Liszt, when scarcely more than seventeen years old, had played Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major in public. At the present day it would scarcely deserve a special remark; then, however, it was an eminently artistic performance. W. von Lenz relates very prettily what an impression it made upon him when, in November, 1828, a stranger in Paris, sauntering along the Boulevards, he read among the playbills of the day, in thick gigantic letters on a bright green ground (*la couleur distinguée* of that time in Paris) the announcement of an "extra concert to be given by M. Listz at the Conservatoire," with the Concerto in E flat major at the top. He was just about to seek Kalkbrenner to engage him as a master, but from this announcement he decided that the player in public of any one of Beethoven's concertos for piano

must be a "Tausend Sappermenter," and so, instead of going to the former, he drove to M. Listz.

Beethoven was, at that time—in Paris and elsewhere—scarcely more than a name. He had, indeed, closed his eyes in death, but his will was yet unsealed. Only here and there an eminent artist recognized his importance. How far from him even cultivated and famous musicians were at that time appears from the circumstance that when A. F. Habenek, the director of the *concerts spirituels*, wished to make an attempt to introduce into these concerts the compositions of the great virtuoso, and for this purpose the Symphony in D sharp was tried, Rudolf Kreutzer, the first violinist—he to whom Beethoven dedicated the Kreutzer-Sonata —so called after him—held his hands to his ears and ran out of the hall, calling to Habenek, "For heaven's sake, dear friend, spare us such barbarous bungling!" Even Cherubini said of Beethoven's later works, "Cela me fait éternuer."

No wonder that, with such a judgment on the part of eminent musicians, the larger public still stood far off from this master. Having sat for several decades under the playful sceptre of Rossini, they were delighted in the concert-hall with piano music of Kalkbrenner, Herz, Pixis, Pleyel, and contemporaries of the same

stamp. No pianist would have ventured to stand up for the German master. With few exceptions they avoided his compositions, with which no applause was to be earned, and which, in their eyes, only gave troublesome and thankless labour to the pianist.

Liszt, with his wonderful love in his heart already as a boy, smuggled them into the concert-hall, but mostly under the protecting cover of a popular name; or else he quoted the composer, but hung his work with ornaments of his own, which he wound round the earnest simplicity of the harmonics and melodies. This boyish trick assured in some degree the plaudits of the multitude to Beethoven and to himself. The applause was useful to him, for not only is such a token on the part of the multitude the only guarantee of a virtuoso's outward existence; the love of approbation, in the youthful aspirant especially, is the miraculous talisman which excites him to deeds and awakens a noble and manly ambition. The cheers of the concert-hall at the right time are to the virtuoso a something that spurs on his powers, mounting him for the moment on the poet's Pegasus; if it be wanting, his pinions are bound. Liszt needed it in a double sense, but his mind being directed to the lofty and the noble, he could not possibly attempt to win it

by methods entirely opposed to his nature, to his whole being; so he created himself an expedient, without remarking into what a sidepath of art he had turned. Not only Beethoven, Weber, too, and Hummel, and others, were obliged to submit to his additions and alterations to please the public; so the boy Liszt, in his earnest zeal to serve art, committed an error.

In what way Liszt executed Beethoven's Concerto in E flat major at that time, whether true to the notes or ornamented, can no longer be ascertained; but it is a fact that he was the *first and only* pianist who had the boldness to play it publicly in Paris at a period when neither artists nor public knew how to appreciate the German master. Liszt's artistic feelings were in advance of his day.

On the whole, there is little to be reported of his activity as a pianist at that time. As a composer, too, he preferred silence: only one of his writings falls into this period. According to a remark of his contemporary d'Ortigne, he composed several, but gave but one to the world—his fantasia on the Tyrolienne from Auber's opera, "La Fiancée," which latter appeared on the Parisian stage in the same winter that Marion Delorme was practising her charms on the young artist. It is an expression of his

pêle-mêle mood at that time, and not an indication of his general inclinations and the tendency of spirit which ruled him at the period of his convalescence. D'Ortigne says of this fantasia on the Tyrolienne from the opera "La Fiancée," that it displays a mock earnestness and Byronic spirit, and is coquettish and brilliant in Herz's manner.[1]

[1] This fantasia, which appeared in Paris at that time—published by Troupenas—was afterwards several times worked up by Liszt and printed by Pietro Mechetti in Vienna. In this edition it is marked as Opus 1 in place of the Douze Études, Opus 1, which had been withdrawn.

IV.

THE REVOLUTION.

[Paris, 1830.]

Outbreak of the Revolution. Liszt's enthusiasm. Awakening energy. Plan of a *Symphonie revolutionnaire*. The spirit of the time.

The period of the Restoration was approaching its full, and the time in history was at hand which was to shake violently to its inmost being that energetic yet calm development which the state and spirit life of France, supported by a succession of brilliant yet genuine minds, had, during this period, begun to assume. Yet life in the world's metropolis wore its famed physiognomy beaming with joy, on the surface of which nothing of the inner disquietude could be read. Salvandy was right when, at a ball in the royal palace, he uttered the words that have since become historical: "They were dancing on a volcano."

Rich streams of mental wealth had spurted

forth all together in France such as scarcely any other land, before or after, had ever possessed in so great a measure and pressed into so short a span of time. Historical researches, political economy, and philosophy, in all their branches, partly impelled, deepened, and widened by Germanic studies, were in the full march of continued development—in full march, also, it is true, of opposition to the struggles of the younger generation striving after the unchaining of individual power, whose mental productions, full of restlessness, eagerness, and varied phases of feeling, bore in them the ideas of humanity and freedom which characterize the eighteenth century, ideas transformed by romantic fancy into poetic ferment. Although in these divergent signs of intellectual activity all the presages of the great revolution awaiting France were clearly discernible, it was scarcely to be anticipated that these mental struggles, affecting rather the soul than the body, should evolve a catastrophe so important for the destiny of France, and, like a sudden explosion, upheave the practical life of an excitable and enthusiastic nation.

The hot French blood, with the sanguine ingredients peculiar to it, needs but a trifle to effervesce. The firebrand, in this instance, was snatched from the furnace of politics, in the

shape of the tension and ill-feeling which Charles X. and his ministry had called up among the *bourgeoisie.* The initiated, whose glance had pierced behind the side-screens of political affairs, might have been right when they affirmed that English gold had contributed more powerfully than the ill-feeling which prevailed between the king and the nation to the outbreak of July, which, by occupying the French in their own land, tended to hinder a treaty between Russia and France, by which Constantinople was promised to the one and the left bank of the Rhine to the other. The unselfish day-dreamer only saw in the misunderstanding between Charles X. and the nation the approach of the time when people no longer danced on the volcano itself in fiery eruption, when bayonet met bayonet, and, to use the party watchwords, "the sovereignty of the people" fought against "Divine right."

That was the moment which drove all traces of his childhood's slumbers from the eyes of Liszt, at that time not yet nineteen years old. He had given himself up to thought and feeling, and now his ears were saluted by the thundering of the cannon and the tocsin summoning to action.

"C'est le canon qui l'a guéri," his mother was wont to say when, in after years, she re-

lated these events. Till then he had been more a dreamer than a man of action, and now, all at once, that side of his nature came into play which converted feeling, thought, and will in a moment to action, just as in later years he fought manfully in the battle-field of art. The Magyar nature awoke which, so early withdrawn from home influences to the smooth world-soil of Paris, till then appeared to have lost all traces of existence. The call to arms aroused the hot Hungarian blood. He would rush to the barricades, and fight for the supposed cause of humanity, for God's oppressed, suffering creatures, for the people, for the nation's rights, for freedom, and, if need be, die for them! With difficulty his mother succeeded in keeping him back and checking his excitement. At that moment he was all Magyar—hot-blooded, high-minded, enthusiastic!

The young artist lay under the enchantment of the heroic deeds of the "great week." He shouted with the French youth in praise of the silver-haired "genius of liberty of two worlds," the aged General Lafayette, when he bore the people's banner against tyranny; he was inspired by the exploits of the heroes of the barricades—the people who, victoriously defying the cannon and the bayonets of royalty, had stood reverently before the artistic treasures

of the palaces; who, practising the lessons which ennobling genius should teach, displayed magnanimity towards the vanquished, and heroic courage in the hour of danger. He shared the hopeful enthusiasm of the youth of all France, and believed with them that they were standing at the entrance of a new universal order of things, which should realize all the dreams of enduring happiness, and give to man his natural rights, his political, social, and individual heritage. Visions of freedom rose before him, but instead of the sword he seized the lyre. In the midst of the clatter of arms he sketched a "Symphonie révolutionaire," the soaring ideas of which threw back their splendour, full and warm, on the youth's bold brow, radiant with thought and fancy.

The ideal plan of the symphony astonishes us by the loftiness of its contents, and the breadth of base on which the young artist meditated building it up. For he did not—as one would have expected from the character of the events with which it was connected—think of the battle-picture of the July days, of the martial courage, of the passions inseparably kindled within the breast, but, with the instinct of genius, he seized the revolutionary idea just at the point where music receives its chief share of glory among the arts. The Revolution sym-

phony was to express in music the triumphant shout of nations—not of France alone, but of all mankind who should join the pæan of joy on the restoration of fallen humanity; it should be a universal hymn of victory achieved by Christian thought on behalf of humanity and freedom.

Not only the intellectual direction of the youth is mirrored in this thought, the reflections of the time are also unmistakably visible, called up partly by the joyful echo which the effective play of the "great week" had found among the most dissimilar nations, partly also by the fantastic dreams, at that time agitating many minds, of a future fraternization of all tongues combining as one people, having one faith, one dogma, one worship.

Liszt took, as the model for his composition, Beethoven's "Battle of Vittoria," a work that has so often been accused of being the wicked ancestress of orchestral imagery. Like Beethoven, he, too, wished to render his ideas clear by definite musical themes. The work of the German master, as is known, introduces musical tones representing the eventful day of battle; the English army being denoted by the English popular songs, "Rule Britannia," "Happy land," and that of the French by the march, "Marlborough s'en va-t-en guerre." The celebration of

the victory on the side of the English is marked by the English National Anthem, "God save the king." Liszt also founded his symphony on three melodies; but as they were not to represent a battle picture, but to express the idea of a general disturbance, the melodies chosen by him differed in character from those of the "Battle of Vittoria." They were historic types of deep inward significance for which he decided. Was it a reminiscence of his childish years, the awakening of the Magyar spirit? Was it chance or conscious design? To judge from the general arrangement, it may be laid to the latter. One of the melodies was of Sclavonic origin, a Hussite song of the fifteenth century, the time when the hero Ziska led the Bohemians, animated by new religious ideas, against the hostile Imperials. The second melody was the German anthem, "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," a tune like liquid brass, glowing and firm, an eternal memento of trustful strength and faith in spite of religious oppression and external distress. The third of the harmonies was the French "Marseillaise," a march with flying rhythms and the breath of freedom, which, in the most memorable moment of modern history, became the rallying cry of the rebellion against servitude. The Marseillaise represented the Romantic element in the

youth's spiritual league of nations. Heroism, strength of conviction, and impulse for freedom — these were the Christian champions who should secure the victory of humanity, and bring peace and goodwill amongst nations.

He threw himself into his composition with the burning zeal of inspiration; but before the work was finished, the days of hopeful excitement were over, and only disappointments had arisen from the dust and ashes of the revolutionary conflagration. Then his enthusiasm changed into indignation and ill-will against the government and the opponents of the people. He left the symphony he had planned unfinished, and never resumed it again. It is possible that the artistic outlines no longer satisfied him; possible also that he could not again find himself in the right mood. The sketch of the "Symphonie révolutionaire" is lost, but a theme of a decided Hungarian stamp, knightly and defiant, passed into his "Heroic March" (D flat), as well as into his symphonetic creation, "Héroïde funèbre," in which it is worked up to the principal motive. The Marseillaise arranged for the symphony was also put by in his portfolio. The first conception became the foundation of the concerto-paraphrase for piano of the same name, published by Schuberth and Co.

It is to be lamented, for many reasons, that Liszt left his Revolution symphony unfinished. For, not to mention that it would undoubtedly have been a remarkable expression of a youthful spirit on a remarkable occasion, a judgment as to his power at that time over symphonetic means, and as to the stage of development of his artistic creative capability, has thereby become impossible. Nevertheless, the thematic arrangement of the sketch offers important data for forming an opinion, since it gives a sure insight into his general intellectual tendency. It demonstrates how deeply his spirit had already comprehended the aim of human ideality, and how much his life of thought and feeling, embracing man and artist, had, as it were, plunged into the vortex of the Revolution.

From this memorable July Liszt's manner became henceforth quite changed. He showed an increase of elasticity. Physical indisposition, the heritage of his illness, no longer unnerved him — "C'est le canon qui l'a guéri!" His sympathies and antipathies were decisive in all directions, and what till then had lain dormant within him, unsettled and unsuppressed, was now more clearly displayed. He no longer lived absorbed by his religious exercises and meditations, but stepped forth into life and placed himself with his thirst for knowledge and his

awakening impulse to action on the *terra-firma* of the world's existence—a glowing and dangerous existence.

The flame of the Revolution had not only hovered around the affairs of state, it had not only kindled political combats, its sparks flew into all the domains of intellectual and practical life. In the clerical domain as in the political, in the philosophical arena as in the poetical, on the stage of life and in the region of art, in theory as in practice—everywhere it kindled strife and passionate discord. Ultramontanes and Freethinkers, urged on by the German philosophy invented by Madame de Staël and the *savant* Cousin, Bourbonists and Orleanists, round whose brows the shade of Napoleon I. circled like an eagle, devotees of romance, no less than worshippers of the classics, began to split into parties. Watchwords of the day, as it were balls forged in the furnace of party spirit, flew like lightning hither and thither. Political and social clubs started into existence, religious societies were formed, and new ideas arose, whose aim was the happiness of humanity. A number—one might say an immense host—of eminent men formed the centre of the movement, not in combination, but each labouring in his own sphere. Here stood the statesmen and heads of the doctrinarian school, the

venerable Royer-Collard and the Protestant Guizot; there the philosopher Cousin, the investigators Jouffroy and Mignet, the metaphysician Raynaud, the "astronomer of ideas;" the poet and philosopher Quinet. Of these Guizot and Cousin, in particular, strove to prepare a place on the Gallo-Roman soil for German notions of law, thought, and feeling. Prominent, too, were the representatives of the last great spiritual combat of old France: Joseph de Maître, De Lamennais (before his apostasy), and Chateaubriand; the historians Villemain, Augustin, and Amédée Thierry; Fournel, Barante, Ampère. Nor were the poets unrepresented, the bard of liberty, Béranger, called the "nightingale with eagle's claws," [1] and side by side the religious, sentimental bard and subsequent statesman, Lamartine. At the head of the younger generation stood the romantic battering-ram, Victor Hugo; near these the representatives of the palette and the chisel: Ingres, who at that time spoke the last word of the past, Delacroix, the "inventor of dramas of colour," the poetic Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, who transplanted the romance to canvas; the sculptors P. J. David, Pradier, Rude, and others. Who could count them all, the spirits which had been busy at that time in France? A noble, shining

[1] Börne.

band, each of them a centre round which smaller intellects circled.

The movement on this world-soil found on a large scale its artistic resonance in music. On the stage reigned the genius of cheerful play, Rossini; but, besides him, Auber with his "Muette de Portici" had won a triumph which hinted at other moods than those of calm enjoyment; Giacomo Meyerbeer, too, the future ruler of the stage, already stood in the background laying the mines of later success; whilst Malibran and Sontag sang at the Italian Opera the Tournament Duet in Tancredi; and Taglioni danced tragedies at the Grand Opéra. The concert-hall at this time was the exclusive playground of fiddling, strumming, and squalling virtuosos. Habanek, however, a German, who led the orchestra at the Conservatoire, ventured to offer homage to the manes of Beethoven, and for the first time brought the symphonies of this master before the Parisians; and although Cherubini, the director of the Conservatoire, sought to wield the classical sceptre in the church, yet on the stage, in the concert-hall, he could not prevent Berlioz from already holding the door-latch of the Romantic in his hand, and the musicians would not keep just measure and tempo as they had been wont to do.

Wherever the eye might turn it saw nothing but wild confusion. New and old floated promiscuously, and human passions, tearing asunder their bonds of tradition, of morals, of reasoning moderation, were unchained alike amongst high and low. A soaring ideality, which swung on high the banner of its belief in the conquering powers of the mind and of free morality; the whims of servitude and those of a frivolous materialism, all stood in sharpest contrast beside and opposite each other—as if under the power of an eruption, the most divergent elements mixed together in new forms. The hot July days, with their sonorous play, were not only the brilliant finale of the Restoration epoch, they were at the same time a significant prelude to new currents of thought which, on the side of art, flowed towards the Romantic, as it were the earnest seeking after higher truth.

This was the ground on which the youthful Franz Liszt moved in the most important moment of his individual development; the mental air which he inhaled with an eagerness for knowledge, the elements to which he gave himself up without restraint, with a heart animated with glowing desire for full consciousness of the ideas which already lived by anticipation in his spirit. While he abandoned

himself to, and filled his veins with, the novelty which encircled him, here and there something of the surroundings penetrated to his heart, giving the direction to his views of life, and to his character as an artist and a man.

V.

THE DOCTRINES OF ST. SIMON.

[Paris, 1830—1831.]

Liszt's defective knowledge: his labours. The influence of the St. Simonians on his artistic and human development. Return of the thought of becoming a priest. Artistic change of direction.

"Liszt is no longer devout." This was said after the July Revolution in various circles of Paris—a piece of news that did not go the round without making a sensation. He was again much in high society, where he taught countesses and princesses, and gave free course on the piano to the glowing eloquence of his fantasias.

But oftener than in these circles his slender, youthful form was seen among artists, poets, and *savants*. In intercourse with them a world till then unknown to him was opened. When a boy music had predominated; his intelligence had found nourishment through it alone. In

his first youthful days he had taken religion to his heart, and closed his ear to the voices of the world. A universal, spiritual process of ferment had violently begun within him; but it had driven him into a Charybdis of reading, and only a renewed surrender to his religious meditations had delivered him from the whirlpool. And now he heard of the requirements of the day, of the time, of progressive cultivation, and of humanity, which to his nature, receiving all with the greatest excitement and fantasy, were to him the voices of nations in the wilderness. All at once he became interested not only in intellectual matters, but also in the occupations of public life. The great struggle which was to win a social victory for the middle classes—the rule of intelligence; the strivings of eminent men to attain a position in society for the aristocracy of mind as well as for universality of education; the doctrinal and the romantic, which thought to charm up new worlds from the vapoury circle of fancy; the democratic and republican principles, finally, whose feverish pulsations penetrated all these endeavours—all these things stirred him, now more, now less, like a secret and occult problem. They were not only strangers to him, he wanted —and of this he became more conscious at every step—all the previous knowledge and all

the cultivation of intellect wherewith he should be able to understand them; the want of study made itself oppressively felt.

Besides music he had worked at nothing but languages, and even those not grammatically. He had learnt to speak them on his journeys, and in this he had been aided by his quick comprehension, his remarkably sure memory, and his sharp ear, which received every accent justly; and he had made them his own as though he had studied them by rule, though he had scarcely acquired the elements through any instruction received. Of history, geography, and especially of statistics, he knew nothing. The exact sciences were still less familiar to him; besides music he professed no other attainments but such as he had found, so to speak, on the way, more by chance than design. As with his knowledge so also with the cultivation of his thinking faculties; little, however, as these had been schooled, they were quick and delicate, properties which in him were not, as in hundreds of others, the result of practice and schooling, but the lightning flash of genius, which discharges itself immediately and unconsciously at a given point.

So, without any preparation of knowledge or thought, he stood in the effervescence of the time, which rained down on the world whole

floods of the most heterogeneous ideas. It was quite natural that he did not always understand these notions; but that did not frighten him. Unwearily, and with wonderful ease, he overcame the difficulties which opposed him, and which incited him to widen and correct his faculties of knowing and thinking. Excitable as he was, a chance word, a striking fancy, was an impulse which carried him through a heap of books, too often without satisfactory result so far as his mental faculties were concerned. D'Ortigne relates [1] that especially he had read with insatiable eagerness the works of his great contemporaries.

He seized them (says he), devoured them, and read out the very heart of the writer, as it were. He perused a lexicon in the same insatiable, restless way as he would a poet; he studied Boiste and Lamartine for four consecutive hours with penetrating spirit and searching toil. Herewith, when he believed he had entered into the author's thought, he went to him to beg for a candid declaration of his ideas. But as these incitements came in crowds and from all sides, one quickly displaced the other. History, universal and local statistics, philosophy, poetry—he tried them all, if not thoroughly and systematically, at least so that the essential points did not escape him. Moreover, the impatience was not wanting which follows the simultaneous choice of many subjects, and is also peculiar to natures of great and easy excited fancy. He wished to know and to learn everything. The concert-hall, painting and sculpture, the daily press, the tribune, the professor's chair, the church—all had an equally great attraction. To-day here, to-morrow there, he sought to quench the thirst that had taken possession of him.

[1] "Gazette musicale de Paris," 1834.

At this period he heard a sect spoken of which had been formed some time before, and, apparently harmless, had held their meetings in a country house at Menilmontant, south-west of Paris, but they now began to convene large assemblies in a hall of the Rue Montigny. The members had, here and there, excited attention as eccentricities, but on the whole people took no heed to them. After the July days, however, they suddenly became the objects of great interest, especially in the artistic and literary circles. This sect was the St. Simonians. Half out of curiosity, and half from a desire for knowledge, Liszt allowed himself to be introduced to them by one of their chiefs, Monsieur Barrault, not as a member but as a guest. But soon their ideas and principles captivated him to such a degree that he not only became one of the most zealous visitors at their assemblies, he even entertained the idea of uniting himself to them as a member.

The St. Simonians did not stand at that moment on the dangerous bridge which was to conduct them rapidly to moral and social ruin. They were still on the ground of their primitive ideas, but the strife of parties through all France, one of the fruits of the July revolution, was about to engulf them in its fatal waters. At their first outset rather a social-philosophical society than a religious-socialistic sect, they were now at

that stage when their ideas of human right and human happiness had assumed the wider range of feeling and fancy, while their visions, drawn from the mysteries of Catholicism, portrayed new doctrines for the benefit of oppressed and suffering humanity. They had just arrived at that point at which, all hopeful and believing in their own day-dreams, glowing with the illusion that they stood at the entry of a new order of things, the solution of which had been delivered to them by Providence, they had conceived the notion of changing the course of human life. The proclamations originating in the over-excited and heated fancy of Père Enfantin concerning "the emancipation of the flesh" and "femme révélatrice," lay yet unveiled in the bosom of the future, and had nothing in common with the peculiar doctrines of St. Simon.

These tenets, which were subsequently worked up by his disciples to a system which was to be the foundation of a divine kingdom on earth, attracted the young musician and made him an enthusiastic adherent of the fraternity. Two points in their faith especially inflamed him and entirely captivated his heart: one concerned the practical fulfilment of the principal doctrine of Christianity, the law of universal human love, the other, the conception of art and the position assigned to it and to the artist in the

exercise of worship, and the task of mental cultivation.

In both elements, in religion and art, Liszt felt himself moved to the very centre of his being. Still warm from the lately passed period of religious extravagance which had changed to a glowing desire for a revelation of the mysteries enveloping life and the divine, this yearning took fire at the hopes and doctrines of the religious and artistic renewers of the world; his whole being was seized and turned into the paths trodden by the storming and ruling spirits of the first half of the years 1830 to 1840. The socialistic and political system of the St. Simonians, which hinges on philanthropy, moved Liszt deeply. "As the love of God to men, so is the love of our neighbour the keynote of Christianity." This was the sentence on which their theories—announcing a new kingdom of God upon earth—were based, the foundation on which the new state dreamed of by them was to raise its heaven-blest structure. Men should be happy, and ruled by the law of love, not by that of violence, or of historical right and prejudice. All-embracing, the new creed taught that all men should be united in the belief in *one* God, *one* dogma, *one* worship. The power of the individual should belong to all; the power of all to the individual. The new divine

state, too, promised to divide the burden of work with justice, to protect the people from poverty and oppression, and to remove the roughness of the lower classes by ennobling education.

These proclamations won in particular the sympathy of those minds which were sensible to the dictates of humanity, and were striving for a new order of things. Liszt's religious and ideal tendency, which already for a time had been touched by Chateaubriand's "René," had already begun to feel, with the force of a passionately excited fancy, the breach and contradiction between the ideal of the spirit and the reality of earthly existence, and, added to this, his mind, filled with love for humanity, overflowing with compassion and sympathy for the poor, the weak, and the oppressed, thought now to find the anchor cast to a shipwrecked world. With all the imagination, the energy, the belief of an artist-nature, and of upward-struggling youth, he gave himself up to the thought of a new and better order of things.

If those ideas, as the foundation of a new kingdom of God, had already disposed him enthusiastically in favour of the St. Simonians, their views of art, and the position and mission assigned thereto, worked still more strongly upon him. The lofty notions which they held

in this direction, the moral and positive position which they gave to it in religious life and in education, lent to their system at its first origin an ideal splendour and an attractive force which worked the more intensely, and particularly on artists, inasmuch as the pressure of aristocratic exclusiveness and servitude of former centuries still weighed heavily on art. Just as the intellectual antipodes of the artist, the burgher, required an admixture of democracy in political and social arrangements, so the fancies of the time required that art should be a common possession, and should receive from the state a position corresponding to its spiritual worth in the culture of the nation—requirements to which the citizen *régime* of Louis Philippe, which regarded art as superfluous, and placed it on an equality with handicrafts, was directly opposed; requirements, moreover, with which the system of the St. Simonians accorded.

According to their principles, the arts were the first and highest means which work for the attainment and maintenance of a society built on peaceful foundations. With a deep knowledge of their nature, they were to them the embodiment of religious feeling. So this philosophical system was crowned with the phrases: Religion and the arts contain the feeling of the Beautiful; Dogma and science embrace the

True; Culture and industry are the realization of the Useful.

Further, art divided itself into three principal forms in reference to dogma, culture, and religion, of which poetry and music stood in the nearest relationship to dogma, "because their inspired flight seizes presagefully the primitive thoughts and sentiments of the eternal, and pours a ray of the universal harmony into the human soul;" while the plastic arts waited on culture, and the rhetorical ones on religion.

According to this philosophically Christian comprehension of art, the latter could not have itself for its aim; it was the means to an end, its object being to render mankind more perfect in the service of religion. Therefore it was that, in the social order of the St. Simonians, the artist was ranked with the priesthood, to whom the government and the office of instruction fell.

In lawgiving and in education they recognized the clerical medium for the foundation, maintenance, and progression of their state. The artist-priest was for them an agent of the government, who by the loftiness and the depth of his thoughts, of his harmonies, as well as by his pictures and his sculptures, should awaken, foster, and mould the sympathies of the people for the beautiful and the exalted.

This ideal apprehension of the nature and mission of art, which places it next to religion, and recognizes both to be closely united, as the revelation of the Eternal, moved Liszt deeply. It coincided with his own sentiments, nay, it touched the secret experiences of his soul. In the hours of his highest soarings of devotion and of prayer, music had been the language that gave expression to his feelings; and in the moments of deepest artistic inspiration, it was in his tones that his feelings of God had been centred. He became all at once conscious of this, and it filled him with an inextinguishable sentiment that an art-mission had been confided to him.

The thought of a priestly consecration to God was not yet quite extinguished within him; though he no longer felt the necessity for separation from the world. Mightily this thought broke forth again, but, through the St. Simonian doctrines, in another direction. As a priest of the new creed he would use his art in the task of perfectioning humanity by a mediatory service of worship, which in the form of beauty awakens the feeling of the divine the most immediately, and unites it to the Eternal.

An indescribable "something," but more particularly the uncertain ground on which the St. Simonians stood, delayed the execution of this

plan. Other impressions of a purely artistic and worldly character — we mean Paganini's appearance in Paris, the ideas of the Romanticists and life itself—placed themselves in the first rank. In the meantime the St. Simonians foundered on the false consequences from which, driven on by the sickly errors of thought and feeling of the time, they could not escape. The reproaches due to enterprizes, dangerous alike to state and people, and of moral corruption, which, at the end of their existence, they called down upon themselves, time cannot wipe away; but as little can future generations disregard the ideas which, though not originally their own, were placed at the head of their system, and which they sought, with energy of feeling and of fancy, to bring before the world.

With regard to the confusion of moral ideas into which the romantic mysticism of Père Enfantin led and entangled the St. Simonians, Liszt held himself aloof. Though he could not altogether keep himself free from the sickly moral influences of that time, they came to him rather from the literary circles in which he moved at this epoch, than from his visits to the assemblies of the philosophic idealists. He had, indeed, been present when on one occasion Enfantin promulgated his confusing doctrines which, by a false consequence, not only trans-

ferred the all-embracing love of God to universal philanthropy, but also broke down the barriers of moral civilization, and translated freedom and love into licentious passion. But these notions did not call up in him any response; he received them naïvely and so let them pass. He also heard Père Enfantin's remarkable, phantastically mystic announcement of the "femme révélatrice," who would appear inspired by God and take her place near him as female pope, to confirm his revelations. He was at the assembly when, expecting the fulfilment of the prophecy, they had solemnly placed a chair near that of Enfantin and awaited this "femme révélatrice. But Liszt followed these proceedings, naïvely curious, without suspicion or criticism. His thoughts sought among the fair followers of the St. Simonians the non-appearing inspired one, as he afterwards himself related.

His inward want of experience did not foresee the consequences of these doctrines, and his heart was too little open to earthly passions for his feelings at that time to have been warmed by them. Nevertheless, it may be assumed that they removed the line between the divine reason of morality and natural passion from the arena of consciousness to that of imagination.

The religious direction of the St. Simonians, however, as well as their appreciation of art and artists, brought his own feelings into play, and gave a foundation to his views of art. That the latter is no human production, but an emanation from the Godhead, to which it in due course leads back, became for him a fundamental maxim. Though his newly formed conception of art did not attain clearness and decisiveness till two years later, from his intimate connection with the Abbé de Lamennais—which connection will be treated of in another chapter—the St. Simonian frenzies had at least moulded his thoughts. The idea of the mediatory service of the artist between God and the world assumed in his mind a tangible shape as an enduring law. He was a priest of art all his life. Never did self-interest stain his soul, nor did he even withdraw his artistic services from a noble cause, or his aid from suffering humanity. Finally, the St. Simonian endeavours to bring religion, art, and knowledge into connection with the modern ideas of humanity, and the general task of culture, awakened in him the first presage of the relationship of all arts one to another, and particularly revealed to his mind the intimate connection which exists between religion, art, and the whole world.

So Liszt's groping spirit had found a hold on several sides. His circle of vision had become wider, and new worlds had originated for him. The St. Simonian doctrines had brought him a gain not to be depreciated, and which does not lose in worth, even when we recall the fact that his nature already contained the first deposit. Referring to the value of this capital, we find it, as regards his character, in that view of genuine Christian love which would wish to see all the intricacies of life solved by means of blessed peace (*Friedselig*), as Liszt himself so beautifully says. As regards art, it is no less discernible in the democratic thought that it is here for all, humanity being ennobled thereby; that music especially has a great vocation in the task of culture, a mission yet to be fulfilled, the artist appearing meanwhile as an intermediary; and, finally, that, in consequence of this task, the true artist whom God has gifted with talent and genius must cultivate the sense of beauty within him. It is not to be denied the St. Simonians gave him timely help in his ideal expansion, and by the union which they sought to bring about between religion and life, were for him a bridge between himself and the world.

Liszt's intercourse with the St. Simonians has led many into error respecting his connections with them. Their fundamental ideas have

been confounded with their mode of putting them into practice. This misapprehension is probably due to the fact that the false consequences of their tenets were more generally known than the ideas themselves; and, on the other hand, it must be confessed that Liszt has given manifold encouragement to this opinion by personal extravagances belonging to his "Sturm und Drang" period. Moreover, the false notions which were attributed to him were a welcome means to many of his opponents of lowering the enthusiasm which the European world showed him in so many ways as an artist and a man. He had never belonged to the company as a member, he had only favoured their philosophical ideas; and when they were hurrying to their destruction, the St. Simonian idea of the priesthood had already played out its part in him. Other aims stood before his eyes. Those sources, however, have led many of his biographers into the error of calling him a "member" of this dangerous sect; an error which Gustav Shillink's biography of Liszt (1844) has also taken up, and which, at the time, induced the latter to pen the following declaration: "It is true, I had the honour," wrote Liszt, "to be the intimate friend of several adherents of St. Simonism, visited their assemblies and heard their sermons, but I never wore

the famous blue coat, still less the later uniform. I never belonged, either officially or non-officially, to the society as such, and never did them any service. Heine and several others, though compromised and compromising, were in the same case."

The taunts at Liszt's St. Simonism which Heine's writings contain, and which have materially contributed to erroneous impressions, were rather the outpourings of momentary ill-humour and personal vexation against the artist than the expression of the writer's real opinions, which he has so often expressed in his own genial and peculiar manner, as a Parisian art reporter and as a poet.

While Liszt was still occupied with the thought of the St. Simonian priestly dignity, a phenomenon of art appeared in Paris and made so overpowering an impression on him that the former thought—not to speak of the impossibility of its realization, owing to the dissolution of the St. Simonians—not only fell into the background, but vanished altogether. This phenomenon was—Nicolo Paganini.

VI.

PAGANINI.

[Paris, 1831.]

His public appearance in Paris. Artistic influence on Liszt. Liszt's Paganini essay. Paganini literature.

PAGANINI was already at the zenith of his European fame when he first set foot in the French metropolis. It was at a time when a threatening and spectral cloud hung over Paris, when the gay city, filled with terror, strewed ashes on her head, and for a moment even those passions seemed paralyzed which had been developed by the echoes of the last days of July. The Asiatic scourge, the cholera, had made its appearance, and this mysterious guest, whose fatal dart science has as yet by no means learned to avert, hovered threateningly over every head. All minds were shaken, filled with terror and dismay.

This was the occasion on which the famous Italian stepped before the Parisians, his violin

under his arm. It was on the 9th March, 1831, that the strange gaunt man with a demoniac glance stood in the hall of the Grand Opéra, before a public consisting of the *élite* of the aristocracy, and the flower of artists and amateurs. Seized by the terror of the day, excited by the strange obscurity which enshrouded the artist's career which was said to have been mysterious, possibly criminal, they awaited with rapt attention the first sound of the violin as though it would tear aside the veil. A breathless stillness reigned in the hall when, with demoniac power, Paganini's playing charmed the fancy and hearts of his hearers. They forgot the death that hovered invisibly above their heads, they thought no more of the mystery which surrounded the artist, but listened only to the tones which the wondrous being elicited from his instrument.

Never till then had they heard such playing. It sounded, to speak in the words of Léon Escudier, "ironical and mocking, like Byron's Don Juan; capricious and fantastic, like a night piece of Hofmann; melancholy and dreamy, like a poem of Lamartine; wild and glowing, like a curse of Dante; and yet soft and tender, like a melody of Schubert." Playing such as this had never before bewildered and astonished the musical world; it was spontaneity of feeling

melting into sound, and here creating itself anew; it was the peculiar Ego of the player and his innermost experiences ; it was the most lively unfolding of a dramatic picture, born of the moment, and displayed with the most striking truthfulness before the audience—a dramatic picture such as, in truth, the stage already knew through Malibran, but to which reproducing instrumental art was yet a stranger. By this style of playing the dam was broken down which kept an old world separated from a new one—the demon of inspiration stood victoriously on the neck of the smoothly formal, but vain and empty virtuososhiip.

The sensation caused by Paganini's violin would appear altogether incredible, in spite of the art annals of the generation, if, some time later, and for ten entire years, a like thrill of admiration had not been aroused by the splendid apparition of another virtuoso, and indeed carried to so high a degree, that the efforts of the former seem but a prelude to the successes of the latter. Until then no virtuoso had caused so much excitement in Paris and awakened so much enthusiasm as Paganini. Although the above-mentioned circumstances had their influence, yet the wonders of the violinist's talent, which mockingly surpassed the incredible of all former virtuosos, excited

the general fancy and carried the multitude away; musicians and even giants in art alike feeling their power. Here he inspired the sarcastic Rossini with a feeling of fear and passion, while Meyerbeer, so it is said, followed his wanderings, step by step, through northern Europe, to penetrate into the mysteries of his phenomenal talent.

Yet among the Parisian hearers of the strange Italian was a virtuoso whose all out-shining fame and splendour later on, in another form, rose all glorious and resplendent. It was the youth Franz Liszt. In listening to this playing, he felt himself touched as by a magic wand.

Charmed, stunned, yet seeing clearly at the same time, he could have cried out for sorrow and exultation. This playing! it was the vision of his soul, after which he had sought and grasped and yet could never find or seize. Now here he felt it realized before him. With kindling power it seized his artistic will.

Until then Liszt had groped and sought without any conscious aim; following the hidden impulse of his spirit, he had given place to all kinds of whims. The threads of his artistic development had been broken by his father's early death, and without any other guidance for his career than the "un instinct secret me tourmente" that pulsated within, he had given

himself up to the most varied impressions—hither, thither, without any decided aim. Now, all at once, he was led by Paganini into fixed paths and the lost thread of his development was found again. By Paganini's playing the veil had been torn away which lay between him and his artistic will. The ideas which the St. Simonians had excited within him won a form. "Thus expressed," he said to himself, "a work of art can become the *language* of culture, and reproducing art can fulfil its task. The work of art must dive into the spirit of the reproducing artist to be born anew from the glow of spontaneous feeling. The form should not sound, but the spirit speak! Then is the virtuoso the high priest of art, in whose mouth the dead letter wins life, whose lips reveal the secrets of art."

Paganini's playing had fanned the Promethean spark of his genius to a brilliant flame. That for which the poets of the time strive in their literary productions—freedom of form and of subject—he saw here in the domain of reproducing music. With all this the serious defects and onesidedness of the great violinist's capabilities and genius did not escape the youthful pianist. He measured him by the ideals of artistic culture which shone before his own eyes. Léon Escudier's brilliant description of

Paganini's playing conceals these defects, and yet by silence itself reveals them. He has sketched a rare picture of a musical virtuoso, he has drawn the contrast of the demoniacal; but the heights of feeling under which the demoniacal bends, or even into which it melts, the interior exaltation, the glorification, the divine victory, the player could not touch. Those were strings of art, that were silent under Paganini's bow, but which afterwards the hand of his successor brought out purely and with wonderful power.

Liszt felt and recognized the breach which lay between Paganini's genius and his human culture. He was repelled by the want of identity which robbed Paganini's art of its crown. He saw that its end and aim was "narrow egotism," as he afterwards, in his famous essay on Paganini, defined the latter's narrow-heartedness, avarice, and love of money. He recognized plainly the limits of the influence which Paganini exercised over him, and saw how human was the mission of the artist —a consciousness was awakened that *artistic culture is inseparable from human sympathies, that only a great man can become a great artist.* This conviction drew from his lips the proud but noble words, "Génie oblige." How deep were these impressions is yet to be seen.

With indescribable eagerness, and at the same time with exulting triumph, Liszt, after having heard Paganini, turned again to his instrument. He was seldom seen; in public, as a pianist, never. His mother alone was the silent witness of his perseverance and restless working. As Wieland, he hammered at his piano. He who, already as a boy, had climbed the Parnassus of study, now sat at the instrument often six hours a day and practised; yes, he exercised the language of his spirit, and created for it an organ of expression. To play on one note, indeed, as Paganini played on one string, was not possible. It was not that after which he sought, although he might in turn have astonished the world with one finger, for, in truth, at that time, each of his fingers was educated to become a pianist, each having attained a rapidity, independence, and firmness such as no performer had ever before possessed. It is not impossible that Paganini's sleight of hand on the string had excited him to the attainment of this dexterity, for he easily received inspiration at the hands of others.[1]

[1] How easily that was the case fell under my own observation during a visit of several days which the Meister paid me in October, 1876. I related, namely, that Louis Böhner had once played me fugues on the organ, in spite of two lame fingers. He answered nothing; but with a certain tension of the muscles of the face, he seated himself at the piano and began

The influence which Paganini exercised over Liszt, in a technical point of view, is proved by several works of the latter which dated from this time. As regards this influence, the bridge is seen which leads from Paganini's fiddle-bow to the incredible revolution which Liszt has brought about in the art of pianoforte playing.

It was at about the same time that the famous violinist first appeared in Paris that his "twenty-four Capricci per Violino solo, composti e dedicati agli Artisti," came out in print. The virtuosos laid hold of this work eagerly, thinking it might perhaps give some explanation of the author's secret. Liszt hurried through it with searching eye, and his fingers glided over

to play a difficult fugue, by Bach, with *three fingers* of each hand. The tension soon yielded to an evident satisfaction: he had tried if he could do anything similar, and having succeeded, he left off playing. This little incident shows how easily the capabilities of others excited him to try his own strength. Still the same in old age as in early youth, when the fire of eager zeal burned within him.

A short time after this little incident, Liszt had to learn that he could help himself with four fingers, even in long pieces of music, and that without the slightest prejudice to his execution. He had hurt the second finger of the left hand just at the time that he performed in public, at Vienna, Beethoven's Concerto in A flat major, and his fantasia for choir, for the benefit of the Vienna Beethoven fund. This was in March 1877, and though an old man of sixty-six, he played with a power and beauty that left everything behind, and no one perceived that all the parts for the left hand were executed without the second finger.

the notes to try the sounds. The runs, springs, arpeggios, double-stops, &c., which Paganini's bold virtuososhiip had conjured up in rich abundance, the new and strange combinations, so foreign to all preconceived notions of fingering, resisted the efforts of the young virtuoso's delicate and well-proportioned, but by no means large, hand, which, cultivated by classical piano music, could scarcely span a ninth ; but in endeavouring to gain a perfect image of the violin piece on the piano, he made the discovery that the hand of the pianist had yet much to learn. With this perception a bridge was built to new technical triumphs in the art of pianoforte playing.

The aim of this was the cultivation of wider spans and of the springing capabilities of the hand, which makes the wide grasp of new pianoforte music so opposite to the narrow chords, runs, and figures of the classical. On the one hand he increased the beauty and breadth of sound of this instrument in a marvellous degree, while on the other, he gave at the same time a fatal blow to the modern pianoforte music of his day. This was the new discovery which Liszt made through Paganini, and on the foundation of which he has created an extension of the arena of sound.

He was also led by Paganini's Capricci to a

specific addition to the riches of pianoforte music. Extending by them the power of tension of his fingers, he transferred this to the piano; but his fine feeling of the individuality of the instruments opposed his transferring them note by note, by which the character of the original must have suffered without any advantage to the piano. This manner of transfer, faithful to the notation, but without any regard to the character of the instrument, was the only one known till then. Liszt marked out a new line. While the violin image still lived within him as he had heard it from Paganini, his fancy created it anew; but instead of the violin, he supposed the piano, with the remarkable result that the violin image was converted into a pianoforte picture, the former having lost none of its originality of detail, and the latter not being constrained to a lifeless copy. On these Capricci Liszt served his apprenticeship in *transferring* from one instrument to another, whereby he found the way to, and unfolded, a new domain for the activity of musical fancy. These attempts were the first step to his magnificent transfers of orchestral works, as well as his immortal song arrangements for the piano.

These discoveries made through the violin capriccios were embodied in a work of Liszt's to

which he turned with the greatest energy. The symphony composed by Hector Berlioz, of which we shall speak in the next chapter, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste," had been executed for the second time at a concert of the Conservatoire.[1] Full of enthusiasm at this symphonetic creation, which bore the stamp of remarkable individuality in all its details, he conceived the idea of transferring it to the piano. He set himself to the work. Under this impression his rare technical capabilities seemed to awake. Feeling a full orchestra in his fingers, and bearing in his mind a faithful image of the united body of tones as well as of the separate sounds of the solo parts, his technicality grew during his work to that giddy height which till this very hour remains unattained. When the work was completed the young Wieland had built his piano. A new perspective was also opened for the transfer of orchestral works to the piano.

Thus Paganini's violin capriccios gave Liszt the first impulse towards the modern system for the pianoforte, and at the same time prompted him to enter on the territory till then unknown of transferring effects.

Although Liszt followed Paganini's skill in art and raised it, on his own instrument, to the

[1] Executed for the first time, 1830.

wonderful, it never became the aim of his life, not even in those years when men are so inclined to take empty show for sterling worth. He never treated his concert audience to mere feats of art. Kalkbrenner's sonata for the left hand (pour la main gauche principale), *e.g.*, was so hateful to him, even as a youth of seventeen, that when W. von Lenz visited him (1828), and thought to make an impression on him by playing it, he positively refused to listen. "I won't hear that. I don't know it, and I don't wish to know it!" he cried out angrily. It was not technicality *as such* that Liszt pursued, but technicality as the language of the spirit. He wished to develop it to that height of expression that it should slavishly follow and obey every, even the smallest, movement of his inner life, with him it was the *means to an end, and that end the* ADVANCEMENT OF ART.

With this principle, Franz Liszt became the first hero of modern pianoforte playing, and the founder of a new school in this domain.

If Paganini's power of invention as a violinist was, so to speak, the spark which kindled Liszt's genius as a pianist, the *human* qualities of the Italian made scarcely a less strong impression, but in a negative sense. Paganini's want of noble feeling as a man repelled Liszt,

and awakened in him an antipathy which was increased by his own generous nature, so opposite in its sympathies and feelings. His all-pervading love for humanity was touched in the rudest manner by a being so rich in talent and so poor in sentiment, in whom, as in no other musical artist, was visible the deepest contrast between the nature of the talent and the qualities of the man—liquid tenderness in the musical nature, while the instincts of the soul were dead and withered. Such a contrast could not but touch more than superficially the high-soaring spirit of a youth whose genius was at the same time seized by the artistic power of this contradictory apparition. His moral and æsthetic ugliness increased Liszt's admiration for the delicate and the beautiful, and the thought that the artist is inseparable from the man, that the two are inalienably linked together, appeared to him more forcibly than ever, and inflamed his strivings to reach also as a man what he required of himself as an artist—beauty and nobleness of spirit.

How deep and lasting in the direction already shown were the impressions he received from Paganini, appears in his Essay, which he dedicated in 1841 to the king of virtuosos, who departed this life 27th March of that year. Only one who had felt the nature of Paganini, as

regards its eminent musical gifts and its "narrow egotism," the former with glowing admiration, the latter with the deepest antipathy, could so speak of an artist who had just closed his eyes in death. When Liszt received the news of the violinist's decease he was just giving concerts in London; but neither the excitement of the scene nor that of the flood of society could stem the emotion which the intelligence called forth. With Paganini a life had passed away that, among thousands, was called to loosen the tongue of musical expression, yet to which the ideal task of art and of the artist remained a closed book—a career which had carried away his contemporaries with enthusiastic astonishment, yet in departing had not been capable of drawing forth a tear of love or thankfulness. Everything in this artist that had excited Liszt during the violinist's lifetime—the demoniacal power which such marvellous playing had exhibited, the human and spiritual narrowness that had so repelled him and so much contributed to cultivate in him ideals of an opposite nature—all this stood livingly before his soul, and with a power so much the more undeniable, so much the more overpowering, that he had himself trod the path which had brought Paganini to imperishable glory—a glory which already had also shed its beams in fullest splendour over his own head: the path of the virtuoso.

His Essay was the lively outpouring of his emotion ; but neither his appreciation of *Paganini the artist*, nor the universal prescription which buries shadows in the tomb that the light may have free space, could conceal the truth concerning *Paganini the man*. His deficiencies in this respect enabled Liszt to draw the ideal of a future "artist king," as it had dawned upon him on the departure of the great virtuoso from the scene of life. The turn is remarkable which this memorial took ; the memorial itself is no less noteworthy, its wide and lofty sentiment being a monument to Liszt's ideality, and at the same time an enduring admonition to the artists of the present and of future days.

We cannot withhold this part of the Essay from our readers, containing as it does the most glowing ideals of Liszt's soul ; but as it would not be desirable to quote a portion separated from the rest of the Essay itself, in every word of which Liszt's fervour and lofty style of thought shine forth, the whole Essay, therefore, follows uncurtailed in a German translation.

"The flame of Paganini's life is extinguished," writes Liszt, "and with it one of those mighty breathings of nature for which she appears to rouse herself only to re-inspire it immediately. With it has vanished a marvellous apparition,

such as the whole compass of art has seen but once—this great and marvellous occasion.

"The height of this unsurpassable and unattainable genius excludes all imitation. No one will ever tread in his footsteps; no fame stands on equal ground beside his reputation; his name will be breathed without a compeer. Where is there an artist life which, in so high a degree, can point to so shadowless a sunshine of glory, to so kingly a name accorded him by universal judgment, to so infinite a chasm as that which the verdict of mankind has opened between him and all competitors?

"When Paganini, already forty years old, came before the public with a talent that had reached the highest point of all attainable perfection, the world wondered at him as at a supernatural appearance. The sensation which he excited was so tempestuous, his power over the imagination so mighty, that it could not be kept within the limits of reality. There arose tales of the sorcerer's art, and spectres of the middle ages; they sought to unite the wonders of his playing with the past; they would explain his inexplicable genius by inexplicable facts, and almost came to the conclusion that he had sold his soul to the evil one, and that the fourth string, from which he elicited such enchanting melodies, was the intestine of his wife, whom he had killed with his own hand.

"He travelled through all Europe. The multitude, allured and enchanted by his playing, strewed gold at his feet, and thought to bestow the fairest reward on artists distinguishing themselves on their instruments by baptizing them after his name. There were now Paganinis of the piano, of the counterbass, of the guitar. The violinists racked their brains to find out his secret; in the sweat of their brow they laboured through the difficulties which he had created in play, and with which they only extorted a pitying smile from the public, while they could not even enjoy the satisfaction of hearing their names mentioned in the world of art. Thus Paganini's ambition, if he possessed any, enjoyed the rare happiness of drinking in the air of unattainable heights, disturbed by no injustice, disquieted by no indifference. His sunset in the grave was not even darkened by the grievous shadow of an heir to his glory.

"Who will believe it, without having been a witness of the same? This talent to which the world gave so lavishly what it often denies to greatness—fame and riches; this man before whom they shouted so enthusiastically, passed by the multitude, without associating with them. No one knew the sentiments which moved his heart; the golden ray of his life gilded no other existence; no communion of thought and feeling

bound him to his brethren. He remained a stranger to every affection, to every passion, a stranger even to his own genius; for what is genius else than a priestly power, revealing God to the human soul? And Paganini's God has never been other than his own gloomy, mournful self.

"I pronounce these severe words with inward reluctance. Does one blame the dead or praise the living? in both cases one must expect small thanks, I know. I am aware, too, that under pretence of respecting the sanctity of the grave, in judging a man, the falsehood of apotheosis immediately follows the deceit of heresy, and that some deeds of benevolence will be quoted which appear to contradict such accusations [1]. Yet what are solitary cases against the

[1] Liszt here alludes to the large present which Paganini gave to Berlioz during his stay in Paris. The story runs thus: Paganini was at a concert (Dec. 20, 1833,) in which the "Symphonie Fantastique" by Berlioz was executed, with Girard as leader. Deeply moved by this music, he congratulated the composer and expressed his admiration warmly and openly. He was so enthusiastic that he engaged Berlioz to compose an instrumental piece with a solo for tenor-violin, that he would play himself. Hereupon Berlioz composed his "Harold Symphonie" and represented it in Paganini's presence. The latter of course did not play the solo, but he accepted the dedication of the score, and hereupon sent a present of 20,000 francs to the composer, who was living in the bitterest circumstances. This gift, Paganini's only action of the kind, was not at all voluntary. As is universally known, Berlioz lived in such bad circumstances

testimony of a whole life? Consistent evil is as difficult in the actions of a man as consistent goodness. I ask then—using the word egotism not so much in a narrow as in a comprehensive sense, and in reference to the artist rather than to the man—am I not authorized in describing the end and aim of Paganini as a narrow egotism?

"Be that as it may, peace to his memory! He was great. All greatness bears its own justification. Do we know at what price a man buys his renown? Can the void which Paganini has left behind—can it be soon filled up. Are the main or incidental points to which he owed his supremacy, and which I joyfully accord him—are they of a kind to be renewed by repetition? Will the kingly artistic dignity acquired by him pass into other hands? Is the artist-king to be expected once again?

that his genius threatened to lie fallow. The idea came into the head of his friend and real admirer, Jules Janin, to persuade the rich Harpagon, Paganini, to come to the help of the talented composer, and thereby enable him to live for his compositions. J. Janin, at that time in the "Débats" the source of all artistic fame, carried out his wish. Paganini, fearful of losing his prestige with the public, if the "Débats" should turn against him, yielded at last to Janin's persuasions, and sent the sum named to Berlioz. It is to be presumed that the latter did not learn this fact—at least, not at that time; but Liszt knew it through Janin, and others also. As a matter of course, Liszt would not depreciate this action of Paganini's in the eyes of the world, but he could not attach any importance to it.

"I say it without hesitation—no second Paganini will arise. The wonderful coincidence of a gigantic talent with all the circumstances appropriate to his apotheosis will appear in the history of art as a solitary instance. An artist who, in the present day, should strive intentionally to throw a cloak of mystery around himself in order to set minds in astonishment as Paganini did, would cause no surprise, and—even supposing him to be possessed of inestimable talent—the remembrance of Paganini would accuse him of charlatanism and plagiarism. Moreover, the public of the present day requires other things of the artist whom it favours, and a similar glory and power can be won only by entirely opposite means.

"To comprehend art, not as a convenient means for egotistical advantages and unfruitful celebrity, but as a sympathetic power which unites and binds men together; to educate one's own life to that lofty dignity which floats before talent as an ideal; to open the understanding of artists to what they should and what they can do; to rule public opinion by the noble ascendency of a high thoughtful life, and to kindle and nourish in the minds of men that enthusiasm for the beautiful which is so nearly allied to the good—that is the task which the artist has to set before him who feels himself strong enough to strive to be Paganini's heir.

"This task is difficult, but not impossible of fulfilment. Broad paths are open to every endeavour, and a sympathetic recognition is assured to every one who consecrates his art to the divine service of a conviction, of a consciousness. We all foresee a transformation of our social positions. Without exaggerating the importance of the artist as regards them, without—as has already perhaps often been done—wishing to announce his mission in pompous expressions, an artist may, at least, have the firm conviction that to him also a place is destined in the plans of Providence, and that he too is called to be a fellow-toiler in a new and noble work.

"May the artist of the future with joyful heart renounce the vain and egotistic part, which, as we hope, has found its last brilliant representative in Paganini! May he set his aim *within* and not without! and may virtuososhiip be the means and not the end! May he, moreover, never forget that, though it is said, 'Noblesse oblige,' quite as much, and even more, Génie oblige!"

"Genius obliges"—that was the consecrating word of Liszt's many deeds of charity, the motto of his own life! The virtuoso was at that moment no longer the learned dog Munito, as he had once called him in bitter irony; his art stood in the "divine service of a conviction."

Liszt's name, however, is allied to Paginini's not only by the influence which the latter exercised on him in the directions already mentioned, in another way also the two are imperishably connected. Liszt did not stop at the attempts to transfer the "Capricci." In the course of the next year he worked them up for the pianoforte, and published them under the title, "Bravourstudien nach Paganini's Capricen, für Pianoforte"—a masterpiece of transfer, that has remained till now without a rival. In the same way he has worked up the Thema of the Bell Rondo to a pianoforte fantasia, intended for the concert-hall. His "Grand Fantasia sur la Clochette de Paganini" finally closes the list of Liszt's small but valuable and important Paganini compositions.

VII.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL OF ART OF OUR CENTURY.

An historical retrospect. The French literary-romantic opposition to the Classical school. Their ideals. The musical Romanticists of France—Meyerbeer, Berlioz. Those of Germany—Beethoven, Weber, Schumann. Sketch of a characteristic of Beethoven and of Berlioz. The musical ideals of modern times.

THE essential features connected with Listz's individual development and artistic tendency began with the appearance of the St. Simonians and of Paganini. Yet other influences made themselves felt, other spirits stood near Paganini, other elements tilled the ground anew which the romantic ploughshare of the disciples of St. Simon had turned up. These other elements, which belonged to the atmosphere of the time, and were breathed by all alike, condensed themselves into the turn which romantic poesy took on French ground as witnessed by the *struggle of the Romantic with the Classical*—a turn the character of which was decided by the

stormy effects of the July days (1830), from which it received its form and direction. Here too was "storm."

The struggle of the Romantic with the Classical—a contest in the domain of art akin to the battle in the state between republicanism and feudalism—was by no means confined to the arts alone. A Charybdis of revolutionary floods, it drew all into its whirlpool; yet it brought not death, but rather imparted new life of art. Poetry, music, painting—all engaged and took part in the conflict; the poet at their head, as a spokesman and chief, with bold thoughts breaking the rule of historical tradition, had set in motion the tocsin of all the arts—an appeal against the might which was about to bind up their life-veins. The "philosophical century" had given to thought a glance into new worlds, which had been closed even to the "golden age" of Louis XIV. To the works of the latter period, those of Corneille, Racine, J. B. Rousseau, La Fontaine, Ch. Rollin, Bossuet, Fontenelle, &c., its chief representatives, it had opposed the compositions of Voltaire and J. J. Rousseau. The "philosophical century," during the storm of the first revolution, had sent the thoughts of its votaries into the midst of the life of nations, and had partly broken, partly torn away, the sceptre from absolutism, whether as

regards the throne or the church, in political as well as in private life, in knowledge as in art. To whatever domain it might belong, it had opened the sluices of a new state of things, and yet the laws of the "golden age" of literature, taken from the Classical school, not only remained in force, but in the shape of "historical tradition" exercised a sway which the younger intellects of the day were powerless to resist. Without the unwritten laws of formal conventionality, which in the "Académie française" had become the sovereign of the literary world, no lyrist, no dramatist, not even the most divinely gifted, could raise his head. Even in 1829 De Vigny's "Othello," the first *romantic* drama of French literature, failed on account of the word "mouchoir," not as yet sanctioned by the Académie, being placed in the mouth of the enraged Moor, contrary to all tragic decency.

The literary opposition of the French Romantic school was directed against the empty, stereotyped forms of the Classical school; against their grammatical laws checking all life and progress; against the restraints on material, contents, movement; in short, against the formalities of the poetic art, standing under the protection and shelter of the academical sway, which gave countenance to mediocrity, but oppressed genius. But the new generation pined

for life and freedom of movement, as regarded both material and form, in accents which—as it were a cry of distress from languishing poesy—found an echo in the arena of art amongst those nations which were busy with the higher works of culture.

This powerful and violent movement in the domain of poetry was transferred in Paris, the centre of France, to the sphere of other arts, and thus a universal opposition was developed against the French Academy, as the embodiment of the classical ordinances generally. In vain the men of prescription tried to stand against the tumultuous crowd; the proud edifice of classic-academical doctrines shook to its foundations. It did not, however, fall altogether, for in the present day, though now rather a shadow than a living power, it seeks to support itself by pressing between, and forbidding the union of, two intellectual forces which emerge ever more clearly and visibly from the combat which is perpetually being waged between the Classical and Romantic schools of thought.

The French Romanticism of those years has often been regarded as a wild folly of the national spirit of the times; rather as a phenomenon which had been borne from without into the territory of art, than as having developed itself in a natural way; a phenomenon, the study

of which concerned rather the science of pathology than the healthy progress of art. These views are at the same time true and false, and bear only a relative signification. It is undeniable that French Romanticism seems due to external causes—a hurricane chased by the storm of unchained passions and fancies which roared, not alone over France, but also over other states and peoples of the civilized West. It is admitted that her creations belonging to the region of art, which originated immediately after the roar and blast of the storm of the times, bear all the marks of subverted order, all the signs of the revolutionary spirit, so that they rather resemble sickly caricatures than organically sound productions. This may be said of the poetical writings *of that time* (Victor Hugo, George Sand), of the works of painting (Delacroix, Boulanger, Horace Vernet), of those of music (Meyerbeer, Berlioz). But they were the expression of an historical epoch, which sought forcibly to tear the principle of a new ideal of art from the genius of progress. In this act of violence lies its importance. It placed another extreme of unchained fancy beside the classical spirit, stiffened into formalism. All bonds seemed burst asunder, excitement the only satisfactory food, and exaggeration a condition of life.

The social situation of that hour, carried to a climax by the revolutionary vertigo, gave sufficient motive for this state of things. The reins of government lay in the hands of the *bourgeoisie*, crowned by the citizen kingship; as rivals to the formerly all-ruling power of the nobility, there rose to equal rights an until then subordinate class. Riches, honour, fame moved without any constraint of rank; love, too, without the restraints of reasoning morality, had to step into the background before the might of the demoniacal powers of nature. What sources of contrasting motives called up spontaneously from the circumstances of the times! The poets entangled the knots of wealth, honour, fame, and love with the sovereignty of fancy, of passion, of arbitrary will, of the classes of society, of contending high and low birth. The most diverse contrasts took the place of logical development, and impossibility that of natural truth. So it could come to pass that — as Liszt with piquant humour lashes that time—

Victor Hugo created a chaste courtesan, a yielding mother, and a female poisoner in one and the same person; Nodier parodied his "Sbogar;" fair countesses and duchesses were enthusiastic for the heroes in Eugene Sue's "Salamander;" and not one of them refused their approbation to Dorval in Dumas' "Antony."[1]

[1] Essay on Meyerbeer's "Robert," written in 1854. See Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften," vol. iii.

Modern art celebrated its Walpurgisnacht in the French romances. The public shook with delight at scenes which made their flesh creep. Nothing was too motley, nothing too arbitrary, nothing too morally ugly.

In spite of all this, the works of the French Romantic school were not wanting in artistic worth. To bring about such a revolution in the life of art as her representatives had done required not only a corrupting fancy, not only a crushing hammer, not only the upraised flag and the noise of party; it needed great artistic and inventive powers to deprive of strength the dogmas of classical doctrines; it necessitated the greatest creative powers to gain an uncontested citizenship for novelties opposed to historical sanction. An intoxicating splendour, a seductive charm, an infatuated stream of passion flowed from their works, and, with all the license of folly, of arrogance, of enthusiasm, and of horror, a nobleness of sentiment, a strength of conviction, and a faith in the infallibility of the new ideas of art shone forth in them, and had an effect as dazzling as their fancy was captivating. Those were great minds that stood at the head of French romance. If they did not belong to the rank of geniuses, who rule by the power of moral truth, through the constraining might of beauty which flows from the fountain

of chastened ideality, they at any rate possessed an inventive power capable of bearing a new world on its shoulders.

The chief significance of the Romantic school, however, is not to be sought for in their works of art—for, notwithstanding their genius, their productions in this sphere are only a varnished copy of wild ferments and varied passions—it lies in the principle which guided them. They introduced an art springing freely from the fancy, as opposed to an art bound by traditional rules; the unlimited forces of modern thought joined issue with the limited resources of the classical ideal. They no longer appealed to feeling, like the poets and artists of the age of Louis XIV. and of the philosophical century, they worshipped the spontaneity of fancy; they spoke no more with conventional forms, but with poetic imagery moving in free play. Herein lies the significance of their efforts. Though at first their productions affected only their own national art, they have changed the direction of the labours of recent times; and most decisively, of all artistically cultivated nations, the French have enlarged the sphere of art for all time and for all peoples; they have won the victory of the "century of revolutions." In this idea their historical centre of gravity is to be found.

In this view the French Romanticists do not appear as casually borne into art from without, but as standing in connexion with the universal development of thought, save only that the birth of their ideas was the result of an abnormal and disturbed state of society. They were the pioneers of the future, but they did not belong to the French history of art alone. Not only on the other side of the Rhine, but also on this side, the struggles of the time have influenced art and led it into new paths. As there, on the Gallo-Romantic soil, the torrent of time bore on its tumultuous bosom the Romantic school of art, so here also, on German ground, there arose the "Sturm und Drang" period of poetry. A kindred spirit shows itself here in the direction of literature. The same struggle against fixed forms, against intellectual narrowness, against classical dogmatism; the same direction hurrying towards the future, the same fundamental principle, only modified by the German national spirit, which, however, rather supplements than opposes the Romance school of thought. This latter is not here regarded as a folly, or as an apparition standing outside the bounds of historical development; but is considered rather as an integral portion of the great *universal* movement of culture, which sprung into existence during 1830 and following years.

With French Romanticism we have arrived at the point of development of Franz Liszt's artistic direction. From it he received the idea of the progress of art, which took living root in his life of fancy and thought; from it he learned that the perennial spring of the rejuvenescence of art was to be found by regarding the ideas which seethe in the cauldron of national instincts and inspirations, that only life itself is her life. With it he passed into the anti-classical camp, and discarded narrow-hearted technicality and the types of classical formality.

Liszt's art-ideals, inflamed by the influence already mentioned — the St. Simonians and Paganini—gained in extent, breadth and freedom, while his adhesion to the Romanticists, in a certain measure, completes the period of his exclusively religious tendency. What the former afforded him in height, the latter gave him in breadth and freedom; but in turn the influence which these exercised on him was concentrated in a specifically musical direction; it added materially to the foundation which Germany had already laid for his artistic culture, and which was indissolubly bound to his being. German musical art—or, more properly speaking, its classical direction, as exemplified in Beethoven—was the warp on the loom of his fancy, and the French romantic frenzy was the

woof. A glance at this combination of such totally different forms of art will enable us to realize more distinctly the secret of Liszt's artistic individuality.

The French Romantic school had two chief representatives—the German, Giacomo Meyerbeer, in the operatic, and the Frenchman, Hector Berlioz, in the symphonetic department. As has been already said, all the arts were transformed by the new ideas of the *literati;* but while on the one hand painters made violent attacks on the Academy, musicians stood aloof from polemical warfare. But they did not disregard the echoes of the time, fantastically intermingled as they were. At once noble and frivolous, unbridled and undisciplined, presaging the new condition of things rather than relaxing it in the sunshine of light, they became imbued by the desire for republicanism in art, and yet still remained clogged with the discipline of rules—yes, they introduced the echoes of the time into the forms and figures of their harmonies. Meyerbeer, led by Scribe, was the first to speak, in his "Robert le Diable;" and in a brilliantly musical stage language, until then unknown, showed the world an opera modelled on new lines and fresh fancies. Both the musician and the poet, however, had less developed the principles of romance than received

into themselves the confusedly flickering play of fancy. Scribe artistically and refinedly reflected, as in a prism, the feelings of a time which could receive with approbation the libretto of "Robert;" while Meyerbeer, with immortal talent, sought to dazzle with the splendour and magnificence of his effects.

In "Robert," instead of lyrical and declamatory outbursts of feeling, we have the *situation*—a word by which Liszt, in his essay on "Robert le Diable," has strikingly defined that moment of the opera of which, in reference to French Romanticism, we said in general that it no longer spoke through conventional forms, but by a freely moving poetic image—"freely moving" being used here, of course, in the sense of indifference to dramatic truth and æsthetical laws. The "situation" was the Scribe-Meyerbeer invention for the opera—an apparently dramatic picture, in which the all-surpassing art of machinery, the highest splendour of decoration and scenery, the seductive ballet, the charm of voluptuous, passionately animated music, splendid and sharply piquant instrumentation, and majestic choirs, united to astonish the public and lead them to the highest point of expectation by a sudden and unlooked-for turn in the text or in the music. On such ground, nuns whirling in the dance

could prosper, and the devil become a tender father!

Another characteristic is here to be mentioned which is a mark of that epoch, and which, particularly through the influence of the British poet, Byron, had assumed a grotesque style in France; namely, *world-sorrowful* irony and scepticism. All circumstances had contributed to drive the impulsive spirits of the day to that point of which Louis Blanc in his "Histoire de dix Ans," 1830–1840, sketches a picture as living as it is comfortless.

> The republic dreamed of in July (he says) ended in the butchery of Warsaw, and the sacrifice of the Rue St. Méry (June 5 and 6, 1832). Humanity was crushed down by the cholera. St. Simonism, which for a moment had given some impulsion to the minds of men, was persecuted, and proved an abortion before the question of love had been solved. Art too, through deplorable errings, had defiled the cradle of its romantic reform. Terror and irony, astonishment and shamelessness filled the time. On one side they wept over the ruins of great-hearted illusions, on the other they laughed over the commencement of an impure triumph. There was no more faith in anything—in some through discouragement, in others through atheism.

This atmosphere, filling the whole decade of 1830–40—during which time religious awe and scepticism stood close beside each other, and infidelity had entirely robbed men's minds of every hold—entered into the works of art of French Romanticism. They are all steeped in

these elements, and bear the impress of the time. "Robert le Diable" contains all these ingredients. The world-sorrow, irony, and godliness make themselves loopholes everywhere—nay, step forth openly. "Wine, play, and love," &c.; "Success to thy caprices," &c., the lascivious nun's dance—these parts of "Robert" are stamped with genuine French Romanticism.

When it was brought out on the Parisian stage, there was as yet no opposition on the part of music in a polemic form against the tyranny of the classic sovereign. "Robert" rather operated as such. It devastated, like a bomb, the Parisian operatic afterpieces of the classical epoch, whose phases had till then kept their height, partly by the melodious element of the Italian, partly by declamatory charms of the French opera. But now at one stroke the idol of formality is broken in pieces by the sword of freedom; yet one would seek in vain, in the striking, captivating, and genial features of this opera, the lines of an artistic ideal. This artist's god was success; his means, effect.

Meyerbeer was not the man to make a deep or lasting impression on Liszt's artistic life. He learned, indeed, through him the great importance of effect for art, and he paid great attention to Meyerbeer's musical novelties, and

studied his scores too with great diligence ; but he felt that effect, for its own sake, in a work of art, not growing, as it were, from a lofty conception, is an empty sham, and has nothing in common with an exalted mission. Like all around him, he could intoxicate himself with "Robert," but the senses revolted.

Hector Berlioz, the great French Romanticist and representative of the modern school of French instrumental music, stood higher in his ideals of art than the pioneer of the French Romantic opera. The former was a genuine artist, free from every speculation of vanity, free from the seeking after effect, but to the very heart, for good as for evil, imbued with the strivings and the prevailing spirit of Romanticism. The electric sparks which filled the air were received into his fanciful and original mind, and discharged themselves in the wild, fantastic ideal of his love-sorrow, his *symphonie fantastique*, "Episode of the Life of an Artist." Meyerbeer's "Robert" had so confounded and astonished the world, and given it so ravenous an appetite for strongly spiced musical viands, that critics whose eyes had not been blinded by the dust which the whirl of applause had raised could not bring them back to that composed state of mind which Meyerbeer himself, in his "Huguenots," strove to ensure. Berlioz's work,

therefore, less favoured by his contemporaries, did not penetrate into the European world. The cause of this—not to speak of the barriers which, in the form of tradition and custom, rose up before new principles of art—was the exclusive direction of instrumental music, an appreciation of which is confined to a small, I had almost said to a spiritually distinguished circle, whereas the opera, "the world in miniature," is open to all mankind at large. The opera alone appeals to the world and is understood by it. The sounds of Berlioz's symphony scarcely permeated beyond Paris, but the work itself became the standard-bearer of a new phase in the historical development of instrumental music.

With it Berlioz had entered an artistic direction which, of course, in solitary moments some years previous, had received its spiritual consecration from the greatest genius of the German school, Beethoven; but which now, coming forth from the womb of time under altogether different circumstances, developed more varied germs.

This direction was the programme music. With it Berlioz planted the ideas of the Romanticists in the symphony. No one was more fitted for this task than himself. His passionate nature, his disposition inclined to irony and

eccentricity, his education, his course of instruction—all had predestined him to the position in which he had been placed by the development of musical art, and had driven him consciously to enter upon a struggle with the *existing*. His efforts in his vocation, as well as his love-sorrow, had not a little contributed likewise to inflame his fancy and lead it to extremes. The literary and political revolutionary ideas were dewdrops to his love-wounded spirit. They were to him the breath which he inhaled, they furnished him with food for his inner man as well as themes for his musical productions.

According to notions of the new generation, empty form and time-consecrated models should die away, and make place for artistic images, which, free from the bonds of classical form, free from the stereotyped structure of phrases, free from the chain of harmonious formality, should spring unconstrainedly from the fancy, and raise a proud and defiant head to the realms of poetic art. The vague should become definite; the lyrical imbibe somewhat of the excitement and suspense of the dramatic, and all symphonetic art be retuned from the universal feeling of the lyric to the crowning point of beatific and consuming passion. Instrumental music should become the expression of the *I;* the language by which the composer expresses

himself should bring out what he has himself thought, felt, and experienced; in a word, it should be not only an organ for general, vague, lyrical sentiment, but also a vehicle for inventive poesy and thought.

This principle, which strives for *freedom of contents and freedom of form*, found expression in the works of Berlioz. He enunciated a principle, the realization of which he saw in the union of the harmonious with the poetical; but, captive to his own passions, which had thrown their snares around his head, he would not have succeeded, if his despairing love had not formed the key-note to this union. The passion of his heart mingled with the paradoxes of the universal spiritual atmosphere, and dictated to his fancy scenes and situations—a romance in tones of which he himself was the hero. The poetic picture moving free from formal models, and such as the Romanticists painted, became here a programme, which contained in words the principal features of the musical representation, and helped the hearer to understand the music. Berlioz's union with poetic art was completed through his own inner experiences, which he described in his symphony, "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste."

A wildly fantastic work! Without becoming acquainted with the programme of this sym-

phony, it would appear incredible what unloveliness and dry-brained ideas this epoch of Romanticism belonging to French history could press into a *single* musical score! Berlioz's programme, in five parts (five symphonetic passages), was as follows :—

PROGRAMME

OF THE

"EPISODE OF THE LIFE OF AN ARTIST."

A FANTASTIC SYMPHONY,

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

I. DIVISION.—"Reveries—Passions." The composer supposes that a young musician, attacked by the moral malady called by a celebrated author "le vague des passions," sees for the first time a woman who unites all the charms of the ideal, pictured by his fancy. A strange caprice of chance imprints the beloved image on the soul of the artist, only in connection with a *musical thought*, wherein he finds a certain passionate character which is at once noble and sweet, resembling that which he ascribes to the object of his admiration.

This melancholy reflection, with its prototype, follows him incessantly like a double *fixed idea*. This is the foundation of the melody, which opens the first *allegro*, and is repeated in all the passages of the symphony. The rising of these melancholy reveries to raving passion, with its ebullitions of rage and jealousy, with its return to tender sentiments, tears and religious consolations, interrupted only by some attempts at unfounded joy, forms the subject of the first division.

II. DIVISION.—"Un Bal." The artist is transported to the most varied conditions of life : into the midst of festivity, and to the peaceful observation of the beauties of nature ; but everywhere, in the town as in the country, the beloved image appears to him, and sheds disquietude over his soul.

III. DIVISION.—"Scène aux Champs." One evening he is

in the country. In the distance he hears two herdsmen engaged in question and answer—the "Ranz des Vaches." This rustic duet, the scenery of the place, the faint whispering of the trees gently moved by the wind, some gleams of hope which had shone forth shortly before—all this unites to cradle his heart to unwonted repose, and to give a smiling colour to his ideas. He meditates over his solitary life; ever and anon he hopes to stand alone no longer. But if she should deceive him? This mixture of hope and fear, these pictures of happiness which are interrupted by dark forebodings, form the subject of the adagio. At the conclusion, one herdsman begins the "Ranz des Vaches" again, but the other no longer answers. Distant thunder. Solitude. Silence.

IV. Division.—"Marche du Supplice." When he has arrived at the certain conviction that his love is despised, the artist poisons himself with opium. But the narcotic dose is too weak to kill him, and only plunges him into a profound sleep, accompanied by fearful visions. He dreams that he has killed his beloved, and is condemned to death, is now being conveyed to the place of punishment, and so is present at his own execution. The procession moves forward amidst the sounds of a march, now gloomy and wild, now brilliant and solemn, while a dull echoing of heavy footsteps suddenly, and without any intervening notes, gives place to the loudest noise. At the conclusion of the march the four first bars of the fixed idea are repeated, like a last thought of love, to be broken off by the fatal blow of the axe.

V. Division.—"Midsummer Night's Dream." He sees himself on a *sabbath* in the midst of a horrible troop of shadows, witches, and monsters of all sorts, who have assembled at his funeral, strange noises, sighing sounds, laughter, distant shrieks of pain, to which other cries seem to answer. Again the bewitching melody; but it has lost its noble and timid character, and is now only an ignoble, common, and coarse dancing air. The beloved one comes to the witches' sabbath. A joyful howl at her arrival. She takes part in the hellish orgies. Death knell. Burlesque parody of Dies Iræ. Rondo of the witches' sabbath. In conclusion, the Sabbath Rondo and the Dies Iræ together.

So much for the programme of the symphony —materials, by the bye, which might give many an idea to the "Æsthetics of Ugliness" in the symphonetic department. In this direction the "Episode" resembles "Robert." There are the same absurdities, the same characteristically grimacing features of the French Romantic spirit, but only in the abstract form of instrumental music, wherein there is less vanity than in the living beauties of scenic representation. Without a programme the ear would hear music abnormal in its tone, which might wound the æsthetic feeling of an unsympathetic listener; but the programme transplanted into the fancy of the hearers throws light upon the music as it rolls forth, and imparts vigour and effect to the images and scenes with which, both in a wide and limited sense, its rhythms, its melodious and harmonious formations, its weird turns, its instrumental colouring, are saturated. When the spiritual senses can understand, then all those *nuances* of French Romantic art, which we might designate as belonging only to the history of the time, come forth in their comfortless reality. Berlioz's symphony too, bears the clearest stamp of individual peculiarity, not artificial but genuine. Herein it lies that it stands higher than its contemporary "Robert." Berlioz has not *made* the passions, or painted

them after external nature, or copied, or photographed—call it what you will—he has given them without speculative artifice, and, though untamed by moral ideals and sprinkled with wildly fantastic caprices, they were, nevertheless, the fullest and truest expression of his inner life at that period. At that moment, in spite of all exaggeration, he had given to music sounds and colours which, true to his own nature, can never lose their effect, lending to his work a higher artistic worth than Meyerbeer's production can ever possess. In his "Teufel" the latter has put on a mask, but the lamb in wolf's clothing does not alarm, or at best only frightens the ignorant at the first moment. Therefore "Robert le Diable" has no longer any power over our minds, which cannot be affirmed of the "Episode de la Vie d'un Artiste." Though the period of its historical influence is past, the fantastic power of its harmonies, its rhythm, its melodies, and instrumentation will scarcely fail of effect. In the French history of the time it is the symphonetic pedestal on which fantastically demoniacal passion, unrestrained by morality, set up its ideal.

In Berlioz's symphony lies the centre of gravity in the *depicting of subjective passion and subjective fancy*. By drawing in objective moments —as, for instance, in the third division of the

pastoral flute scene of the herdsmen—the lyrical is widened to a picture of feeling, to which the duet seems, as it were, to give the figures. The painting of subjective passion, however, goes beyond the limits of the lyrical, and becomes dramatic. With the flute duet, at the same time, the dramatic knot of the "Episode" is untied. The second herdsman is silent, when, after beatific dreams, the other begins anew his play of question and answer. Storms arise, thunder growls among the mountains, lightnings flash from the sky, and at last solitude and silence all around—the certitude of woe! This part, this picturing, contains gems of genuine musical beauty, which stand outside of the æsthetical corruption of that period in French history. In them lies in some measure the germs which have contributed to the ideal and formal progressive development of symphonetic art.

With the thought of employing symphonetic delineation as a lyrical means of rising to the requirements of dramatic art, Berlioz has made an important step towards the ideal extension of instrumental music, which has already produced its effect not only in this, but also in the totally different department of the opera. Here, too, instrumental painting for the first time has now found a universally recognized victory, and just where one would least expect it—in Richard

Wagner's "Nibelungen." The instrumental parts of the latter, which delighted all parties in Bayreuth, 1876, belong to this region of art. They are the offspring of tone-painting, which, though of German origin, owes its higher development to France. The words spoken by R. Pohl more than twenty years ago, and appearing so obscure to many, that H. Berlioz was the predecessor of R. Wagner and the connecting link between the latter and Beethoven, here finds confirmation.

Tone-painting is not the aim of composition, it is a technical aid in the expression of ideas, things which are often confounded. Berlioz has made them one and the same. Still another technical means originates in him. His *idée fixe*—that melodious motive which symbolizes the beloved of his dreams and rises unchanged from all parts of the symphony, "a sentimental white woman's robe fluttering hither and thither in this bizarre night-piece," as the mocking Heine calls it—was the precursor of Richard Wagner's system of a leading motive, developed by thelatter to the extremest limits. Meyerbeer, in his Huguenots, took it up from Berlioz (the anthem "Ein feste Burg" as the leading-motive of Marcel), and after him Wagner. This treatment of the motive is a technical means for dramatic characterization. Both tone-painting and the

leading motive (so called only in recent times) have passed from the symphony to the opera.

More widely and more deeply than any of these things, there struck into the innermost soul of art the thought given by Berlioz, of employing instrumental music itself as a means of representing dramatic ideas. Berlioz's importance in the history of music is centred in this conception. Here the abiding results of French Romanticism in this direction are to be sought; here also lies the secret which took effect on Liszt. This influence, however, as we have already pointed out, is not to be separated from that which the German classico-romantic direction exercised on the latter. We have already called this latter the warp on the loom of his artistic development, the former the woof. Let us, therefore, cast another glance at the warp, at the whence and the whither of both, before farther mention of these influences. Then, from the historical course of Listz's artistic creations, it will appear where his originality stands forth separate; where he grasps independently the work and the wheel of a later time.

In the development of *German musical art*, two phases of Romanticism are to be distinguished: the classico-romantic, represented by Beethoven and Weber, and the novum-romantic, exemplified by Schumann. Both are connected

with the Romantic literary epochs of Germany, one of which, under the leadership of the brothers Schlegel and Ludwig Tieck, turned its poetic glance to the past; while the other, led on by Gutzkow and Laube (their first epoch) in the "Sturm und Drang" of young Germany, stormed even beyond the present to the future; both, moreover, are connected with the revolutions of the ideas and aims of the life-work of nations which had come from France. It is peculiar that, while in France, as in Germany, two literary-romantic phases of development were formed—for France, too, had its poet in Chateaubriand, whose Romanticism, to its very innermost core, turned towards the past—both were not transplanted to music: in Germany, yes; but not in France. Here, only the great Victor Hugo and George Sand appeared in the forum of the history of art, carrying the epoch of Romantic literature to its height, with a reflex influence on music. It is interesting that the Romanticism of both nations at its first appearance devoted itself to the past—but not to the classical past. As the Romantic spirit of Chateaubriand, impelled by the turn which, through the philosophers, the life of France had taken, had laid itself at the spring of French spiritual culture—papal Rome; so, too, the older Romantic direction of Germany had sought

protection from the intrusive spirit of modern times by calling up the ancient spirits of the nation. They reposed in the primitive depths of a Germano-mystical mine, but the enchanter's wand could only call back for a moment to the nineteenth century the elves and fairies that peopled the world of fable. Chateaubriand's Romano-mystical Romanticism had found no musical echo; at least, none which could influence general musical creations. A weak note was caught in Urhan's lyre, but it was not continued, and remained without historical resonance; but it was otherwise with the spirits of the mountain and of the air recalled by Schlegel and Tieck. Their breath penetrated into the classico-musical forms, and called up a spring-time which brought forth imperishable blossoms in Weber and his school.

If Weber's Romanticism was the most immediate musical expression of the specifically Germano-romantic school — the anti-classical *spirit*, not the *form*, having made itself prominent therein—no less the great world-historical spirit-movement which, on the borders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, announced a new world of art, had found power ul and lofty musical expression in Beethoven; who, as it were the finger of the world-spirit, knocked at the musical door of the century.

Both spirits, Beethoven as well as Weber, had come without storm and violence, without conscious doctrines; on the one hand, a yet unforeseen prophetic genius, on the other, a germ of Germano-romantic poesy transplanted amongst classical forms. These Romanticists, during their lifetime, had neither wished for nor called forth a transformation, much less the fall of existing musical art. The new musical ideas to which they gave birth arose unconsciously, and entered upon a struggle against classical form and restriction. Beethoven himself stood with both feet on the classic ground of form; and even when, in the works of his so-called third period, when, following the impulse of his genius, he raised his feet, and strode out into the free wide world, though he found to some degree more room for free motion, he went no farther, notwithstanding his spirit, with a powerful wrench, made a movement to disencumber itself from the shackles of constrained thought. His Romanticism was free from bias and untinged by party-strife; it breathed his own individuality. In his last works, a Mene Tekel, which floated above the formal laws of art of the eighteenth century, a new code for the future was ushered in, but it remained an unrecognized mystery. Intentionally Beethoven aimed his darts against the interpreters of art. He

said, for example, concerning the positive rules of the fugue-cadensis—

> Es kann ja kein Teufel mich zwingen,
> Nur solche cadenzen zu bringen.[1]

And words of this kind were expressions of his self-consciousness. He felt himself justified, as a sovereign in the musical world, in giving and extending laws, but not as a declaration of war against classical forms. It was the same with Weber. Although, in his "Euryanthe," he entered new paths, these were by no means the expression of an opposition to orthodox writings as such, but germs of the organic development of dramatic musical art.

Through these Romanticists the *contents* of instrumental music were widened—by Beethoven in the world-embracing expanse of his mind, which opened the perspective of the universal to the lyrical domain; in Weber by the imagery of poetic art, the elf-world being drawn into music. The works of both masters belong rather to an earlier school of music, they are not purely romantic, but classical, interspersed with the lighter elements. There appears, indeed, to be a contrast therein between the fundamental principles of art. This is true, but, extremes being avoided, the unity of the composition remains intact. The surplusage

[1] "No devil can oblige me to bring in such cadences.

of individuality which is manifest in a part of Beethoven's works, where lyric freedom is the keynote of his conceptions, is kept within bounds by an adherence to classic form. In consequence of this command of thought, he appears as a more elevated, nay, as a superlative power, which, even at the greatest height, does not lose self-restraint. Herein lies the secret which imprints the stamp of the loftiest genius on Beethoven's works. There is no contradiction of purpose, but an undisturbed unity of intent, notwithstanding the contrast of ideas. In the ninth symphony of this master, it is true, there is a positive violation of laws, which has called forth great difference of opinion and fierce wrangles between musicians and the æsthetic school; but the peculiarity consists less in the construction of the passage than in the mixture of materials, which is opposed to the classical idea of unity. As tragedy holds fast with the strictest formality to its Aristotelian unities, so the symphony, according to the severe school, holds fast to the unity of materials; but Beethoven in his ninth symphony has abolished this unity by introducing vocal music into the sacred arena of instrumentation. Here he was a Romanticist, not in the sense of arbitrary individuality, but rather as an exponent of the modern idea which extends the limits of art.

In Beethoven's abolition of the unity of material in the domain of symphony, the movement of subjectivity towards universality is clearly expressed. As the strain, "Let there be light," struggles forth from chaos in Haydn's "Creation," so here from the breast of the individual is wrung the all-embracing cry of love, a cry which finds a response in the souls of the whole world. The "lyric" of the symphony lends a dramatic charm, and raises itself to the region of consciousness, of thought, and idea. Herein is discernible the prophetic mantle of the German *Meister*, who points the pathway which instrumental music should pursue towards its own development. *Universal contents* was his motto: two words wherein lies the germ of development designed for instrumental music—its historical destiny in the nineteenth century.

Beethoven and Weber, the former with the prophetic glance of the ripened master, the latter with the Spring-lyric of German poesy, have both given indications of the scope of instrumental music in particular, and of musical art in general; but their labours only served as a prelude. The idea was to be conquered and brought to shape; and just as freedom of form was an aim of art, so there was to be a struggle for freedom of subject. For this task—not fulfilling it, but clearing the way—musical

Romanticism appeared, after the July revolution, both on this and the other side of the Rhine. It did not come with the thought of carrying on Beethoven's ideas or of fulfilling his prophetic mission, it did not even begin where he had left off. A more immediate expression of the time, it seemed opposed to all classicism in its entirety, and not merely to formality, against which it stood in open fight. This struggle of the French Romanticists against the Classicists was violent and passed all measure and bounds. They waved the revolutionary cap in the realm of art, and proclaimed a republic. Though with time, similar appeals yielded to better reason, yet, in union with the poetical and musical productions of the Romanticists, a turning-point was given to the thoughts and feelings of the period; as Victor Hugo, standing at the head of the opposition, triumphantly says, "I knew it well, the barricades once destroyed, I would free both word and thought."

As Victor Hugo cut through the chains of the enslaved world with the refulgent sword of the poet, so Hector Berlioz gave freedom to the classically bound slave of instrumental music, and made a free path to the beauties of time, of life, and of poesy.

His principle of programme music was only partly new. He establishes the historical con-

nection between later times and Beethoven. The Pastoral Symphony of the latter, his Sonata in E flat major, opus 81, his Quartette with the concluding sentence, "Muss es sein?—Es muss sein!" and other of his works, have breathed into this musical category—the origin of which, as is well known, is far anterior to Joh. Seb. Bach—the spirit of a higher life, and have partly introduced and partly given outward expression to the later programme-musical phase.

Beethoven, however, places no programme at the head of his works, but only an inscription, "Les Adieux," "L'Absence," "Le Retour," &c. Here his compositions are *lyrical pictures of a state of mind* founded only on feeling, and not going beyond, as is the case in the passages of his Pastoral Symphony, such as "The awakening of cheerful sentiments on arriving in the country," "Gay assemblage of country people." Feeling is, it is true, the source of both descriptions of composition; but while in the former it is only mood, in the case of the latter it is called forth by the outer world, not detached from it, and seeks representation. Separated from the tone-painting, they would be but echoes of memory. But here tone-painting steps in, makes the past present, and establishes the unity between the sentient being and the cause of his sensibility. This—the cause—

gives the characteristic colouring to the sentiment. It does not begin, "There was once," &c. No! the spring is gurgling now, the moment is present and makes the mood immediate. If, for instance, Beethoven had not painted the murmuring of the brook and woven it into that passage of the symphony, he would have represented a general, dreamy frame of mind, but no scene by a brook. The indrawing of the outer world into the lyric musical image, does not, however, with Beethoven, pass the limits of the image itself; there is therefore no need of further explanation, no programme; the superscription suffices.

It is otherwise in Berlioz. He does not stop at the image; he enlarges the passage of the symphony to a dramatic scene, perhaps to an act, and the phrases which are founded on feeling alone are produced in him from romantic fancy. The two masters draw their inspiration from different springs. But the extension of the lyrical image to a dramatic scene or act requires the programme. In this respect there is a progress beyond Beethoven. As the lyrical image, which is gradually amplified, passes by the *one* moment on to a succession of moments within the passage and extends itself, thus tone-painting assumes the character of manifoldness It not only admits the rhythmical in the sounds

of nature, which are given, we might almost say typically, in the murmur of the brook and the rustling of the trees, in the cry of the cuckoo and the call of the quail, in the song of the lark and the melody of the nightingale, in the thunder's roll and the lightning's flash: it goes farther and, following the moods, the movements, the pictures of fancy, enlarges these typical measures to the circumference of infinite spirituality. And not only the rhythmical! through the individuality of the instruments it draws the characteristic colouring into the image of tone, and thus opens the door to expression, the poetical as well as that lying within the circle of feeling and mood.

If Berlioz, with his programme music, has made a great step beyond Beethoven in this direction, and also surpassed him in causing the construction of musical passages and the working up of the motive to depend on the poetical image of the moment—on the dramatic scene, on the idea, &c., the modern principle of form—yet, as a symphonist, he is far behind Beethoven. This arises principally from the already noticed sources of their music—feeling, fancy—whereby the contents and line of movement of both become very different.

Beethoven's instrumental music springs from the pure lyric. His feeling and imagery are

enlarged, and end in universal, all-embracing love, in the divine idea of reconciliation. Berlioz's music springs from dramatic fancy. He moves hence to feeling, to an image, to an idea, but always on the same subjective, dramatic, fantastic foundation. He does not end, therefore, like Beethoven, with a surrender to the world, with the divine Above-us in his heart—a surrender which, at the same time, is a movement towards objectivity—*he* concludes, on the ground of arbitrary subjectivity, with the witches' sabbath. Here speaks the genuine Romanticist, the sovereignty of the *I;* there we have to do with one of the highest appearances of the modern spirit; for the latter seeks to unite the *I* with the objective laws of higher truth, while in the former the *I* strives to free itself from them and to stand alone.

Berlioz in drawing from dramatic fancy points —apart from his subjectivity—to another category of musical art than the symphonetic—to the opera. The formerly mentioned expression, that "Berlioz was the predecessor of R. Wagner," arises from the same consideration, and is proved by the fanciful style of the French composer, which, by the bye, corresponds to the Gallo-romantic nature; but the symphony, like all instrumental music, has its original source in feeling. It belongs to the lyrics of

musical art, it is the soul of these lyrics. Nevertheless every other source has its justification. The infinite varied nature of instrumental music, which mirrors back, as it were, the play of colours of the universe, rests on the different combinations of the dramatic, poetic, and fanciful with the lyric especially, not to speak of the historical tasks to which it may be called, as by Berlioz.

The differences which appear on the side of ideality and that of the expression of ideas between Beethoven and Berlioz as instrumental composers, must be, taken on the whole, as follows : the former gives his ideas in pictures, the latter in dramatic scenes and acts. Supercription—programme : in Beethoven they are traced back to feeling, in Berlioz to the subjective dramatic fancy. Lyrical—dramatical : the former began in the given classical forms, the latter sought forms which were not in opposition to the dramatic, instrumental representation of his ideas. Classical—romantic : and while Beethoven moves on the foundation of subjective sentiment to a higher objective legality, Berlioz transgressed the bounds of classical law and gave himself up to the caprice of his own fancy—the ideality of the modern spirit, the subjective Romanticism of the modern spirit. In reference to the divine order of the

world, the spiritual direction of the German Meister forms a link therein; with the Frenchman it seems rather broken, pessimistic.

Beethoven's position with regard to the music of our century, described by what has gone before, was scarcely foreseen during his lifetime. The musical-programme principle of French Romanticism first began to unseal his historical mission. The strivings of the time, especially of the years after 1830, were fixed in programme music, in it they found their expression, their principle, their ideal. The historical task which it fulfilled consisted in freeing the contents of instrumental musical art from the law of classical forms, and enlarging them to the contents of subjective life and of poesy. The thought of widening these contents to become universal did not, of course, appear immediately plainly and tangibly in the works belonging to those years, but an impetus was given to farther development. What Beethoven only pointed at was finally raised to a principle and adopted into the general code of artistic regulations.

The judgment, however, of the world at large at that time, and in the immediately succeeding years, could not hold to the undeveloped and immature idea; it considered the mission of art, overlooking the historical threads which

were being spun in the background. This happened the more easily, as the ideas themselves were far too wide in their world-embracing aim to be brought to view through *one* composition, or even through many productions; the affair was the business of a whole epoch. The truth, in its fullest sense, could only be recognized tens of years later, and not at a time that lived in the greatest unconsciousness of itself, and appeared with so many frightful apparitions that it was easy to understand how steady heads failed to recognize the import of these novelties, particularly as for the most part the new fancies to the eye of objective judgment seemed like caricatures created in a state of delirium. They took the caricatures for the thing itself, and, in this error, seized with a panic-stricken terror, they opposed programme music. In it the startled critics saw the usurpation of all future development of instrumental music, which they regarded as brought to perfection in the purely classical compositions, and principally by the works of Beethoven, which stand on the same ground as those of Mozart. How great the error was appears even more clearly through the different phases of development which musical art has meanwhile taken. The historical importance of the French musical Romanticists is to be separated from the absolute

æsthetic worth of their works. It consists in the idea which was developed by them. Its requirement, the entrance of modern thought into works of art, won for the latter freedom of contents and form. The principle of programme music appears here no longer standing at the head of instrumental music, but as *an historical precursor called to prepare for instrumental music the way to the idea*—universal contents.

The Romanticists were in fullest degree opposed to the Classicists. This breach appears to have become their destiny. Even the German, Robert Schumann, whom we have casually mentioned, was obliged to join in the fray. His music is an echo of the strivings of young-Germany poets. Of course not so powerful and not so entirely within the framework of his time as was the case with Berlioz and the French poets. Heinrich Laube's diapason and kettle-drum words, "What will not die of itself must be put to death!" found no musical expression. Robert Schumann was at that time a romantico-musical stormer, it is true; an artist who laboured conscientiously against the ruling, empty forms and frivolous nature of the productions of the day, but without doctrinarian dialectics and destructive theories. The "Davidsbündler" move on æsthetic ground; his

rather fantastically brooding than wildly romantic "Kreisleriana" is too much penetrated with genuine German lyricism to be the victim of Hofmann's absurdity. Schumann was afterwards frightened because his judges wished to put him in the same rank with the French Romanticists, and, blinded by another apparition, he knew not what to think of himself. This apparition was Mendelssohn, who, turning towards the classical, called forth in Germany the hope of a musical reform in a classical sense. Schumann stopped halfway and became reactionary: he had wished for freedom of contents, but could not find freedom of form. Unhappily, he sank in night.

Schumann's work also suffered the destiny which hovered over the productions of the Romanticists. The musical Classicists had found the centre of gravity of their compositions in the objective form; but the musical Romanticists laid the accent on the subjective contents and, so far as France is concerned, on the form.

The classical instrumental composition, in the first decades of our century, in spite of Beethoven, have been relegated to the sphere of mere empty formality. They form a cold structure of which the cement was counterpoint, while the external arrangement "could be measured by

«quadrangles and cubic feet," as Liszt characterizes this "play of forms," which ran into an empty jingle of tones, without thoughts and with only a vapid sentiment—no real life or inner warmth was there. Such was in general the instrumental music of the later classical epoch. If we except Beethoven's and Franz Schubert's symphonies, there does not fall, within the period 1800–1830, a single composition in that style which, in spite of the "rage for exhumation" of our days, has appeared in the later concert repertory. The symphonetic music of those years, as well as music generally, was none which could awaken the sympathy of that day which strove for a new life-purpose, and stirred up the passions of the mind to their deepest foundations. Heterogeneous, like the spirits of two antagonistic generations, Romanticism and Classicality stood opposite each other. The fiery spirit of modern thought, full of zeal and life, could only feel itself at home amongst unrestrained freedom. It called the Romantic into being, whose unsaddled Pegasus, untroubled by ordinances and untrammelled by the fetters of bygone days, bold and free, set off on its fantastically wild gallop through the civilized world, leaving traces on musical ground which have not died away even to our day, when the party escutcheon of this

school still marks a struggle which has never been brought to a definite issue.

Right and left of the contending parties, however, a third factor gradually formed itself in a practical way, which, led by the higher instinct of historical development, sought to bring both to an organic unity. Theory also came to the knowledge that, neither in the subjective contents of the Romanticists, nor in the formal beauty of the Classicists, is the final aim of art to be found; that neither the former without submission to the laws of form, nor the latter without the aid of freedom of fancy, can imbibe the ever powerfully renewed and inexhaustible living fountain of art; that especially the highest aim of musical art seeks to widen the sphere of universal sentiment, and awaken the torpid soul to the light of consciousness, giving to the matters of life and of the world a pure and lofty ideality. With this recognition a spiritual spiral was found, the coil of which leads the future development of musical art to the Universal. With it Beethoven's prophetic mission is recognized in its fullest signification. *That* line itself found the point of its spiral-formed circle in subjective sentiment and fancy. The Romanticists constructed this spiral on erratic principles. On one side, their line sank into the deep, and became lost—Robert

Schumann; on the other, they drew the circle wider, but did not lead it upwards—Hector Berlioz. They could not find the one path which would have led them to imperishable renown. Herein it lies that their works, although they must be called a full expression of the time and national instincts, containing fragments of abiding worth and beauty, bear only a transitional character, which points to a higher aim of art without being able to attain it.

VIII.

HECTOR BERLIOZ'S INFLUENCE ON LISZT.

[Paris 1832–1835.]

Individual relationship between Beethoven and Liszt. Difference of individuality between Berlioz and Liszt. Influence of the former on the side of harmony. Fétis. Liszt's "Pensée des Morts" and religious mood.

From the historical retrospect of the foregoing chapter, it clearly appears wherein Liszt's inner being as an artist was affected, and how far the French Romanticists had an abiding influence on him. His individuality does not bear the characteristic features of the lighter school, while the peculiarities which stamp Beethoven as an exponent of high art already show themselves unmistakeably in Liszt, even in his youthful productions.

The foundation of Liszt's nature, like that of Beethoven, is feeling. From his childhood it resembled a lyric flame, rising even higher and higher. Then, in Liszt, that great bias of the world of ideas striving after the *universal*

is already discernible in his early youth as in Beethoven ; but in the case of the latter, only in mature years. Think of his sketch of the July symphony, when the Hungarian was only a stripling of nineteen years, and compare it with the contents of the ninth symphony of the German Colossus. Is there not the depth of feeling for humanity which so mightily affected the elder composer, while there is not wanting, even perhaps more than with Beethoven, the religious element, that lofty flight of thought and sentiment striving to rise above the earth and the world.

Liszt's whole natural disposition shows itself here as one which, bearing in it romantic elements, it is true, thrives and points beyond them. Liszt has been described as belonging to the French Romanticists. This is an error. He had gone through a romantic period in the years of his development, just as ideally gifted natures go through a period of world-sorrow, but it went no further. Man's nature shakes off what, coming from without, clings to him in the years of inner fermentation. Only what is akin, what assimilates, remains. As Paganini's technical wonders revealed the marvels of *his* art, so the ideas of the French Romanticists loosed the fancies of the pianist with regard to form and the object of representation in

instrumental music. Liszt's artistic *foundation* was German, widened by the French element.

In those years, however, in which French Romanticism led its Blocksberg dance in all its madness, his thoughts found expression in his performances on the piano, and in his improvisations on this instrument; but scarcely a shadow of the spirit of the times fell on his compositions belonging to that period, much less on his later symphonies. The principal part of his Romantic solos belong to his personal life.

As some time before the youthful Liszt had entered the St. Simonian movement, so now the musical frenzy of the day seized him, and he filled himself to repletion with the fancies of the modern school. Enthusiastically he associated himself with Berlioz, who, on his return from his Italian journey, 9th December, 1832, had represented his symphony, "Episode," &c., at a concert given in the hall of the Conservatoire. It was after this performance that Liszt transferred the score to the piano.

Berlioz's influence in time affected Liszt's musical composition in two directions—the technicalities and the principles of art.

Berlioz was not only a *master* in instrumentation, he was also a discoverer, an inventor, a pioneering genius. With wonderful force, he

knew how to lend the orchestra power, splendour, and sharpness of characteristic such as no master had ever before produced. It appeared as though nature had revealed to him the secret of understanding and speaking the dialect of each instrument.

It was the same with his harmonies. He wrung every single chord, as it were, from the stream of general sentiment and presented its individual colour, speech, and characteristic physiognomy. On this side of technical art Berlioz has enriched his contemporaries and posterity as scarcely no other master has done. These beauties of art produced the highest excitement in Liszt. Berlioz's instrumental and harmonious power worked essentially on him, as also did the dramatic perceptions of that composer. By it he strengthened a kindred trait of his own mind, which, particularly on the side of harmony, had always striven for expression, but, kept back by classical discipline, had only appeared in his improvisations on the pianoforte. As regards harmonious combination and modulations, Berlioz, of all his contemporaries, the most powerfully excited Liszt's spirit.

A *savant* in music, Franz Josep Fétis, who, by hypotheses which he set up concerning future developments of harmonious progress and connection, afforded great aid to the yet theoretically

unproved boldness of the new combinations, also gave incitement to Liszt, and is to be named next to Berlioz, but rather in the sphere of theory than of practice. Fétis gave lectures in Paris, in the winter of 1832, on the philosophy of music, at which, as he relates in the "Revue musicale Belge," Liszt was present. In these lectures he had spoken of the future of musical art in reference to tone and harmony, and expressed the opinion that "the final aim of both these must consist in an increased approximation of all tones and of all keys, and consequently also of all harmonious progress." Till then this had not been customary; the harmonious direction in question he designated by the words, *ordre omnitonique*. Fétis says further, that this idea struck Liszt very much, and became an imperishable truth in his mind. Fétis's hypothesis was an obscure, casual idea, of too great worth to be forgotten, but too vague to appear immediately useful in practice, and yet, again, too much in accordance with the feeling of the time not to be felt as a truth by progressive spirits. Liszt was sensible of this. He said to himself that an omnitone was reserved for later generations, but that it would be madness to attempt to realize it for the present, that one could only go forwards step by step, and so art would attain its aim and gradual development. The thought of

omnitony, however, remained firmly planted within him. On it the conviction, so important for the musical art of recent times, was essentially founded, that

Whatever springs immediately from a feeling moving within the limits of the beautiful and the lofty, and corresponds to it in expression, is allowable and justified; that all belonging to this spontaneity—although more presage than knowledge in the artist—has an *aim* towards which it strives at all times, and in each generation, until gradually the system of harmony arrives where the boundaries which separate Diatonics, Chromatics, and Enharmonics fall, and the "*ordre omnitonique*" is reached, whereby each sphere of feeling will find its corresponding colour of tone.

Convinced of this aim of harmonious development, Liszt, in his manner of expression, had the courage of his convictions. A genuine genius, he did not deal in subtleties and dreamy speculations, nor did he give way to empiricism; he always proved the soundness of his new harmonious combinations, and tried them in the light of the idea of truth.

The hypothesis set up by Fétis of the *ordre omnitonique* became thus, as he himself says, gradually an imperishable conviction in Liszt's mind, and was of great influence on his productions. It is interesting to observe that the sparks which kindled him all fell nearly at the same time. The incitements received from Fétis complete those from Berlioz—the former guiding to an aim, the latter fructifying. Berlioz's

combinations of sound affected him immediately and warmly. Their novelty found a response in his own soul; an extraneous power challenged him to combat.

The influences of Berlioz on Liszt's instrumentation belong to a later time, and are more indirectly than directly visible—as also in the case of harmony—in the characteristics of his sounds, which are allied to those of Berlioz, from whom, too, he borrowed beauty and depth of expression.

More potent and of greater historical bearing were those influences of the spirit of Berlioz which were connected with the Romantic in regard to contents and forms—the principles of art. Berlioz's idea of music, his decided intention of freeing form from the classical types and uniting it to poetic ideas, his endeavours not only to raise musical art, but also to make his music flow, as it were, from poetical ideas, gave Liszt lasting impressions. Freedom of form, poetic and ideal contents—he took up these ideas with fire and earnestness, standing boldly as their champion by the side of Hector Berlioz, who was already half-outlawed, half-feared by the critics. Little understood by musicians, but much misunderstood by the public, he was regarded by them as an oddity. Liszt was brought up with classical views, having

learnt to regard its forms as the aim and criterion of all artistic working, both as regards reproduction and production, but now, at the moment when his originality struggles to emancipate itself, we see him apparently leave the ground sanctioned by prescription, while his spirit sounded in harmony with the anti-classical current of the time.

But this state of affairs did not come about without preparation. If we look back to the peculiar expressions of his talent as a child, it will be seen that he aimed at a manner of expression which should be free and unrestrained. His passionate love of improvisation, his unpremeditated rendering of the compositions of others, to the great terror of his father and teachers, his love for Beethoven, who went beyond the classics, and finally his decided antipathy to formal music (Czerny, Clementi), all these were forerunners of the direction Liszt's ways were henceforth to take. He was born an innovator, like Beethoven, who came into the world with an "accompagnement obligato,"[1] only he had not yet found his motto. His intercourse with Urhan had brought about the first indication, but it was only a spark. His subjective nature, and withal his age, belonged to the period whose

[1] Beethoven's letter to the music-publisher, Hofmeister, in Leipsic, dated December 15, 1810.

tonic-note was romantic, and time, with this same tonic-note, did the rest. His ideality united God and the world, as he followed the sympathetic sound which the romantic ideas and Berlioz's kind of composition had awakened in him.

Thus Liszt's artistic issuing-point, like that of the Romanticists, was subjective. Yet, notwithstanding his intimate connection with Berlioz, and a similar endeavour to bring instrumental music—though at first only in the narrow bounds of pianoforte music—to a decided purport through its union with poetry, there were differences between the two composers, though concealed for a time, both as regarded contents and form, arising naturally from varying individuality and course of culture. Liszt has been called an "imitator" of Berlioz, just as at the present day he is designated a "French Romanticist," which is not more true than as if, for instance, Beethoven were called an imitator of Mozart. Each one was a whole for himself, in spite of certain points of contact. Already at the time when Liszt, still a boy, played his own "Sturm und Drang" into the "Sturm und Drang" of the surrounding atmosphere, differences between both stood forth so strongly marked that his originality with respect to Berlioz is unmistakeable.

Berlioz was not of so harmoniously gifted a nature as his younger friend, and the hard struggles into which his inclination for music, as well as his passionate but, at first, unrequited love for the English tragic actress Smithson had thrown him, were by no means calculated to smooth the angularities of his nature. With a noble turn of thought, with a keen perception of the important in art, and an energetic struggle after its triumphs, he was yet inwardly lacerated and his nature alloyed by bitter irony, which accompanied him throughout his whole career. The thought that, even in all the contradictions of life, there is divine order never had a calming influence on him. His irony penetrated the productions of his fancy, as in his programme of the "Symphonie fantastique" we see his interior requirements and spiritual direction so different from Liszt's nature. A contrast meets us here which comes out the most sharply on the human side in Liszt's love for humanity and yearning after divine things, as opposed to Berlioz's inclination to bitterness; and also on the artistic side this contrast cannot be denied. Here it is particularly discernible in comparing the programme to the "Symphonie fantastique," with a preface which preceded a composition for the pianoforte by Liszt, and which, though only a fragment, is to be regarded as his first

attempt at poetry. This fragment is the foundation of the "Pensée des Morts," the fourth number of his pieces for the pianoforte, "Harmonies poétiques et réligieuses," composed in 1834.

Liszt's preface is not sketched by himself. It is an echo of the words of Lamartine, not a life episode like that of Berlioz's "Epigramme." A lyrical sigh, it speaks of a God-seeking, God-fearing frame of mind. Though the breath of world-sorrow which surrounds the poet's religious harp cannot be concealed, that lies quite as much in the atmosphere of the time as in the individual chord of Lamartine. In Liszt as in Berlioz the foundation is traceable to an inner wound; but while Berlioz, with evident pleasure, it must be said, gives up his fantastic, earth-rooted sorrow to the orgies of an unbridled fancy, Liszt seeks to raise himself above the troubles of his mind, which spring from another source—"Pensée des Morts"—by surrendering himself to that world of thought which feels and sees its centre in the idea of God.

This difference of spiritual direction also, in its time, produced its expression in real life. When the young man Liszt renounced his love, he gave himself up to religious transcendentalism; Berlioz threw himself into the arms of wild

passions. Thus in Liszt's life and art there appeared an optimism which threw the anchor to his subjectivity, in contradistinction to Berlioz, whose pessimist direction is unmistakeable. To the former, religious belief brings the solution of mental sufferings, while the latter plunges into the wildest dissonances of unmeaning fancy.

It is significant that dissonance is inseparable from the genuine Romanticists. Byron, Kleist, Hofmann, Heine—they live and die in it.

As through the dissimilarity of individuality ideal differences were inevitable in both artists, their distinctive education also caused variances which gradually — though both emphasized freedom of form—became visible on the side of formality. Whilst Liszt's artistic education was smooth and easy, that of Berlioz was difficult and uneven. He was not from his childhood intended for the artistic career. He was already a youth, cultivating music only as a dilettante, when he wrung this calling from fate. He had not in his boyish days enjoyed the discipline of the classical school, whereby—notwithstanding his later reception into the Paris academy—much was lost to him: a leading star was wanting.

He there appropriated to himself a sure technicality of composition, it is true, but his spirit

was already too independently developed, and too much turned towards the feelings of the time, to be deeply moved by classical forms. The nature of his productions as regards form was decided by fancy. In Liszt it was otherwise. During his youthful years, he appears borne on and moved by the modern spirit, yet his veneration for classicality so grew that, in spite of the new ideas which stormed in upon him, it could not be extinguished, as his fantasias of that time—which will be spoken of hereafter—sufficiently show. His subjectivity presupposed classical discipline, just as his romantico-poetic sympathies necessitate a previous religious discipline of faith.

In both these points the principal features wherein both artists differ are patent, being imprinted on the form and direction of their works; but the influence which the French Romanticists, and especially Hector Berlioz, exercised on Liszt is comprised in the principle of programme music, which emphasized freedom of contents and form.

Liszt's connection with Berlioz and the ideas of the French Romanticists was at a time when the latter took their first flight. But though he was kindled by them, their influence when he had left Paris behind him and travelled through Europe fell into the background; and when the

moment appeared in which they had ceased to live and other phases of artistic development opened—an epoch which may be fixed at the year 1848—they were to him a standing point he had passed, a cast-off garment which he had discarded.

The first musical expression of his connection with the Romanticists, as well as the originality which developed itself on this side, is the beforementioned fragment of the "Harmonies poétiques et réligieuses," which, as has been already said, afterwards passed into a composition for the pianoforte bearing the title, "Pensée des Morts," to the examination of which we now turn. At that time it had no special title, but sought only by the peculiar heading, "avec un profond sentiment d'ennui," to signify the character of the contents, the word "ennui," as the composer declares to us, being taken in the deep sense in which Bossuet uses it, "cet inexorable *ennui* qui est le fond de la vie humaine," namely, as "the tribulation of the poor children of men" (Liszt), or, in the sense in which Job uses it, as it runs in French, "Pourquoi, mon Dieu, suis-je contraire à vous et plein d'ennui pour moi-meme?"—a quotation which Liszt also liked to give in connection with this composition. The title of the fragment itself appeared under the already mentioned

collective designation, "Harmonies poétiques," which is taken from a collection of poems of that name by Lamartine published in 1830. This composition was also dedicated to the poet. The later collection bears another dedication.

As we have already remarked, Liszt placed words of De Lamartine before his compositions. This preface bears the inscription, "Ces vers ne s'adressent qu'à un petit nombre," and confirms what has been said of the difference of his and Berlioz's individual direction. As all our readers may not have Lamartine's writings at hand, we give his words in full.

Il y a des âmes méditatives que la solitude et la contemplation élèvent invinciblement vers les idées infinies, c'est-à-dire vers la réligion ; toutes leurs pensées se convertissent en enthousiasme et en prière, toute leur existence est un hymne muet à la Divinité et à l'espérance. Elles cherchent en elles-mêmes et dans la création qui les environne des degrés pour monter à Dieu, des expressions et des images pour se le révéler à elles-mêmes, pour se révéler à lui ; puissé-je leur en prêter quelques-unes !

Il y a des cœurs brisés par la douleur, refoulés par le monde, qui se refugient dans le monde de leurs pensées, dans la solitude de leur âme pour pleurer, pour attendre ou pour adorer ; puissent-ils se laisser visiter par une Muse solitaire comme eux, trouver une sympathie dans ces accords, et dire quelquefois en l'écoutant, Nous prions avec tes paroles, nous pleurons avec tes larmes, nous invoquons tes chants.[1]

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[1] There are pensive souls which solitude and contemplation raise invincibly to heaven ; all their thoughts are converted

The composition itself is remarkable; it lies before us in an edition published by Hofmeister in Leipsic, 1835. Compared with the Études, edited several years before, it seems impossible that they originate from the same composer. In the former all is classically formal, here, all romantically free. The piece is designated senza tempo and moves in the most varied rhythms: 8-4, 7-4, 4-4, 3-4, &c. Expression and time change in like manner. The harmonies are noble, but in comparison with the classical, *ex abrupto*. Boldness and a melting surrender to sentiment all in rapid change in immediate succession; but the ornamental forms of play are still founded on those of traditional technicality. If the whole composition be considered from a classical-form point of view, the indignation directed against Liszt by those who had grown grey in the discipline and honours of

into enthusiasm and prayer, their whole existence is a mute hymn to the divinity and to hope. They seek in themselves, and in the creation which surrounds them, steps to mount to God, expressions and images to reveal Him to themselves, to reveal themselves to Him. May I be able to offer them such!

There are hearts crushed by grief, trampled on by the world, who take refuge in the world of their thoughts, in the solitude of their souls, to weep, to wait, and to adore; may they be invited by a Muse, solitary as themselves, and find sympathy in her harmonies, and sometimes say, while listening to her, We pray with thy words, we weep with thy tears, we invoke with thy holy songs.

classical worship, can easily be understood and readily forgiven, but from the standing-point of that time, and that of the degree of development of the youthful composer, it is an inestimable historical document, on which the seal of romantic ideality is unmistakeably impressed. It expresses decisively Liszt's rebellion against formal music, and signalizes, though as yet in hieroglyphics, the aims of his farther development.

The collection of "Harmonies poétiques" which appeared in 1853 (Kistner, Leipzic: ten numbers in seven parts) entirely disavows this former edition. Liszt here calls it "tronquée et fautive."

In this composition it is remarkable, as regards Liszt's unity with his music, that it is in harmony with the principal feature of his general spiritual sentiment up to that time, which with rare strength struggled after the light of consciousness, and sought to concentrate the subjectivity, the breadth and height of this consciousness, into one point, feeling, and idea of God. Liszt's words, "in certain artists their works are their life," find here their application. We perceive in this composition the same striving as in his thirst for knowledge and direction of feeling; everywhere the signs of a nature which seeks to remove the narrow borders of

subjectivity while searching for the *something* which shall fix them in the kingdom of ideas. With reference to Liszt's musical-religious sentiment, in considering this composition, it again strikes us that its significance could only be maintained through works which belong to his Meister years. As the preface of the "Harmonies poétiques et religieuses" refers to the religious worship of the mind, but not to that connected with the church, so Liszt's music, notwithstanding the "religieuse," does not move on the ground of church musical dogma, which latter we see in counterpoint, built up as it is on sacred tones. Senza tempo, it feels stammeringly after an unlimited expression of a sentiment which soars aloft freely without restraint and without aid.

The sounds which he stammers are religious, but not canonical in an historical sense.

IX.

THE DIOSCURI.

[Paris, 1832—1835.]

Chopin. His first appearance in Paris. Liszt's enthusiasm and love for him. External characteristics of both. The affinities, completion, and contrasts of their natures. Their mutual influences. Liszt as an interpreter of Chopin's music. The musical ornamentation of both. Liszt's book on Chopin.

In that luxuriant time when Paris seemed to be the spiritual firmament of the world, whereof the comets, planets, and fixed stars were formed by the most eminent spirits moving in the wondrous city, a stripling appeared whose exterior beauty was not less enchanting than the inward nature which it concealed.

The charm of early youth, troubled and disturbed by no passion, was manifested in him in untouched purity, and nothing had passed away of the picture which a poetic and pyschological hand had sketched of him, describing him at that charming stage when Physis and Pysche

in secret union had completed their spell in the transition from boyhood to youth.

"Gentle and full of feeling," this pen calls Frederic Chopin's external appearance, "uniting the gracefulness of youth with the dignity of riper years;" while his face was "beautiful, belonging neither to a certain age nor a certain sex." His exterior, in reference to his Polish origin, "had not the bold, manly mien of a descendant of magnates who passed their lives in drinking, hunting, and war. He possessed, too, as little the effeminate loveliness of a rosy cherub. His exterior seemed rather allied to those ideal beings with which the poetry of the middle ages used to adorn Christian temples. An angel of an exquisite countenance, of a form pure and pliant as that of a slender woman; a youthful god of Olympus, on whom, to crown the whole, the spirit-stamp of the tender and the severe, the chaste and the passionate, is alike impressed."[1]

Chopin was one-and-twenty years old when, on his way to England, he appeared in Paris—only *en passant*, as he thought—and his slender figure had become taller, but had lost nothing of the charm and nothing of the characteristic features which his spiritual nature had lent it, and which corresponded to the description

[1] G. Sand's "Lucrezia Floriani."

quoted. This charm and these characteristic features, which are so strikingly described as "tender and severe, chaste and passionate," were the primitive type of his artistic individuality.

It was towards the end of the year 1831—the same year that Paganini had exercised his demoniac powers on the Parisians—that Chopin gave his first *soirée* in the Pleyel *salon* before an audience consisting principally of the *élite* of the artistic world. His hearers did not count by thousands, like Paganini's, but they were the most authoritative in Paris. His wonderful play rang forth; he executed his Concerto in E flat, Mazurkas, and Nocturnes, into which, full of grace and poetic fire, he poured his hopes, dreams, and remembrances, weaving between whiles, from the tones of the history of his people's sufferings, native hymns steeped with sorrow; then there again reigned one of those promising and deeply silent moments of calm which are wont to follow extraordinary performances, and which months before had accompanied Paganini's playing—a calm succeeded by the loudest storm of applause.

The effect of Chopin's playing was, however, different from that of the great violinist. Though the musicians present did not thoroughly understand the Pole's musical speech,

as rich in new charms as it was national in its fundamental tones, they were all seized by a *something* which, however, did not lie, as with Paganini, in technical wonders. The art of the latter was realistic and demoniacal at the same time. His playing had filled the imagination of his hearers with dread and astonishment: the soul was but little touched. Chopin's tones, on the contrary, more spirit than body, as naïvely cheerful as they were painfully excited and earnestly manful, as glowing as they were chaste, enkindling and yet lulling into a pensive dream, penetrated into the innermost soul and opened a new ideal musical world—*the world of poetic enthusiasm.*

The warmest reception was accorded to the young artist. But neither admiration nor the most boisterous applause (as Liszt himself relates in recalling this first appearance of Chopin in Paris) could suffice to express the delight which the Hungarian virtuoso felt in the presence of this talent which "revealed a new phase in the poetic feeling, and the happiest innovations in the formative power of his art."

From that moment dates the unchanging love and admiration which the fiery Liszt always felt for Chopin, who, however, did not affect him as Berlioz had done, as it were spirit kindling spirit. Chopin, more womanly, notwithstanding

his manly fire—the lyric poet among dramatists —exercised on Liszt the attraction of the tender on the strong. The latter drew him lovingly to his heart with all the warmth of his artistic feeling, thereby solving the enigma of his being, which would only open willingly to *that* spirit which not only, like himself—to use Heine's words concerning Chopin—had risen from the "dreamland of poesy," but also had its origin in the kingdom to which "the interpreters of visions" belong.

A bond of attraction united the two youths, and elicited loftier sounds and visionary charms from their tones, which developed themselves in new ways and new poetical speech. In the history of the pianoforte music of that epoch, particularly amongst the Parisians, the more one looks into their nature and productions, the more apparent are they both, like Castor and Pollux, offering each other the hand of fellowship and assistance. Liszt's nature, as it stands before us at that stormy period, developing itself individually and, at the same time, innovating in art, would scarcely seem complete without Chopin at his side; and Chopin, apart from Liszt, would have shown an unmistakeable want of impulsive power.

Their external appearance, too, indicated at once their affinity and also their dissimilarity.

Compare the seraphic appearance of Chopin given at the beginning of this chapter with that of Liszt. The latter had not that mixture of youth and ripeness, nor, what was so remarkable in Chopin's youthful age, that finish and completeness in itself. Liszt's nature became at that time more and more flaming, panting, like liquid fire—"wild, electric, volcanic, and heaven-storming," Heine called it. His figure, which had reached a considerable height, towering above Chopin's, was yet slender as his; the proportions, too, like those of the latter, were fine and delicate. But notwithstanding this slightness of frame, a spiritual energy, betraying at once the extraordinary man, penetrated every limb — an expression which Chopin did not possess. This strongly stamped energy of mind corresponded with Liszt's bearing; it was free, noble, knightly; Chopin's more reserved and gentlemanly. Liszt's head sat lightly and proudly on his shoulders, uncommonly stiff hair of a dark blonde was thrown back straight from the forehead without a parting, and cut in a straight line. Chopin's hair was also dark blonde, but soft as silk and parted on the side. In him everything was more womanly—"An angel of fair countenance, with brown eyes, from which intelligence shone rather than fire, a gentle and delicate smile, a slightly aquiline nose, a com-

plexion of delicious delicacy — all bespoke a harmony which required no commentary."[1] It was otherwise with Liszt. Every line, every feature of his face had a particular meaning, without, however, destroying the harmony of the whole. The type of his physiognomy was Hungarian. The features strongly marked; the profile sharply and boldly cut; the forehead high, broad, and receding; the orbits of the eyes deeply sunk and surmounted by thick eyebrows, eyes glowing in their dark and intelligent depths, and yet indescribably mild and conciliating, the colour a grey blue, which in moments of excitement seemed to take different shades, and became light brown, green, and transparent, "like drops of a wave of the Baltic Sea;"[1] the nose aquiline, firmly planted, with wide passionate nostrils; the mouth large; the chin energetical and broad—this was Liszt's general physiognomy. Nothing common, nothing contradictory—all, to the very foundations, firmly stamped, and yet nowhere sharp angles or corners. If the configuration of his frame spoke of strength and boldness, the lines spoke of nobleness of soul and of thought, his muscles of action and passion. His countenance, his expression, the whole head bore the impress

[1] Liszt's words.

[1] Taken from the letter of a very distinguished individual.

of the highest ideality. But what lent power to his glance, and an irresistible charm to the expression of his face, was the warmth of feeling which spontaneously and unconsciously beamed therefrom. His complexion was remarkable, warm with life, and yet of a peculiar paleness, not unlike in hue to ivory; and indeed, on account of this complexion and of his sharply cut profile, they gave him in the Paris *salons* the surname of "le profile d'ivoire."

The close connection springing from a deep community of spirit, which had originated at the time when Chopin went through his first artistic trials in the Pleyel *salon*, became a mutual influence full of spiritual power for both Liszt and him.

They next met as artists in connection with the piano. But while Liszt's vaster and more fiery spirit lent wings to this instrument, as it were, and raised it above its limits to that of an orchestra, while it became to him a Pegasus, on whose back he swung into unknown regions, Chopin sank his sounds within the borders of subjective and Polish national lyrics, interweaving them with his dreams and with his love, with his cheerful hopes and hidden sorrows, to an intensity of magical spirituality as unique and unknown as the conflagration which drove Liszt beyond his former limits. In the

fire, the power, the richness of feeling, the boldness and omnipotence of the one, and in the poetic dreaminess, the fervour of feeling, and spiritual charm of the other, lay the germ from which their mutual relationship was created, and through which both, as artists, elevated each other.

Chopin's exclusive and finished nature, which was already stamped with all its principal features when he was yet in early youth, had in general but little influence. His intellectual life moved in narrow bounds, and did not seek, like Liszt's, for extension on every side—in breadth and height and depth. Universality, such as that which had created itself a path in Liszt, was a stranger to him. The impressions which Chopin had received in his boyhood and early youth remained at all times the source of his wonderful poetry, and what was added later —his elevated life of feeling—lent them, indeed, a loftier splendour and greater intensity, but scarcely widened the sphere of his intellectual motions. What was peculiar to his nature, the enchanting variety of colouring, as well as the forms through which it was expressed, was already pronounced before his appearance in Paris.

Paris with its great intellectual movement of the fourth decade of our century, which seized

youthful spirits with the force of fire, had effected no intellectual extension in him. This movement, with its revolutionary elements, only touched his inner life disturbingly and antipathetically. Democracy presented to his eyes, as Liszt relates of him, an agglomeration of foreign and tormenting elements of too wild a violence to be able to awake his sympathies. When the starting of social and political questions was compared to a new invasion of barbarians, the terrors presented by this comparison affected him most painfully. He doubted that the salvation of Rome would come from these modern Attilas, and feared the destruction of art, and the overthrow of her monuments, of her refinement, of her civilization; in a word, he was anxious lest he should lose the elegant, refined, if also somewhat indolent ease of life, such as Horace sings it. He kept back from all political, theological, and philosophical discussions, following them only at a distance. "Il mondo va da se," he seemed to say to himself; perhaps—as Liszt with fine feeling excuses his friend—"to console his idle hand and to reconcile it with the strings of his lyre."

The currents of the time rushed past Chopin without carrying him away with them or turning him into wider paths than those which already lay in his experience. In regard to

the new fancies, he showed himself reserved and silent, in perfect contrast to Liszt, who was violently affected by them, and who, as Heinrich Heine sought to describe him to his countrymen on this side of the Rhine, driven into the maze of all the distresses and doctrines of the time, felt it his duty to trouble himself about all the necessities of humanity, being fond of sticking his nose into all the pots wherein the dear God cooks the future.

Chopin, although like Liszt a faithful Catholic, yet, in contrast to him, closed his ears to all the discussions of that day concerning theology and the church, as he had done to political and social questions, while the latter, with a continual impulsion towards religious views, found everywhere materials of excitement Chopin's whole being and imagination were not seized like Listz's, nor did religious feeling penetrate all the elements of thought, as was the case with the other. Chopin's piety was exclusively for himself, and, while Liszt was continually in a state of religious aspiration, which needed the church and its worship, he kept his faith for himself without any outward show. Chopin seldom overcame this reserve and exclusiveness. In two points only did he depart from his indifference to the questions of the time: his native land and art.

However excluded from his sympathy all outward things might be, he was ever open to Liszt's artistic spirit, which found entrance to his own. The playful creativeness of his genius, the spiritual charm of his improvisations, united to his manly, stormy strength and passion, the wonderful success which stood at his command, incited Chopin not a little to elevate himself and his own wonderful capabilities, and his muse, which first in Paris began to unfold its full beauty and originality, shows frequent impulsions from Liszt's influence, particularly in the flight which it took to the highest manly power and passion. In this direction he was decidedly incited and supported. Not that Chopin had need of strength, but, living in and for himself, with a tenderly balanced nature, not unlike that tropical plant, *Noli me tangere*, which closes its leaves on contact with a material substance, nurtured in highly aristocratic circles, on a soil where the conquest of inner emotions is a rule of life, and only courtly politeness shows itself; at the same time of a delicate constitution which obliged him to guard against violent excitement —the spontaneous expression of strong feeling was, we might almost say, suppressed; but it gleamed like sparks in the ashes.

Liszt's nature, on the contrary, was an un-

restrained outpouring of himself, careless of all near and around him, of the *how* and the *where*, half unconscious even of what was going on within him. He did not know and would not learn that reserve and command of his sentiments and thoughts which distinguished Chopin. They gushed out, foaming, stormy, and powerful beyond measure, according to the impulse of the moment. In this fiery pouring out of himself he often dragged Chopin musically with him, and fanned the glimmering sparks to a flame. Many passages of Chopin's music which, full of fine and passionate soaring, rather resemble the proud swelling of a stream than its calm flowing, bear unmistakeably the traces of Liszt's influence. To these belong, above all, the Études Nos. 9 and 12 of the Douze Études, dedicated to "his friend Liszt" (Opus 10), the Études No. 11 and 12 of the Douze Études dedicated to Madame d'Agoult (Opus 28), compositions which are all in Liszt's style and manner of expression. To these may be added the *first Scherzo* originating also at the time of his intimate personal intercourse with his Hungarian friend, as also the Polonaise in A flat major. The conclusion of his Nocturne in A flat major (Opus 32) also must be included in the list.

Chopin's influence on Liszt's compositions was

less conspicuous, but extended the more strongly to musically poetic strains, which the Hungarian brought to expression, particularly on the pianoforte. It showed itself chiefly, however, in the direction of the principles of art—a point at which Chopin departed from his neutrality and silence with regard to the questions of the time. When, in 1832, the musico-romantic contest with classical formalism began through Hector Berlioz, Chopin stood on the side of progress. Though he could only feel antipathy for the exaggerations of Romanticism as they stood at that period on the programme of the day, yet his own nature was far too averse to classicism; and, on the other hand, the necessity for freedom of form and movement, as well as a new harmonic means of expression corresponding to his own sentiments, was much too warmly stamped within him, for him to withdraw himself from this conformity of his nature to the requirements of the time. With clear eye and steadfast thought he embraced the questions of the contest, seeking to give them weight and form in a series of *Plaidoyers*, sketched with passionate zeal. It was about this time that Liszt annexed the "Symphonie fantastique" to the pianoforte, and created new paths for the technicality of playing on that instrument. At that period Chopin, by the example of perseverance,

firmness, and clearness which he gave, was of no small influence on Liszt's adhesion to the Romanticists. Although the latter was a born innovator, and new notions began to haunt him like a suddenly unchained spirit of nature, he could not deny the classical discipline; and the deep admiration which he felt for the masterly productions of past geniuses opposed itself at moments to the enthusiasm the Romanticists awakened in him, which at times seemed willing to do homage to the destructive theories in the most radical manner. Uncertainly he felt his way. Here Chopin stood by his side, opposed to all arbitrary effect and all romantic license, and yet struck by the enchanting glance of the goddess of free art. Liszt himself relates, in his book dedicated to Chopin's memory, how influential his conviction was in that moment of inner uncertainty.

To our endeavours (he says), to our struggles, just then so much needing certainty, being met as we were at that time by wiseacres who shook their heads at us rather than by glorious opponents, he lent us the support of a calm, unshakeable conviction, equally armed against slackness or enticement.

In Chopin's security, his repose, his discreet composure, lay the qualities which operated to tranquillize Liszt's nature, then always at the point of conflagration. This effect of Chopin's on Liszt has not escaped the observation of the

French contemporaries of that epoch, and even those who stood afar off instinctively recognized the fact. Robert Schumann, for instance, made the remark, "It appears as if the sight of Chopin brought him again to his senses."[1] Though these words referred especially to Liszt's compositions—of which, however, it cannot be affirmed—yet, from a general point of view, they have hit the truth.

Not only was the example powerful which Chopin gave Liszt by his decision in the contest for the advancement of art, but his individuality alike affected his brother virtuoso. The enthusiasm of his fancy in the direction of feeling, "revealing a new phase in poetic sentiment," made kindred chords in Liszt's nature vibrate intensely. As Liszt's strength brought out Chopin's, so the tenderly poetic lyre of Chopin left its impression on Liszt, with this difference, however, that the results are not to be detected in single compositions. The influence which Chopin exercised on Liszt, as expressed in the performances of the latter on the piano, was deep enough, at that epoch of fervid excitement, to be placed beside that of Paganini, though it displayed itself in a quite opposite manner. The Italian violinist had showed a way to new technicalities in pianoforte playing,

[1] Schumann's "Gesammelte Schriften," iii. 162.

and perhaps had also awakened the demon of inspiration; Chopin, on the contrary, made his compeer feel the sympathy of the beautiful within the limits of subjective lyric sweetness. The one unbound, the other bound; the former drove him beyond the then known limits of the pianoforte, the latter, with his fervour and his graceful playing, held him dreamily back. Liszt's nature, which strove at every moment to pass all barriers, required such a restraining element, that it should not lose itself in the monstrous, and especially at that time when, not yet arrived at maturity, he moved in the midst of the most contradictory mental currents. But such a restraint, such a curbing of himself, could only occur through a nature alike spiritually allied to his own, and at the same time bearing in it the divine spark of genius.

Chopin's influence on Liszt was most observable, then, in regard to the piano. In one of the most effective parts of his execution he was even the predecessor of the latter, and that on a side which raised pianoforte playing to a free speech of the spirit, as spoken by Chopin and Liszt, but most impressively, and, above all, most loftily by the Hungarian. This effect was the *tempo rubato*, that peculiar momentary *vibrato* of rhythms which seems to escape counting and measuring: forgetting the time, yet remaining

within it; leaving the form, yet not losing it. Nothing was known of this before Chopin. With him, however, it seemed bound to the soul of lyrical tone-poetry, and lent a magical charm to his playing: half-formed dreams, like shades, now glided from his fingers. The *tempo rubato* of the Polish virtuoso was no external effect; it flowed as it were from the heart of his muse. The poetic gleam, which lent his compositions so peculiarly irresistible a charm, thus found expression. From Chopin's play the spark alighted upon Liszt. For his inner being, so easily roused into the deepest emotion, a means of execution now came to hand which stood perfectly at his command, alike in the stormy tumult of passions as in the gentle whispering of his feelings.

Yet another chord in Liszt's playing was made to vibrate by Chopin which until then, we might almost say, had lain silent in youthful ingenuousness. He learned from him, as a high-born Polish lady has strikingly defined it, "to sing the poetry of the aristocratic *salon* in music." Chopin's genius had already found this speech—in play and in composition—when, in his native land, he still moved in those circles of the Polish aristocracy where female beauty and knightly gallantry were entwined in the graceful dance, and celebrated their festivities

adorned with all the charm which tradition and poetry had heaped on the heads of the nobility of the kingdom. This language was all his own. No musician had spoke in it before him; no poet had outstripped it in poetic splendour, in dreamy beauty, and knightly movement. Chopin's mazurkas and polonaises are not only poetic pictures with a national stamp, they are at the same time an artistic condensation of spiritual dreams streaming from the *salon* in the play of heart and of fancy through the national dance, now transferred to the realms of art. These sounds of Chopin's lyre are an echo of the time when Poland, not yet mortally struck by the world-storm which desolated it, still gave itself up with fire and gracefulness to the dream of national independence. An *aperçu* says Chopin's waltzes were only composed for countesses. As regards his polaccas and mazurkas this might be affirmed; but even then it should have been added — only for Polish countesses.

Liszt, who gathered Chopin's language from him, has reproduced these secrets of his muse a thousandfold on the piano, in the most perfect manner, so that he has outdone their originator. Chopin's delicate bodily constitution did not always suffice for the fire and strength of his spirit; therefore he could not at all times pre-

sent his poesies to his hearers with that strongly stamped interchange of splendour and grace, of fire and tenderness, which glowed in his own soul. He too knew that, and therefore withdrew more from the concert-hall to the *salon*, and played exclusively before the distinguished Polish aristocracy living in Paris.

I am not fit for giving concerts (he said to Liszt); the audience makes me shy, their breath stifles me, I feel myself paralyzed by their inquisitive looks, and I grow dumb before strange faces. But *you*, you are called to it; for if you cannot win the favour of the public, you have the strength to assail, to convulse, to overpower, and to lead them.[1]

While Chopin took refuge with his playing in the company of the Poles, Liszt represented him in the concert-hall and in the *salons* of the French aristocracy. The stormy and yet infinitely gentle nature of the latter formed a great and striking contrast to the calm and ever polite exterior of the former. In the Parisian world, Liszt was at that time the necessary foil of Chopin's music; without him, in those days it would have been confined to Polish circles. No one had ever been able, like Liszt, to render it to the satisfaction of the composer, who loved an interpreter of his poesies; indeed, the Hungarian pianist often made clear to his brother virtuoso what the latter strove to attain;

[1] Liszt's "Chopin."

and, unaided, gave a higher colouring to what had only been indicated. In Chopin's room only *one* picture adorned its walls; significantly it hung opposite the piano, so that it looked down on the player; it was the portrait of his friend and associate.

Liszt not only represented Chopin at the piano, but afterwards in words gave to the world an account of his genius. This work, already several times quoted, presents with rare psychological *finesse* and keenness, Chopin's individuality in its many moments of floating rapture. Liszt, all musician, has understood how to find an expression in words for the unspeakable, which unveils itself directly and solely through tones. He has translated music into speech.

Liszt has also explained that national side of the Polish artist which is represented in his dance-music, and only *he* could explain it who was initiated into his personal life and the sanctuary of Chopin's heart—the eye of genius penetrating into the inmost folds. The chapter appropriated to the poetry of the Polish dance is not only, as it were, dedicated to the spirit of Chopin, it is also a page belonging to Polish history; for the productions in which the poetry of a race, of a people, of a nation is embodied, belong as much to the annals of the kingdom as

does the record of her heroes and their mighty deeds. It may be affirmed that without this chapter of Liszt's, Chopin's muse would only have been half unveiled to posterity.

As the same time that he began to speak in Chopin's idiom, his own spirit also expanded. He had learnt the language in which to sing "the poetry of the aristocratic *salon* in music," the language indeed to express this poetry spontaneously, especially where his own being was roused to animation. His position in these circles had begun to be quite different. He was no longer the much admired *little prodigy;* the favour of the women allowed him now to play the *amoroso.* The handsome and ardent artist and ever amiable cavalier rejoiced at this especial consideration. Chopin and Liszt, accompanied by Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, who was warmly attached to the former, were often seen in the *salon* of the Polish Countess Plater. This lady was one day asked her opinion of the three youths, when she answered quickly, "I would choose Hiller for my friend, Chopin for my husband, Liszt for my lover!"

At that time the women began to tease and provoke him, to defy and to flatter—connections here and there which were dramatized, as it were, in his playing. For his whole being was too original and poetic, and his standing as an

artist too high, for it to be possible for him to move on the common ground of drawing-room relationship, within the bounds of ordinary phraseology and formal politeness. These connections were converted within him into poetry. They became monologues and dialogues on the piano, and all the *nuances* of life which met him as a man, nurtured in the storm and sunshine of interior excitement, bloomed into the spiritual charm which so peculiarly characterized his playing. Chopin's music was, in this respect, his first interpreter in the *salon.* Through it he learned to speak a language whose mysteries made him the idol of the women, the envy of the men.

Chopin the *composer* touched Liszt less than Chopin the *poet.* In the former capacity the effect was scarcely appreciable, and yet potently on a side that till then had been regarded as non-essential in music. What Liszt said of Chopin, "that he gave himself up to a thousand phantasms and heavenly visions," may be applied to himself; but this lies in the affinity of their natures, and not on mutual influence. They both followed the original traits of their nature. Liszt's broad pinions, however, soon bore him beyond the sphere of Chopin, whose inner experiences were only those of his life. In the world, Liszt was a man, Chopin a

woman. The trait common to both belonged more to the poet than the composer. With regard to the latter, only in *one* respect did Chopin's genius find an echo. This was his peculiar mode of ornamentation, which seems, dream-weaving, to float around the melodies, and is no more a floral addition, but an *integral part of the work of art*—a charm which we meet for the first time in his pianoforte music. His ornamentation is as new as it is strange. Liszt says of it, that

> This kind of ornament, the type of which until then had only been found in the *fioritura* of the old great school of Italian song, had received from Chopin *the unlooked for* and the *manifold*, that lies beyond the power of the human voice; while till that time, only the latter had been slavishly copied, with ornaments that had become stereotyped and monotonous. Chopin invented those wondrous harmonious progressions which lent a dignified and serious character to passages which, from the light nature of the subject, lay no claim to any deep significance.

Chopin's ornamentation reawakened in Liszt's memory, though entirely opposed to Chopin's manner, those *fiorituras* which the fiddling gipsies of his home elicited with such freedom from the violin, and which, as a child, had so magnetically attracted him when on his native soil—an ornamentation so different from that of all other nations and races of the world. Original, luxuriant, wild, and tender, it wound round and caressed the melody, now seeming to

be a breath of its very soul, and then again appearing imbued to the full with the gipsy life, with its defiance and its contempt, with its sorrow and its joy, its pride and its melancholy. Chopin's ornamentation had nothing in common with this gipsy music, except the single characteristic which seems to rise from one melodious tone, a sigh half of love and half of sorrow. But with Chopin even this community bore another stamp, that of art: springs, as it were, rising spontaneously from the bosom of the earth. Chopin's ornamentation did not unfold the whole scale of Slavonic sentiment, it remained within the limits of the Polish national character. In the mazurkas it resembled the clashing of knightly spurs; in the waltzes and nocturnes, pliant *lianas*, into which stole yearning and elegy, the historical grief of the Poles.

No doubt this had its influence on Liszt; and when, in his later progress in all directions, he possessed himself of that spontaneity with which the Hungarian gipsies, that genuine musical people, created their *fioriturас*, Chopin's discipline became visible, lending artistic beauty and style to his ornamentation. In him, too, it became an integral part of art, in the closest sense of the word, and in the most extended manner.

Chopin's influence on Liszt as a composer

was in this direction. On the whole, the latter contented himself with reproducing on the piano the works of the former. At the time when both, yet youths, frequented the Parisian *salons*, he composed some trifles in Chopin's style — his "Apparitions," three pieces for the pianoforte, which did not at that time find very extensive publicity. In the region of composition Hector Berlioz's influence on him was alone weighty. Nevertheless the incitements which came to him through Chopin, however fleeting they may appear, were deeply poetical, and of so enchanting a character that they may in importance be placed beside the writings of the former. Liszt has recognized the historical importance of both artists, one for the progress of execution, the other for the symphony. Hector Berlioz had found Romanticism in the poetry of dramatically fantastic scenes, Chopin in the poetry of lyrical sentiment —ideas which had come to Liszt in two directions with equal force, and in his fiery spirit melting into one homogeneous whole, found expression on the piano.

The charm of Chopin's muse, together with the enchantment of Liszt's manner, the kindred poetic elements of both, their mutually complemented genius, their similar and yet varied sentiments in regard to innovation, the revolu-

tion which they called forth in the domain of pianoforte music, the new phases which they developed generally, even their external position in the Paris *salons*, in short, their whole artistic bearing, make Chopin and Liszt—at that time of artistic sorcery, when the ground burnt under their feet and the lightning flashed over their heads—appear another Castor and Pollux; on the one hand, Chopin with dreamy look, on the other, Liszt with boldly raised head, bearing in his hands the divine sparks of the future.

Not only their kindred genius united them in the warmest artistic relationship, there reigned also between them the most ardent human affection; and though in later years on the side of Chopin an ill-feeling against Liszt was remarked, this did not originate in their own mutual connection;[1] for never did artistic envy or artistic jealousy desecrate their love and admiration,[2] and their personal intercourse was

[1] Karasowsky, in his biography of Chopin, makes the remark that Chopin, in letters to his relations, "complained bitterly of Liszt," without giving the cause of his complaints. Such half-remarks always throw a suspicious shadow on one part or the other, and one feels here as though Liszt had committed an injustice against Chopin: it was the Rohant wind which did not blow favourably for Liszt.

[2] Many anecdotes which appeared during the last years in German papers, copies from an essay on Chopin, Liszt, and the life in Rohant, which appeared in the "Times," written by

always borne up by this feeling ; but Chopin's susceptible and excitable soul-life might have felt itself injured by the other, especially where he loved. His affectionate soul was partial. Liszt never changed towards him, and Chopin's feeling for Liszt was never extinguished, though it might have been outwardly disturbed for a moment.

When Chopin, in the bloom of life, sank into his grave, like a silver fir killed by the sirocco, Liszt with his epitaph "Chopin" set up an enduring monument. Only one could write so of him who had loved, understood, and surpassed him.

Only twice in his youth had Liszt entered into close connections of friendship with men. One, and the first to go to his home, was his friend Chopin, the noble Pole, the lyric tone-poet among musicians, round whose silent harp his friend has wound cypresses and immortals that know no fading. Liszt's book on Chopin, written in Weimar, 1849, is an important piece of musical literature. Not only does it

Rollinat, are partly inventions, partly facts entirely changed. Liszt's excellent memory, for instance, could in no wise recall the musical echo-play on the terrace at Rohant, as little as it could the evening when, with the lamps extinguished, he imitated Chopin's playing so deceptively—in revenge for a little defeat—that the hearers seriously thought Chopin was sitting at the piano.

lead us into the mysteries of Chopin's mind, it gives us also an idea of the secrets of genius in general—of its thinking, feeling, and willing ; of the magic circle to which its movements belong ; of its deep sufferings and sorrows ; of the agony of soul which the divine spark endures, as it were, in atonement for its higher advantages above other children of men. For certain as it is that no human life passes away without having been touched by one ray of joy, so sure is it that no genius lets drop his torch without having experienced distress of mind unknown to lesser mortals.

X.

ABBÉ DE LAMENNAIS.

[Paris, 1834—1835.]

His influence on Liszt as regards religion and the philosophy of art. A literary fragment. Glimpses of future church music. Ideals. Education of the people. Priest-hatred. Ballanche.

LAMENNAIS was the personage who at that remarkable period of Liszt's individual development closed the circle of spirits which affected the direction and extension of his artistic and human ideals. Those which have been previously mentioned—all pioneers in new paths of genius—had led his artistic views to a point when they developed to definite ideas and principles; but these suggestions still required both elucidation and compression; they lay promiscuously beside each other. The religious chords within him were also untouched, save that the spirit of the time had brought the youth into opposition to his former belief. Here, too, revulsions were to be effected.

The frenzy of the day was at its full height. It had shaken together all the powers of spirit-life in wanton play—religion, fancy, feeling, thought, will—and appeared at that moment to have forgotten the formula which would restore to order. French Romanticism was at its zenith of unshackled blindness. Light and darkness, truth and error, embraced each other deliriously, and the victory of fancy, arbitrary will, doubt, and atheism, over reason, law, and faith, celebrated its orgies in the works of romantic poetry and art. An indescribable tumult of hope, yearning, and the proud consciousness of self, ruled the Romanticists, and as with them, drunk with fancy, it seemed as though Liszt, too, would lose himself in the ideals, both true and false, which had mingled together in a fancy free from all bounds. Doubt had entered into his belief which would no longer be silenced by prayer and religious exercises. And as little would he defend himself from that weariness of faith with which the atmosphere was filled, the springs of which Louis Blanc named discouragement and atheism,[1] but which was quite as much a rest and an exhaustion from the excesses of feeling and the delirium which lay in the nature of Romanticism. But under this shroud of

[1] "Histoire de Dix Ans."

doubt and of weariness in faith burned the thirst for true knowledge, and the solution of the problems which met him in the extremity of feeling and of fancy, and which the incertitude of his mind could not solve. This thirst turned his glance inquiringly to those spirits who "had drunk of the boiling spring which gushes at the foot of the rocks on which the soul has built her eyrie," not to those who "in silent dignity practise the good, without having felt any inspiration for the beautiful." Words with which Liszt, in his book on Chopin, designated those torchbearers of the mind who light the way to youth, which, full of doubt, yet with passionate excitement, strains after new ideals and problems. To this restlessness of mind Liszt's own peculiarities and experience unmistakeably consigned him; as he expresses his own inward state in continuing the description of those youthful spirits—

> Excitement and enthusiasm are absolutely necessary to them. They are persuaded by images, convinced by metaphors. Fears bring them conviction, and they prefer the consequences of enthusiastic vehemence to wearying argument. With an eager desire for knowledge, they go to ask counsel of poets and artists whose images move them, whose metaphors captivate them, and whose soaring thoughts inspire them. From them they require the solution of the enigma of such soarings and of such inspiration.

Thus Liszt stood before the Abbé de Lamen-

nais demanding the solution of enigmas; and the latter, appealing to the young man's feelings, deeply religious but partly enslaved, partly confused by the prevailing scepticism, bade him halt, and summoned him to reflection. He led him back to faith, and at the same time freed him from blind belief. He pointed to the higher laws which rule all things, and by drawing attention to divine order and truth, he gave a counterpoise to the youth's romantic impulses; and, in regard to his views of art, which were steeped in worldliness, he expounded the principle by which they should melt into the thought of the divine Ruler of the world, and thereby press forward to purer ideals. Religion and faith, thus brought into harmony with the new ideas of art, preserved Liszt as a virtuoso in his years of "Sturm und Drang" from that inner unsteadiness to which so many talents of that time fell a victim—and here lies the influence of the Breton Abbé.

The time had passed when the Abbé de Lamennais defended Catholicism and the Restoration in the book which had caused so much sensation, "Essai sur l'Indifférence en Matière de Religion," when the spiritual history of France appointed him in principle a place beside the "prophète du passé," the statesman, Joseph de Maître, the champion of ancient

order and government, and when he laboured as a restorer of faith in authority, the enthusiasm of the thankful friends of the church giving him the surname of the "Bossuet moderne." He had already in the "Avenir" (1831, 1832) placed himself in opposition to the past; he had tried his democratic strength in the contest, and had stood up as a spirited rhetorician for Christian brotherhood and freedom, which, released from the power of princes, should unfold itself under the banner of the church. Rome's reproachful voice was raised against this public discussion of questions which were not intended for the children of the world; and he, still a good son of the church, had stood before the Holy See, and had confessed subjection to its *spiritual* power, with the reservation of freedom of opinion in political things, without having been able to divert the judgment of the church either from the "Avenir" or himself.

Lamennais was for the second time in his life, but in different circles than on the former occasion, the object of admiration and conversation. This reached its highest point when his defence against the church, his "Paroles d'un Croyant" was published, a book often called a "democratic Gospel," which threw a firebrand into the Catholic Church, and declared war against all the powers of Europe, but placed

its author, with respect to the church, fully in the ranks of the outlawed and "apostates." This moment was the turning-point in Lamennais' politico-catholic direction, and converted him with the fullest conviction to be a preacher of hatred to princes and priesthood, and to be more sympathetic for the democratic strivings of the press, which, emphasizing "Christian brotherly love," rose against the "oppression of the poor by the rich."

It was about this time that young Liszt approached him, carried away by his dazzling eloquence, by the humane ideas, and the boldness of the priestly demagogue, and also by the confusion within himself. Lamennais, in his eyes, did not belong to the "wiseacres who shook their heads at him," whom Liszt, at that time, so often met. The great qualities and talents of the young Hungarian, which, pressing for outlet, panted under cover of a highly eccentric exterior, did not escape l'Abbé, and he turned to the youth with interest and sympathy, the latter, on his side, too, bore him an enthusiastic, warm, and perfect confidence. The influence of the elder mind was very great. He became an authority to whom Liszt often appealed as a last resource, even in personal affairs, and whom, full of gratitude and veneration, he called his "fatherly friend and instructor."

Affinity of spirit bound them to each other. Lamennais' true piety; his democratic principles, which he sought to enforce in knowledge as in life; his free and human views of life, which caused him boldly and strongly to break with the Church and with a glorious past; the deep necessity of bringing these ideas of life, not only in connection, but into unity with the doctrines of the Christian religion—these were spiritual sounds and expressions which found a kindred echo in the young man's soul, and fully ripened those Christian ideal views of art which, already awakened by the St. Simonian doctrines, were to give the foundation to his whole artistic life and productions.

Lamennais' last great work—his "Esquisse d'une Philosophie" (published 1840), which formed the philosophical framework to the struggles of this *savant*—had not yet appeared in those years of intimate friendship between him and Liszt, but it already lived in the author's mind, and frequently formed the subject of his conversations with the young man. In this work is to be sought the current of ideas which bound the latter's views of art to a whole, and shows their direction as a Christian ideal, in opposition to that which is worldly and free. The third part of the "Esquisse," which tries

to give the principal feature of a Christian metaphysic of art, is an expression of that direction which in Lamennais seeks to reconcile heaven and earth, Christianity and the world, modern philosophy and Christian dogmatism. This notion became the background of those views of art which were then confirming themselves in Liszt. A short collection of extracts from Lamennais' work cannot, therefore, be out of place here.

The notion of art (says Lamennais, in his chapter entitled "A General Survey of Art,"[1]) originally includes that of creation; for creation is the outward manifestation of a pre-existing idea, a bringing it to expression in a sensible form. God, whom Plato, in his deeply poetical language calls the *Eternal Geometrician*, is also the highest artist: His work is the world.

And what, indeed, is the world other than the finite manifestation of infinite being, the eternal and sensible realization of unbodied types existing variously in their unity. Since, then, God Himself is the prototype which He produces outwardly in creating it, the Divine artist expresses Himself in His own work, incarnates Himself in it, and reveals Himself through it. His work, therefore, through which infinite being or infinite truth comes to expression within the limits essential to creation, expresses the infinitely beautiful, but in a certain measure refracted, broken, scattered by the opaque medium of the world of appearances, as the sunbeam is diverted and displaced by the prism.

Here now appears, under another point of view, the close enchainment of the different orders of facts appreciable to our observation, and the consequential simplicity of the first causes which are specified in each of them. Each casual or corporeal form represents its ideal type, and each ideal type, as it belongs to the unity of the Divine form, is a partial reflection of it. If,

[1] Vol. iii. p. 117.

then, all the types now existing in God were realized, the world would be the perfect expression of the perfect or infinite world. But as the infinite is in opposition to the essence of the world, it follows that the *infinite* is *the ideal aim* which it approaches indefinitely without ever reaching it, that therefore the work of God is *eternally progressive; and Divine art, through the ever increasing variety of infinite forms harmoniously united, strives incessantly to reproduce the unity of infinite form, or the absolutely beautiful—primordial beauty.*

Thus the laws of art are nothing more than the laws of creation itself, regarded from another side; and this must be so because the beautiful, the peculiar object of art, is only to reproduce the natural.

The feeling of the beautiful, in fact, awakes within us, at the spectacle of the world, when, through the contemplation of ideas, we unite their necessary types with the casual form, and the mind discovers the invisible essence through the material covering, visible to the bodily eye. Creation then appears to us in a new light; it becomes living, spiritualized, and a world, veiled till then, lives and moves in the bosom of the external sphere. From each passing form, from each fleeting being, the eternal prototype shines forth, and, as God sees Himself in the ideas, which in all that He is, manifest Him to His own eyes, so man beholds Him in these same realized ideas. Inseparably connected with the purport which determines and animates them, they are in Him, His own being; but His being is the indivisible, immeasureable place which He inhabits and fills. Embodied externally, by creative power, they become the real being whose totality forms the universe, and God—present in all that is, because all receives being from Him, and is an outpouring of His inexhaustible, unchangeable unity—God dwells in and penetrates the whole world. The world is, therefore, following the beautiful thought of the ancients, truly the *Temple of God*, the sanctuary veiled in mysterious light, where He is enthroned; concealed, yet visible.

To know, to comprehend the Divine work—herein consists science; to reproduce it under material or sensible condition—that is art. All art, then, is comprehended in the building up of the temple to the imperfect and finite image of the infinite prototype of continuous creation, namely, God.

The world is for Lamennais the temple of God, art, the medium which reflects this temple with the divinest splendour and at the same time leads it back and resolves it into the divine being. According to this conception, art—contrary to the ideas of worldly philosophers and artists—cannot be its own aim.

No art originates in itself, and none subsists by itself, so to speak, alone for itself. *Art for the sake of art* is therefore a platitude. *Its aim is the perfectioning of beings*, whose progress it expresses. It is, as it were, the link which connects their physical, intellectual, and moral requirements, and art can indeed be classified in reference to these several needs. From the necessity of procuring one's self first a shelter, then more and more comfortable dwellings ; from the desire to adorn them, from the need of assembling for the fulfilment of civic or religious acts originated architecture, painting, and sculpture with their appendages, the original conception developing under the influences of several other requirements, of a higher nature innate in man. Music, a sister of poetry, effects the union of the arts, which appeal directly to the senses, with those which belong to the spirit ; their object in common is to satisfy the requirements of moral order, to second the efforts of humanity, that it may fulfil its destiny of raising them from the earth, and thereby inciting to a continual upward striving.

Art, then, is not only rooted in the inborn, radical, essential powers of man, is not only their exercise, their manifestation in a certain mode, but in binding the laws of organism with those of love, it leads them to *aim at the perfection of all that is loftiest in human nature*—a wonderful concatenation which, through what goes on within us, makes comprehensible to us the harmony of all orders of being, their mutual connection, their common tendency and the oneness of creation, the image and reflection of the unity of God Himself.

From these observations it follows that art is not arbitrary, that it does not depend on the fantastic caprices of unrestrained

thought, that as, like human life, it has its essential, indispensable conditions of existence and development, its immutable foundations cannot be altered, nor its laws disturbed, without destroying it entirely. As these latter originate in the union of the laws of physical and intellectual order, art on this side corresponds to that faculty which has been called imagination (the power which forms the unity of the real with the ideal world), or to that human means of clothing conceptions in a tangible form and giving them expression, whereby it manifests itself in the embodiment of eternal types. Art is for man what the creative power is in God ; hence the word *Poesy*, in the fulness of its primitive signification.

The beautiful is the immutable object of art, but the spirit sees it from different points of view ; and here it is particularly to be remarked that, in proportion as the notion widens and approaches its object, the infinitely true, art likewise becomes more magnificent, and nears its aim, which is likewise the infinitely beautiful. *Therefrom it appears that art, like science, is infinitely progressive, that it is trivial to suppose that an eternal, impassable final boundary exists for it.* The mistake, in this respect, comes from this, that art, instead of being regarded in its universal connection with the true, of which the beautiful is but a reflection, is regarded in connection with some particular notion of verity. If now, according to this conception, the beautiful were once produced, as perfect as possible in an artistic form, it is consequently to be accepted that art, when it has exhausted the finite type of the beautiful corresponding to this conception of the true, and can go no farther, thenceforth can only either turn in the same circle or fall into decay and deteriorate, in order to progress, it must leave the path it has already gone over, and through a more perfect type of the true and of the good, discover a more perfect type of the beautiful ; and as the conception grows and developes itself more and more, art in like measure grows and is developed without the possibility of a limit to its progress.

Art therefore is an expression of God ; her works are an infinite manifold reflection of Him.

But since the true and the good, because they are essentially identical, have only one and the same law, it follows that this

single law regulates at the same time the true, the good, and the beautiful, and finally, that the fundamental rules of art coalesce with the moral and mental laws in one and the same unity.[1]

Liszt's views of art, which had found halting-places scattered here and there, won in clearness, firmness, and unity through Lamennais' course of ideas; and those single conceptions which had been brought together by the St. Simonians and the Romanticists, seemed like a chain where pearl and pearl were strung together as a whole. The religious, worldly, and artistic fancies of his intellectual nature found union, particularly through the Christian direction of Lamennais' philosophy, a union which developed itself in Liszt to a free Christian ideality on an artistic basis. Though the waves of youthful storm and vehemence rolled over the unity from which this ideality grew, it could only be concealed, but not disturbed in its secret working.

A glowing belief in the aim and mission of musical art blazed up in him and broke forth in burning flame. Only words could serve the young musician in his eagerness to render his own will clear to himself. He seized the pen. Like a land-stream, thoughts and feelings surged within him, like it too, without form and order;

[1] Vol. iii. p. 376.

but here and there arose images, gleaming and gloomy, belonging to the past and the present, moved by the broken spirit of the time, from which sprung an ardent longing for aims yet unformed ; and here and there shone presages of a yet unrevealed sacred music—the genius's presages of his own future working.

A fragment of an essay, preserved at the time, shows the state of Liszt's mind. He had written it for the "Gazette musicale de Paris," just then entering into existence (1834). On account however of the too great freedom of its speech, which rendered it obnoxious to the censor — perhaps too on account of its want of maturity—the effusion was not printed. A year later a fragment of this essay in connection with another from his pen was published. One is struck at first by the pompous verbiage, but this only contributes to show the inner ferment and fire of a youthful genius turned towards spiritual heights; and moreover, this was peculiar not only to the stormy tiro in the domain of the pen, but in a great degree to all the minds standing at the head of the French movement of the time—a singularity which gave a declamatory stamp to their style. In this fragment there appears, not only the beforementioned presage of future church music, but there is visible also another distinctive feature

which shows how the impressions received from the St. Simonians concerning the ennobling task of art strove after a practical revelation and were bound up with Liszt's ideas of human cultivation of the time.

To be able fully to understand this point of Liszt's fragment, one must recall to memory that, just in those years, impelled by the democratic elements of the July Revolution, not only the higher educational establishments were on the point of being newly organized, the endeavours for the education of the people had likewise found a place on the bills of the time and of the day, a paragraph round which the wishes and plans of advancing democracy were grouped, with an enthusiasm more or less ripe. Especially was this the case when the great statesman and *savant*, Guizot, stood at the helm of public instruction as minister (from 1832 with little interruption till 1837), and, supported by the Prusso-Germanic studies of his faithful colleague, Cousin, with upright will and powerful hand, sought to form a system of instruction, in its manifold branches, from the village school to the Academy, according to the requirements of the time. Guizot, in his circular—so remarkable in the history of French education—had explained and laid to the heart of 93,300 elementary teachers the importance of their

duties and rights, and had received from 13,850 schoolmasters lesson upon lesson, in laying up valuable materials for his archives.[1] At this time, particularly, with street combats and seditions among the workmen, with the declamations of the demagogues about "Christian brotherhood" and "the oppression of the poor," in the background, the struggles for the education of the people had received a great impulse. The representatives of education were full of enthusiasm, and whoever — whether artist, *savant*, or simply a practician—had preserved one spark of holy faith in his own calling, and was affected by the interests of progress and the ideals of humanity of the time, sought eagerly to lay his mite on its altar—not only theoretically, but practically. The musicians did not remain in the background, and many an one, with joyful sacrifice and ready deed, placed himself in the ranks of those who laid an active hand to the great work. Joseph Mainzer, a poor musician living in Paris, is an example of this. At a great sacrifice he assembled the needy workmen of the suburbs for singing classes, and thus sought to elevate them; while, again, other musicians—among them Liszt—united in a petition to the government to intro-

[1] Fr. Kreissig's "Studien zu französichen Kultur und Litteratur Geschichte."

duce singing into the people's schools. How far these efforts of individuals were the expression of a true necessity of the times has meanwhile received much illustration, although in the first moment they were not free from the appearance of philanthropic trifling. The "concerts populaires" for the working classes, where one can hear excellent orchestral and vocal music for half a franc, the "Société orphéonique," where the people are taught to sing—these and all other institutions in Paris devoted to the education of the people are an answer to those endeavours—the latter were the predecessors of the former. In the idea of popular education was comprehended one of the tasks of those days which had humanity for its aim. They gave even to immature projects, belonging rather to ideal wishes than practical knowledge, a more universal and higher significance than ideas can attain which belong to the isolated humanly beautiful alone.

Such endeavours meet us also in Liszt's fragment, with the so manifoldly varied party-word of the time, "For the people." In giving this fragment we would call the attention of the reader particularly to the passages on church music. The fragment runs as follows—

The gods are no more, kings are no more; but God remains for ever, and the nations arise: doubt we therefore not for art.

According to a law voted by the Chamber of Deputies, music, at least, will shortly be taught in the schools. We congratulate ourselves on this step, and regard it as a pledge of greater things to come to influence the masses : we mean the ennobling of *church music.*

Although by this word the music executed during the sacred ceremonial only is generally understood, I use it here in its most comprehensive signification.

When the sacred service still sometimes expressed and satisfied the confessions, the necessities, the sympathies of the people, when man and woman still found an altar in the church before which they could sink on their knees, a pulpit whence they could fetch spiritual food ; when, at the same time, it was a spectacle which refreshed their senses, and raised their hearts to holy rapture, then only church music could fully withdraw into its own mysterious circle, and was content to serve the splendour of the Catholic liturgies as an attendant.

In the present day, when the altar trembles and totters, when pulpit and religious ceremonies serve as subjects for the mocker and the doubter, art must leave the sanctuary of the temple, and, coming abroad into the outer world, seek a stage for its magnificent manifestations.

As formerly, nay, more so, music must recognize God and the people as its living source ; must hasten from one to the other, to ennoble, to comfort, to purify man, to bless and praise God.

To attain this the creation of a new music is indispensable. This, which for the want of another designation we would baptize *humanitary*, must be *inspired, strong, and effective, uniting, in colossal proportions, theatre and church ; at the same time dramatic and holy, splendid and simple, solemn and serious, fiery and unbridled, stormy and calm, clear and fervid.*

The Marseillaise, which has shown us the power of music more than all the mythical relations of the Hindoos, Chinese, and Greek—the Marseillaise and the beautiful songs of liberty are the fruitful and splendid forerunners of this music.

Yes, banish every doubt, soon shall we hear in fields, in forests, villages, and suburbs, in the working-halls and in the towns, national, moral, political, and religious songs, tunes, and hymns, which will be composed *for* the people, taught *to* the people, and sung *by* the people; yes, sung by workmen, day-

labourers, handicraftsmen, by boys and girls, by men and women of the people!

All great artists, poets, and musicians will contribute to this popular and ever-renewed treasure of harmony. The State will appoint public rewards to such as, like ourselves, have been three times at the general assemblies, and *all classes* will at last melt into one religious, magnificent, and lofty unity of feeling.

This will be the *fiat lux* of art!

Come, then, thou glorious time, when art will unfold and complete itself in all its forms, soaring up to the highest perfection, and, like a bond of fraternity, unite humanity to enchanting wonders. Appear, O time, when revelation shall no longer be to the artist that bitter and fleeting water which he can scarcely find in the unfruitful sand into which he digs. Come, O time, when it will flow like an inexhaustible, life-giving fountain. Come, O hour of deliverance, when poets and musicians, forgetting the "public," will only know one motto, "The People and God!"

Liszt wrote this in the year 1834. Declamations which are to be ranked with the grief and the longing, the emphasis and the oracular dictums of both French and German Romanticists, and which, though steeped in wormwood and world-sorrow, yet with vaulting fancy sought to bring down heaven to earth and bear earth to heaven, and were something more than empty phrases. Liszt's effusions concealed germs which, however wrapped in sentiment, pointed decisively to something in the future; they leave a presentiment that he will not remain in the stage of presage and yearning, but that his pinions will soon bear him to a region where his dreams will become earnest reality.

Lamennais' influence, bringing former things to a conclusion, appears unmistakeably throughout the whole of this fragment. It stood firm within the youth for all time, that "God is the living fountain of all art," and that selfish aims are not its destiny; that God mirrors Himself in all that is beautiful, and in this expression of Himself *embraces the whole world*—that point from which sprang by anticipation his thought of a new future church music which, "inspired, strong, and effective, should unite, in colossal proportions, both church and theatre; which should be at the same time dramatic and holy, splendid and simple, solemn and earnest, fiery and unbridled, stormy and calm, clear and fervent." He was not conscious that such church music would lie without the bounds of musical and church dogmatism; the thought lay in his religious feelings, which showed this impulse towards free motion not only by word but also musically.

It is interesting to know that the youth's composition already spoken of, "Pensée des Morts," originated at the same time as the literary fragment, and, indeed, during a visit to Lamennais at La Chénaie, in Brittany, during the autumn of 1834; and it is noteworthy that the religious current of this composition bears no trace of musically dogmatic form, or of

counterpoint, as we have already signified. Indeed, we here find the first traces of the new direction of religious musical art upon which Liszt had entered.

Lamennais' many-sided and far-reaching influence on Liszt extended beyond religion and the ideals of art; he also exercised an effect upon the views of the latter as regards the hierarchy of the church. The Hungarian com- no very definite notions on this he became acquainted with ho first explained to him the en religion and the church. A ess was awakened within him ings, though belonging to each tents do to form, yet are per- d even in practice may be . Rome's anathema, which had ais, the believing Catholic, was d more clearly. The young hies were with his fatherly friend, n, he turned indignantly from the

Words like the following, written in the spring of 1835,[1] express this antipathy in which the excommunicated Abbé and the priest hatred of his "Paroles d'un Croyant" form unmistakeably

[1] Franz Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften," vol. ii., "On the Position of the Artist."

the background; they also betray clearly the vehemence and immaturity of the age at which Liszt had then arrived.

The Catholic Church (he says) solely occupied in murmuring the dead letter of her law, and in feasting away the time of her humiliating decay, knowing only ban and curse where she should bless and upraise, destitute of all feeling for the deep yearning which consumes the youthful generations; understanding neither art nor science; incapable of nothing, possessing nothing for the appeasing of that tormenting thirst, of that hunger after righteousness, freedom, and charity. The Catholic Church, *such as she has made herself*, such as she stands at present in ante-rooms and in public places, smitten on both cheeks by peoples and princes; this Church—we say it without reservation—has entirely alienated the esteem and affection of the present: people, life, art, have withdrawn from her, and her destiny appears to be to perish "exhausted and forsaken."

"Knowing only ban and curse," — so the Catholic church of that time appeared to the young artist. His religious feelings and his religious views could not meet hers. His ideas always soared beyond hers, and even afterwards, when his opinions obliged him to reject the Radicalism contained in those words, and still later, when, as a lay servant of the Pope, he wore her garb, he could not bend to her in the strict sense of the word. The Abbé de Lamennais had given the benediction in this direction to that inner freedom which Liszt always preserved toward all the powers. The many-sided influence of the former on the latter

had its centre of gravity, however, in his views of art and his religious faith, as apart from the hierarchy.

These interior connections of Liszt with Lamennais found an echo, too, in a purely musical sense. It has already been mentioned that the fragment of his "Harmonie poétique"—"Pensée des Morts"—several times spoken of, was composed during a long stay at the Abbé's country-seat. The character and direction of the composition declare plainly enough the frame of mind in which he then was, quite different from that which is expressed in the piece for pianoforte, "Lyon." In the composition under consideration he stands on the social ground of that time, expressing the sympathy which he felt for the movement in favour of the working classes, heightened, of course, by his intercourse with Lamennais. An echo called forth by conversations with the latter, of the five days' street fight in April, 1834, coincident with the rising of the Lyonnese workmen—it bears the motto of the Socialists of the day—

Vivre en travaillant
Ou mourir en combattant.

In the form of a close march, but with flying rhythms, with dull rather than brilliant harmonies, this production resembles a suppressed

cry, which might be compared to the prominent muscles of Michael Angelo's "Chained Slave." It bears the inscription, "To M. F. de L——" and is, like the dedication, an expression of the inner harmony which reigned between him and the democratic Abbé in connection with that event.

A third composition also belongs to Liszt's visit at La Chénaie, a "Fantaisie fantastique" on themes by Berlioz,[1] which we shall speak of again, as well as of the pianoforte piece "Lyon," in the chapter "Creative Germs."

In concluding our chapter on Lamennais, we have still to mention a remark of H. Heine's, which is found in his Parisian letters, on the influence of the Breton Abbé on Liszt's direction of thought, which he illustrated, though unhappily, by a juxtaposition with another eminent personage. He compares him with the social philosopher, Pierre Simon Ballanche, adding that the spiritualistic thoughts of the latter—"vapoury," he calls them—had likewise for a long time "clouded" Liszt. Those are incorrect rays of light which Heine casts on Liszt and Lamennais, and they require no further rectification, but it is necessary to add some explanatory words on the connections between Liszt and Ballanche. The latter by his writings,

[1] "Fantaisie symphonique pour Piano et Orchestre."

especially his "Essais de Palingénésie sociale," and his "Vision d'Hébal," had, of course, excited the enthusiasm of the young artist, but only for a short time, and without any lasting effect on him, and indeed the importance of this philosopher, in regard to the French history of the time, was of not great significance. Nor was Liszt's personal intercourse with him other than transitory; but it is not without interest for us that Liszt, as a youth, felt himself drawn most sympathetically where intellectual tendencies, standing midway, sought to unite new and old by means of Christianity—where there appeared a conciliatory link between the world-born ideas of modern times and the religious requirements of the Church. It is also worthy of remark that the flight of his thoughts and feelings turned to those spiritual directions which contained an element of mysticism.

His enthusiasm for Ballanche's writings belongs to the winter of 1836–37. He was attracted to this writer by the beauty and nobleness of his thoughts, over which a poetic symbolism cast a mystic veil.

Ballanche and Lamennais cannot be placed beside each other as regards the influence they had on Liszt. If Ballanche mystified him, Lamennais cleared away the haze, giving an explanation to the unexplained, and by his

Christian philosophy brought the ideal point of union to the young composer's intellectual faculties, which were groping in a religious, worldly, and artistic direction.

XI.

FRANZ LISZT AS DEMOCRAT AND ARISTOCRAT.

[Paris, 1834–1835.]

Republican influences. Disinclination to the *bourgeoisie* and to Louis Philippe. Aristocracy of mind. Position with regard to the aristocracy of rank. Contest for the aristocracy of mind. Wit and irony. Ideal sorrow. Political opinions.

"Come, O hour of deliverance! when poets and artists shall forget the 'Public' and only know one device, The people and God!"

These concluding words of Liszt's essay lead us to the youth's political sympathies, which in this direction, also, bound him closely to that time. Here, too, the universal current of innovation dragged him along with it. "No more gods, no more kings, but God remains for ever and the people arise!" he cries, with the pathos of a republican of 1834; but he adds, "therefore let us not doubt of art." Art—that was the fixed cadence of all his movements, of his enthusiastic effusions and religious aspira-

tions. However the flames within him might cross each other, here they all met together. That the republican current of liberty could not pass by him without leaving its trace, lies in a nature such as his, which, moreover, was at the stage of desire to throw off all external constraint, to give vent to its impressions as freely as it received them.

The party as such, which saw the snares of tyrants in art, in riches, and in charity, did not move him, least of all so far as their ideas were embodied in the notions of Michel de Bourges, the Spartan and Christian ascetic of the second French Revolution. The despotism of this sect, which at bottom was a royal *régime* which ended in the centralization of intellectual interests, repelled him, as did the other that went hand in hand with the *bourgeoisie*.

The *bourgeoisie!* it was a word of terror to romantic, and especially to artistic talents, but also the point at which Legitimists and Communists united in their antipathy—a secret which converted many anti-republicans to republicanism. They met in their hatred for levelling moderation. Although they too possessed their poets, especially in Scribe and Balzac, these could not efface the particular features of their physiognomy, which have been sketched with the most vivid touch by spirits such as Victor

Hugo, A. Dumas, Alfred de Musset, George Sand, and many others.

Though this class was not new, it had lately received an historical stamp by its victory over the aristocracy and the proletarians. To the artist, the *bourgeois* was the representative of moderation in circumstances which aimed at material enjoyment, the embodiment of indolence as opposed to higher intellectual interests, it was, as it were, lead hanging to their wings; to the aristocrat he was the might of material common sense in the subject, which robbed them of their autocracy, and depreciated their spurs, swords, and plumed hats; to the proletarian and the Communist, finally, he was the monster who lay down on the broad woolsack, and narrowed the way to "equality and fraternity."

Every idea of sacrifice and humanity (so George Sand describes the upstart *bourgeois*), every religious notion, is incompatible with the change which prosperity occasions in their physical and moral being; they become so fat that at last they are struck with apoplexy or fall into imbecility. Their talent for gaining and keeping, strongly developed at first, disappears about midway in their course, and after having made their fortune with wonderful rapidity, they fall early into apathy, disorder, and incapacity. There is no question with them of any social idea, of any necessity for progress: digestion—that is the business of their life.

So the *bourgeois* appeared to the poet, the artist, the aristocrat—to all a stumbling-block. Julian Schmid makes the striking remark that

the secret sense of the antipathy was, that romantic circumstances are necessary for romance to flourish; now romantic circumstances may be developed under an aristocratical government and in a republic, but never under a form of government where the middle classes domineer.

To all classes of Romanticists at that time, *bourgeoisie* was the catch-word of their antagonistic union. Liszt's sympathy and antipathy were moved in the same way; his ideals of art and of humanity were attacked by them. He saw in them the enemies of art and of artists. To this may be added, that the *bourgeois* also touched his habits of life unpleasantly. Accustomed to aristocratic circles from childhood, intercourse with the upper world was a necessity. Their elegant forms of intercourse, the broader basis of life, the wider horizon here stretching before the artist, and the fanciful richness which this horizon can unfold; all that attracted him, just as civic littleness, pedantic regularity, narrow-mindedness, and insipidity repelled him. And now the citizen-kingship, this *bourgeoisie* embodied in the state! Hence not only his nature turned against the ideals of the time, but also the musician within him revolted, rebelling against the utilitarian system which had ascended the throne with Louis Philippe, and

struck sensibly both musical art and artists. For not only had the notorious "shopkeeper spirit" of the people's king curtailed the church music, that essential factor of the Catholic worship, and dissolved the royal corps of musicians, but it had also lessened and partially confiscated their pension fund. Not to mention that the protection withdrawn from music by the state and the *élite* of society robbed it, in France, if only for a while, of its educational mission, and as it were, laid it fallow in the midst of its unfolding; through these proceedings, also, many excellent masters were without bread, and their families a prey to indigence.

All this was enough to call forth the deepest aversion of a young virtuoso whose heart was full of faith in his art and its mission, full of the deepest susceptibility for the sufferings of men, and especially of his fellows. These sympathies were his politics; they went no farther, but they were strong and hot-blooded enough to make him an open combatant for music and musicians. In spite of his petulance against Louis Philippe and his *régime*, however, he appears to have been rather a knightly champion than a political party-man. Yet it sounds "red" enough, and conformable to the prevailing tone of the republican press, when he lays bare

and parodies the register of the king's musical sins in the following manner—

In France where the law denies God, your Majesty Louis Philippe, who seldom or never attends mass, very justly thought a corp of musicians superfluous, and considered that the chapel musicians would be better *sine cura*. In consequence of this, your Majesty hastened, in the first days after your Majesty's accession, to dismiss chaplains and artists, and to signify to your Majesty's family, that henceforth the choir of St. Roch *must* be good enough for their Royal Highnesses.

Certainly this is one of the thousand and one defects in the state of things which alone would suffice to awaken our indignation; but once in motion, civic Vandalism does not stop half-way, it drives rapidly forwards. The economical improvements rain right and left. The dissolution of the Choron school followed close on that of the musical corps. For fear of being taxed with Jesuitism, they shut the door of the Tuileries in Cherubini's, Plantade's, and Lesueur's face, and scarcely was this done than "they seized the opportunity before it escaped," to strike out of the civil list the modest pension of the institution in the Rue Vangirard, a pension the uses and services of which had been universally esteemed, and which in consequence of this truly kingly and pitiful niggardliness was obliged to suspend its activity.

However, all that is only consistent, and shows very clearly how art is protected, and how enviable is the position of an artist.[1]

Liszt's antipathy to citizen-kingship and *bourgeoisie* was founded on the obstacles which they opposed to the diffusion of art and the realization of the ideals of humanity of the time. His aversion was consistent, and expressed itself countless times, especially in his

[1] "The Position of the Artist," &c.

demeanour towards Louis Philippe, whom he not only avoided meeting, but before whom he constantly refused to play at the Tuileries. An anecdote characteristic of this demeanour may find a place here. It was soon after the year 1830, and Liszt, then at the height of his fame, was in Paris just when Erard had got up an exhibition of pianos. One day, before the opening of the exhibition, Liszt was trying the instruments, when Louis Philippe entered the saloon with some gentlemen. Escape was impossible. The king approached him, and began a conversation, in which Liszt, inwardly gnashing his teeth, only joined with a mute bow or a short "Yes, Sire."

"Do you still remember," said the king at last, "that you played at my house when you were but a boy, and I Duke of Orleans? Much has changed since then."

"Yes," Liszt burst forth, "but not for the better."

The consequence of this was that Louis Philippe, with his own hand, drew a stroke through Liszt's name, which stood on the list of those who were to be distinguished by the cross of the Legion of Honour. He received it, however, ten years later.

Liszt, for a time, was opposed to the nobility as well as to the *bourgeoisie*. Here also we find

many a word recorded which indicates interior hostility, and at the same time seems to stand in opposition to the connection which existed between him and the aristocracy. But his irritation was not towards rank as such. It was at the time when the "aristocracy of mind" was discussed in France by the world of *savants* and artists, and some of the most eminent men endeavoured to gain a position and importance in practical life for its representatives, and among them Guizot, who tried in many ways, both by word and deed, to give it due expression.

Although the power of mind had at all times proved its authority, and its representatives had moved in the high places of society, yet they were only individuals towering above all, who had reached these heights by a particular favour of destiny. The class of *savants* and artists which represented intelligence was excluded, and thus the body of men which is the secret spring of all intellectual being and progress remained, as regarded civil life, social order, and importance, behind the nobles and the rich citizens: this was a positive incongruity. The philosophic age had not remedied this, but only disturbed it, and even the Jacobin cap of 1789 had through its terrorism only temporarily broken through the circles which tradition

and history had drawn around the privileges of birth. With the advantages came corresponding disadvantages. The sword—the conscience of mankind—obliged the goddess of the world's history, *Justice*, to lay an equal weight in the scales of rank. The so despised citizen-kingship, the embodiment of the victory of the middle classes, had no small share in the great movement now lying behind us, which raised Justice from the historical to the humane pedestal. Nevertheless, by this victory social equality was also obtained. Tradition and etiquette remained in possession of their former rights and exclusiveness; men of wisdom saw indeed that their connections with the intelligent part of the aristocracy were as various as they were deep-lying; but in the contact of both inner conflicts could not be avoided, especially now that the consciousness and the fact of equal rights in the state obviously called forth also the necessity of an equal social position.

"Aristocracy of mind" was the party-word for all those who, taking their stand on the dignity and nobility of their intellectual advantages, strove for an equal position in social life with the higher classes. This party did not, like smaller talent, ogle after the aristocratic *salon*, the Olympus of civic fancy; in the con-

sciousness of their inborn nobility of mind and of their cultivation, they desired to be able to have free intercourse everywhere without social restriction, and to see themselves placed on the footing of equal birth. As Victor Hugo directed his bolts against the classical ideal foreign to the time, and achieved for poetry a poetical nobility instead of a conventional one, he contended also for a position worthy of intelligence and talent, and for their due appreciation in the eyes of the world.

Though there were many among the intelligent part of the French aristocracy who were raised above the prejudices of tradition, they formed only the exception to the rule; nor can it be denied that also the artists and *savants* cannot escape censure. Their general culture and knowledge of the world were by no means of a kind to enable them to move easily on the slippery parquet of high life. Liszt, for whom fortunate circumstances in his boyish years appeared to have already obviated these difficulties, was nevertheless, though only in part, under the bitter feeling which drove his equals in station to fight against the privileges of the aristocracy. His inborn feeling for the dignity of art and of the artist, his faith in this dignity resembling a religious dogma, his nature, on fire for humanity, often felt wounded by pri-

vileges seeking to make themselves felt by ostentation, and all the more that the feelings which governed him were in themselves warm and pure. His views and sentiments were thus continually chafed, and this was increased by his connection with aristocratic families, the more that these connections, now that he was a young man, were at variance with his social position. Thence arose much bitterness.

If as a boy the disfavour of his fellow artists had followed him, now as a young man the cavaliers justly regarded him as a dangerous rival, whose genial and amiable manners ob scured them in society and—what weighs heavily for a cavalier—in the eyes of the women. What they as aristocrats did not possess *he* had; and the qualities they could claim only as the prerogative of tradition, and which were so often wanting to them, were born with *him*. The historical type of nobility, embodying itself in chivalry, that heroism which, like a true knight, is always ready to draw the sword against attack and to help others, that calmness in momentary defeat, arising from the confidence of future victory; and, before all, that tacit contempt of the To Have for the sake of the To Be, the contempt of the mean and common, the pride which never takes without giving in return, had in him received the rarest stamp.

Even the quality that could only be developed in the circles in whose hands lay the cord and leading-strings of cabinet diplomacy, the refined art to understand what cannot be said, was as much his own as it was of the most famous among them. Reasons enough existed to procure him opponents in this class of society, and it is certain that the provocations which Liszt received from impertinent young cavaliers contributed to increase his artistic pride, and to lead him to the camp of the journalistic representatives of the "aristocracy of mind;" but they by no means called forth his active interference in the questions of the time and of the day. A free, proud mind was inborn with Liszt, as before him, in the case of Handel, Glück, Beethoven; only that in these, less borne up by the current of the time, it appears an expression of artistic self-consciousness alone, while in Liszt it shows itself united with the humane ideal of the modern spirit.

But here also his irritability does not touch the aristocratic class as such, namely, its loftiness and power. Even when Count St. Cricq prevented a marriage between his daughter and the young virtuoso, though this refusal might have been the first secret spur to his democratic opinions, they did not interfere with his personal intercourse. Much less was this

the case now. Before men his resentment vanished, but it broke forth at a distance, like a suppressed thunderstorm ; it did not, however, become a poison to destroy sound organs. His arrows, in *personal* intercourse, were directed against the defects of feeling and of form which were unlovely and opposed to genuine aristocratic sentiment. As a journalist, his shafts were soon blunted, and became for the most part little more than light raillery. Here, as as a journalist, Liszt came forth exclusively as a democratic champion for art and the artist. In him, as in all others, the social dignity of the aristocracy of mind had learned to elevate itself through the aristocracy of rank. He required, above all, from the musician that he should be in possession of general instruction and through it raise himself to exalted spheres.

Already in his period of youthful fermentation that characteristic was apparent in Liszt which, in life, separates persons and causes, and, with a wide horizon in the background, combined with a great feeling for truth, metes justice to those things which are without. Before this trait vanishes that appearance of partisanship to which Liszt had laid himself open, owing to his exclamations and declamations about the people and popular education, as well as his bitterness against Louis Philippe and his out-

bursts against the aristocracy. This only showed a youthful, fiery nature storming after the ideal of freedom.

His democratic opinions were as often a rock of offence in the higher grades of society as his aristocratic notions in the artist world and among the *bourgeois;* and yet both parties were wrong. He stood on the side of the people a democrat, and on the side of the nobility an aristocrat, and, after all, neither one nor the other. He was an artist who sought among both the beautiful and the significant.

He has always earnestly protested against what they called his "political opinions."

"An artist," said he, "can have abstract ideas, but he cannot serve opinions without making his vocation impossible; for art, the solution of all opinions lies in the feeling of humanity."

In conformity with these views he strove to raise art above the sphere of politics, and to keep it superior to all contests. Therefore he never played on behalf of political agitations, not even when his sympathies were enlisted, neither did he assist in favour of contending parties; his political sentiments lay in his "feelings for humanity." Here his sympathies were ever alive and active, whether it were in defence of the rights and dignity of man, or the contest for intellectual wealth of mind.

At once democrat and aristocrat, he placed himself on the side of the oppressed and suffering of the people. Here he was a democrat: *bold* in his requirements. At the same time he ranged himself in the ranks of those of whom the requirements were demanded. Here he was an aristocrat: *great* in giving. Upon the hungry and necessitous he bestowed the *fine wheat of his fields*—the fruit of his working. Hundreds of his splendid concert receipts went to the committee of manufacturers, of widows and orphans, of the sick and the blind; large sums into the hands of those who founded pensions and funds in aid of poor musicians. He helped to set up monuments for artists, and was the interpreter of their works. He represented their interests of intellect as well as of position, and in this combated not only with the sharp sword of speech, but with the weight of good example.

His bitterness against the Vandalistic citizen-kingship, his refusal to play before Louis Philippe, the bold defiant demeanour which he so often assumed before impertinent personages in high society, were the lances which he broke to secure the position of artists. When he threw Frederic William the IV.'s diamonds angrily into the side-scenes; when with defiant word he confronted the Czar Nicholas I.; when he refused to give the customary invi-

tation to his concerts to Ernest Augustus of Hanover and Ludwig I. of Bavaria; when, at the Spanish court, he would not play before Queen Isabella I. because court etiquette forbade the artist's personal introduction—those were not the caprices and arrogance of a virtuoso, spoiled by success, but the acts of an aristocrat of mind who defends his dignity and strives for its recognition. On this side Liszt is a hero, a prophetic champion of the year 1848, from whom even the personal interests which underlay his career as a virtuoso could rob no leaf of his laurels. His opinions spoke in his deeds. His first idea was, I am an artist. The principles, the doctrines of this or that party moved him little, as such.

The striking circumstance, that Liszt had frequent intercourse with the aristocracy just when his democratic opinions unfolded, here finds its explanation and meaning. He had not only artistic but personal connections with many families of high standing. He was often seen in the palace of the Austrian ambassador, Count Apponyi, whose *spirituelle* and influential consort accorded him a particular patronage; in the *salon* of the Countess Plater, of the Duchesse de Duras; in the house of her daughters, the beautiful Duchesse de Ranzan and the Vicomtesse de Larochefoucauld, and many other

aristocratic families. These not only belonged to the *élite* of the *spirituelle* and great world, they partly, as the Duchesse Duras and her daughters, represented the cream of the ancient nobility of the Faubourg St. Germain, who, through their strong Legitimist opinions and opposition to all other forms of government, were an historically political power, not yet extinguished in the present day.

Liszt's citizen friends took great exception at this intercourse, and, seeing only the doubtful position in which he placed himself by moving amongst republicans and aristocrats, the friends of progress and conservatives, they often called him an apostate. That he was one of those who, like Goethe, knew how to unite princely favour with freedom of thought was only afterwards recognized.

His enthusiasm for the people, and his aristocratic connections, were, however, two things which at that time, when all was carried to an extreme, could not but occasion embarrassment. There were inward contests ; indeed, he was as it were in a *cul-de-sac*, from which he could only withdraw by concealing his sympathies for the people in the circles where he would have wounded by exposing them. This contradiction occasioned by the nature of things created in him peculiarities of *social intercourse*, which

became a second nature. United with the delicacy and keenness of his spirit, they became characteristic charms, which made his conversation piquantly spiritual, and both to be avoided and sought. These peculiarities were *wit* and *irony*. Both have often led people, who were not intimately acquainted with him, into error concerning his views. But it was not social conflicts alone which developed these habits, they were furthered also from another side. Irony was just then the fashion in Paris among artists and *beaux esprits*, while *bon-mots* likewise, in which Liszt delighted greatly, were no less prevalent. An example of this is his letter to Heine, addressed to the latter from Venice,[1] in which the word *s'asseoir* wards off the poet's mockery with spirited irony. The Parisian air, saturated with all kinds of negations, found its drawing-room tone in such ingeniously ironical skirmishing.

Liszt's ironical mode of expression developed itself at that time to a form which conceals the thoughts in witty negations. His ever-active fancy seized a word, a thought, a situation, and, with the quickness of lightning, it became a fire-ball with its playful irony, thrown hither and thither boldly and easily. The riper the youth grew, the more brilliantly this side of his wit

[1] Liszt's "Gesammelte Schriften," vol. ii., Letter No. 8.

displayed itself,—it was like champagne, sparkling, foaming, intoxicating. But the sarcastic points of his wit did not injure, they were blunted by nobleness and amiability, which preserved his irony from the corrosive poison with which Heine's sayings were tinged. In Liszt it was principally the intellectual play of the moment, in Heine, on the contrary, it was the expression of inward laceration and pessimist views of the world. It never became a strong characteristic in Liszt's mental life, though in his personal career it was a marked feature.

Behind his irony there lay, of course, other, deeper things, which psychologically are its principal sources. Underlying all was the *ideal sadness*, already spoken of, from which warm and highly gifted natures can rarely escape in this life, and which is perhaps a tribute that the privileged in mind must pay for their loftier destiny—a sadness no artist felt more deeply than Liszt: it was in his mental organization. The heart full of ideals and the real world full of tribulation—this breach between the infinite and the finite had never seemed broader to him than after the July revolution with its yawning social wounds. He was in that disposition of mind which easily leads subjective natures to inactive world-sorrow or to a dull *blasé* state; but his nature, though it was not free from

that blighting influence, was too sound and strong for either direction. His inclination to objectivity, too, was too great for him to collapse inwardly or sink into indifference. The sorrow he felt at the breach that lay between real and ideal being sought to conceal itself with irony.

This frame of mind was deeply impressed on him in younger years. Often he was violent and abrupt, but without that laceration and poison which was peculiar to the Romanticists. On the whole there floated a mild, penetrating beauty over his sorrow. He sees the misery, and wherever he meets it—on the intellectual, or on the worldly soil of life—he seeks to lay his hand on the wounds, and pity arises for the sufferings of his fellow men, a feeling which, according to the Christian view, is a forerunner of conciliation. Liszt's sorrow always exhibited traces of this latter, and was never inactive.

In the course of years it developed itself in different forms. It did not remain alone irony or only deeds of charity; it entered also into his artistic productions. The noblest fruits of his spirit are inseparable from the ideality of his sorrow.

In his youth and in daily life it expressed itself in irony, which, lighted by the flickering fire of fancy, and coming into collision with his democratic and aristocratic opinions, developed

into sparkling flashes of wit. His intercourse with the aristocracy, as well as the romantic *salon* tone of the Parisian poets and artists, developed this form, to which a charm was added by a short, aphoristic manner of expression, sharpening the stamp of the original. He gave his ironic remarks mostly in images, in which his manner of speaking was quick, curt, and broken, accompanied by an uncommonly graceful smile. On the whole this corresponded with his mental disposition; filled with inflammable materials of every sort, the slightest friction elicited a shower of sparks.

END OF VOL. I.

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